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PHILIP  
DUKE OF WHARTON







PHILIP, DUKE OF WHARTON.

[Frontispiece.]

# PHILIP DUKE OF WHARTON

1698—1731

BY

JOHN ROBERT ROBINSON

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCELY CHANDOS," "THE LAST EARLS OF BARRYMORE,"

"OLD Q.," ETC.

"A fool with more of wit than half mankind."—*Pope*

ILLUSTRATED

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## INTRODUCTION.

THE career of Philip, Duke of Wharton, is unique and sad. Born to inherit a name which will always live in its country's annals for patriotism, he had only to continue in the paths his forefathers had followed to have become one of the greatest men of his time. This should have been easy to one so amply gifted by nature with genius and wit.

The Duke was, however, a melancholy example of a name which in one generation was all but a watchword in the cause of Liberty, as well as devotion to the Protestant Succession; and in the next the scorn of those who had known the former efforts of its bearers for freedom. Unfortunately, Wharton was wanting in stability of character, an attribute that had crowned his patriotic father's career with success.

That one so constituted, and noted for a "lust for praise," should have early departed from the ways of his fathers is not a matter for surprise. He did, indeed, adhere to them for a brief time at the outset of his career, and for this early endeavour to wear his father's mantle he was created a duke, by a Sovereign who fully appreciated his father's exertions on behalf of his House.

His Grace, not finding *éclat* enough in pursuing his father's footsteps, at last threw himself into the

arms of the Tories, and soon after, as a then natural sequence, espoused the cause of the Pretender.

The ability of this aggregate of contradictions is proved not only by his writings, satirical as they mostly were, but by his speech in support of Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. His literary pretensions made him Young's patron, while his muse made him Pope's acquaintance and the friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

A life in which so much was attempted and nothing accomplished but ignominy naturally would, for its versatility alone, have received some notice at the hands of memoir writers or biographers; theirs, however, are chiefly publications of the last century. But much has come to light since to admit of a more detailed and comprehensive record being written. This I now lay before the public.

The career of this gifted but dissolute peer affords an interesting study, not only to the student of history and the politician, but to the general reader; for it offers a striking proof that rank, natural ability, learning and wit, form a useless combination unless they be allied with the humbler virtue—prudence.

In making my researches I have come across much matter of interest relating to Wharton's father—"Honest Tom," as he was facetiously termed—and have wondered why no sufficient record of his career exists. This I hope to lay before the public at a later date.

J. R. R.

CRICKLEWOOD, N.W.



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# PHILIP, DUKE OF WHARTON.



## CHAPTER I.

Birth of Philip, Duke of Wharton—Rejoicings—His royal and noble sponsors—His education—His aptitude for acquiring knowledge—He inherits his father's abilities and foibles—His inconstant disposition, personal appearance and characteristics—He marries Martha Holmes at the "Fleet"—The effect of this marriage on his father—A youthful intrigue—An early example of his Muse—His religious training.

PHILIP JAMES WHARTON, eldest son of Thomas first Marquis of Wharton, was born on the 24th of December 1698 at Addesbury or Ditchley, Oxon. His mother, Lucy, daughter of Lord Lisburne (killed at the siege of Limerick), was his father's second wife.

The birth of a son, heir and successor to those possessions which the Marquis of Wharton, with his father, had so sedulously increased by prudent marriages and other means, was hailed with joy by the tenantry on his estates, for they, with the Marquis, had long desired a son to inherit them. The advent of an heir to the house of Wharton enabled King William III. to give the Marquis a further proof of his favour by becoming one of his son's sponsors. His Majesty and Lord

Wharton's then common friend the Duke of Shrewsbury acted as the other; while Princess Anne of Denmark (afterwards Queen Anne) was this noble and highly favoured infant's godmother. Philip's baptism took place on the 5th of January. The Marquis, in that spirit so aptly expressed by the line

"Man never is, but always to be blest,"

hoped that his son would commence his career from where his would terminate, in fact, that he should begin life, so far as a public career was concerned, with knowledge and acquirements he himself had not attained.

Philip, therefore, while yet of tender years, had the services of the best private tutors his father's wealth and influence could obtain. The Marquis cannot be termed a man of letters, indeed his well-known activity in his diplomatic and parliamentary transactions left but little time for the sedentary pursuits of the Scholar; moreover, are we not all prone to admire in others, those attributes which we feel are wanting in ourselves; and endeavour that our offspring shall acquire those parts, Art has failed us in procuring or Nature to supply? Therefore when the Marquis of Wharton saw the extraordinary abilities with which his son was endowed, he was delighted beyond measure; if not vain of his son's accomplishments; these thoughts led to ambitious views. To these ends the Marquis desired that Philip should not only electrify the Lords by his

oratory,<sup>1</sup> but be as learned as the most scholarly of them. Therefore, at the age of thirteen Philip was acquainted with the best part of Virgil and Horace, learning the text by heart; nor was this the sole feat of the youth's memory. He was taught and accustomed to recite (after having acquired them by heart) passages from Shakespeare and the later dramatists; also to deliver parliamentary speeches, selected by his father, and esteemed at that time models of rhetoric.

He also studied closely metaphysics and mathematics; in fact, no task was too difficult for the youth, no problem was too abstruse for his undertaking, and no situation came amiss to his ready wit.

If his father had acquired the "Silvern" Art, speech, then the son had that which may be attributed metaphorically to all the metals.

Philip Wharton, or to give him his courtesy title, Viscount Winchendon, unfortunately inherited his father's vices, as well as virtues, sharpened to a desperate keenness. I say his father's virtues, for Patriotism<sup>2</sup> with steadfastness, were virtues in his father; for in these now by no means too common virtues father and son were as distant as the poles. I cannot find proof that Philip in that inconstant age was unaware of the term, or that he was unable to make labial use of it, but it is a deplorable fact that throughout his

<sup>1</sup> He did in due time.

<sup>2</sup> This, according to Dr. Johnson—"the last resource of a scoundrel!"

ephemeral career he acted as though that word and its meaning was unknown to him ; indeed, its opposite was his most salient characteristic.

Fortunately his father was spared the grief his son's erratic propensities would have inflicted on so true-hearted a patriot as Thomas, Marquis of Wharton.

This 18th century Crichton-Buckingham-Rochester, Philip Wharton, possessed a handsome person which lent presence as well as charm to his manners and oratory. What then might one so favoured not attain. Rank was already his heritage, as should he outlive his father, he would inherit a title, the next highest grade, but one, the peerage knows ; wealth had long been the fortunate privilege of his family as well as that less weighty, but more endurable quality, a name which was then historic for severe labours in the cause of Freedom and Justice.

A lust for praise was supplemented by other as yet "smouldering" desires (which developed themselves later) destined to be fatal to this spoiled child of Fortune. To be *dux* in everything, was his dominant desire, without regard to those who might claim precedence by rank, age, or equal ability, in the various walks of life they had been born or brought up to fill.

These few lines, though somewhat anticipatory, will do much to aid the reader in his perusal of the following pages.

Thomas, Marquis of Wharton had in his latter days much apparent reason for self satisfaction :

an estate which had been prudently increased by both his father and himself; political reputation and rank such as his predecessors had been unable to attain; all which would in due course be inherited by his son, who also would possess Genius, often looked for, but not always found, in the offspring of persons of ability.

Therefore Lord Wharton's satisfaction at this time was complete.

But unfortunately he forgot a certain text which no doubt in his conventicle days he had heard much dilated on by his father's chaplain: "As a man sows, so shall he reap." This truth he was about to learn by stern experience.

It is urged that this metaphorical text will be proved to us all, sooner or later; therefore the worst characteristics of the father were added to and eclipsed by the son, who displayed when but seventeen a precocity far beyond his years. This was, marrying without parental knowledge or consent Miss Martha Holmes, daughter of Major-General Holmes, at the Fleet, on the 2nd of March, 1714-15. This rash proceeding caused the greatest grief to his fond and indulgent parent, in fact it extinguished the hopes of the Marquis for the further aggrandizement of his family by a "prudent" marriage; as well as the political and other interests that a well organized match would have joined; while he who had never given up the Hope "which lives eternal in the human breast" during his long fierce political struggles, was now laid low at a blow by one on whom he had set

his heart and mind should prove the fitting pinnacle of that structure—wealth, rank, and fame which he and his forefathers had so long sought.

The effect of this undutiful action by a spoiled child on a fond father may be told in few words. It broke the Marquis's heart and laid him on a bed of sickness from which he never rose. Philip now was, in his seventeenth year, second Marquis of Wharton. Hitherto, the escapades of this eccentric, but brilliant youth had been few, nor could the more profligate tendencies of his character find much time for indulgence during his *curriculum*, which included besides a classical education a course of instruction in the French, Italian, and Spanish languages; of these he became master.

A notable exception, however, must be mentioned about this period; for it was an intrigue with a married lady, that called forth Wharton's *Muse*. The incidents, said to be of striking interest, are now lost to the world, as the statement which contains this reference, though published in 1732, forbore from details, the lady being still alive. Wharton addressed to this lady the following dialoguic pastoral:

MENALCAS.

“ Why stays my fair—see ! the thick shades descend.  
Night hurries on, I cannot bear delay.  
My flocks with eager fondness, swift I penned,  
To steal one moment from the joyless day.



One blissful moment, but 'twas hoped in vain.  
Each cruel cloud rises, darker than the last,  
Darker, my soul, than all these griefs and pain.  
Wound deep, and far more gloomy horrors cast.  
She comes! night turns to day before her eyes.  
So perish all my griefs, so rise my joys.

## ENOSIA.

And art thou here?—O welcome to my arms!  
Welcome, as kindly showers to thirsty earth.  
Welcome as summer to the field it warms!  
Or plenteous harvests, after years of dearth.  
Welcome as love can make thee!—O my heart,  
See how the little flutterer feels its joy.  
A thousand things it struggles to impart,  
Too soft for words, for eloquence too high,  
Yet this, its every motion, bids thee see,  
'Tis full—*Menalcas*—O! it's full of thee.

## MENALCAS.

O, my soul's joy, may I be never blessed,  
If I not love thee,—more than heroes' fame,  
Than bees the flowers, or ewes the tender lambs.  
Thou art my joy, my comfort, my support,  
Thy smiles my heaven, thy love my only care.  
My all of pleasure this,—alas! how short,  
To ease the sufferings of the toilful year.  
O, Fate! O, Heaven! how justly I complain.  
A moment's pleasure for an age of pain.

## ENOSIA.

More than thyself, I bear in all thy ills.  
But at thy presence all my griefs depart.  
That wears a charm, that every care dispels,  
And fills with transport thy *Enosia's* heart.  
But see, the rising moon with paler day  
Has silvered o'er yon mountain's gloomy head.  
Thanks for the friendly beams, they'll light thy way,  
And safe direct thee o'er the watery mead.  
O, stay then! bless me, while Fate gives thee leave.  
Too, too much time she gives us both to grieve.

## MENALCAS.

Witness, ye powers who guard the innocent,  
 How much my longing soul desires to stay.  
 Nor should the dangerous moon our joys prevent.  
 O, 'tis the hard-hearted man I am forced to obey.  
 He knows not Love, nor Pity, cruel mind!  
 Nor can I gain a minute's time for thee.  
 But stolen as this is, I am sent to find  
 Some straggler from our folded company.  
 O, stray they ever, the dear wanderers prove  
 My certain guides to Joy, and Peace, and Love.

## ENOSIA.

*Menalcas*, O, thy sorrows wound my soul.  
 Believe me, generous, dear, unhappy swain,  
 Could tears or hourly prayers to heaven control  
 The fate that dooms thy gentleness to such pain,  
 Long since had thou been happy! I have cause  
 Doubly to mourn these griefs I humbly bear.  
 Tears, my own sorrow for thy absence draws.  
 But thine demands a flood for every tear.  
 Distracting thought, it will, 'twill fill my eye  
 With grief, that will be seen, though thou art by.

## MENALCAS.

Tears! My *Enosia*! O, thou sweetest maid,  
 Forbear, forbear the cruel tenderness.  
 'Tis death—alas! thy hate could scarce have laid  
 A surer ruin on my sinking peace!  
 O, must I leave thee thus? *Alexis* there  
 Runs from his blest *Eliza* trembling home!  
 That happy maid, how is it she can bear,  
 Unpained, those ills that all thy peace consumes?  
 But absence is unjustly cruel still,  
 And those who truest love, its tortures sharpest feel.

## ENOSIA.

Pines not the constant turtle for her mate,  
 With mournful cooings all the tedious day,  
 While chirping sparrows bear with ease the fate  
 That snatches the object of their love away!  
*Eliza's* flame can no more equal mine  
 Than can *Alexis* be compared to thee.  
 Beauty, alone, their love esteems divine  
 And smiles, from thousand, thousand, torments free.

But where exalted merit chains the soul  
There can the stings of absence all our joys control.

MENALCAS.

O justly said ! my sad example proves  
This fatal truth that's past, my soul but moves  
The more to curse its lasting misery.  
So the tired pilgrim, while a short repose  
Has eased his toil and closed his aching eyes,  
Sees the wide heaven a glorious scene disclose,  
And opening, crown him with immortal joys.  
But when with sleep his heaven is fled away,  
More sad pursues the labours of the day."

These lines cannot be held wanting in poetic merit for a youth of some sixteen or seventeen years ; however much the precocity that inspired the sentiments may be deplored. It is (though rendered as written) all but free from the errors of youth and inexperience of those of youthful years who descend in verse on the tender passion.

The religious instruction bestowed on Philip, no doubt by his father's chaplain, Mr. Kingsford, was that of the Established Church. Here again is shown the perversity of the human mind ; as the father had seceded from the Calvinistic creed of his family to become a member of the Church "as by law established," so did his son afterwards renounce the faith he had been brought up in, to return to that his father had opposed for half a century with vigour, skill and intrepidity in the Court, Senate and Chamber. But more than this cannot be allowed in a chapter which merely introduces the singular mass of contradictions known as Philip, Duke of Wharton, to the reader.

## CHAPTER II.

The trustees of the late Marquis—The young Marquis makes the “grand tour”—His tutor—They journey together as far as Geneva—The Marquis makes a strange exchange—Takes “French leave” of his tutor—Proceeds to Lyons—Writes the Pretender—He is received at Avignon by the son of James II.—Receives from the Pretender the title of Duke of Northumberland—Death of the Marquis’s mother—Proceeds to St. Germain—Visits the widow of James II.—His affair with Lord Stair at Paris.

PHILIP WHARTON had succeeded to the dignities of his family, but not to the whole of its possessions. Some of these had been left in trust, charged with payments of debts and legacies by the will of the late Marquis, to Evelyn, Marquis of Dorchester, Charles, Earl of Carlisle, and Nicholas Lechmere, Esq., Solicitor-General: though this testament recites—“and not settled or entailed upon my son.” That portion, however, of the deceased peer’s estate which passed to the Trustees, was sufficient to provide—then somewhat handsomely—for his daughters Jane and Lucy, as well as for other legacies and uses. This testament is dated a short time before, in fact only four days prior to the decease of the Marquis—the 8th of April, 1715.

Although no expression of condemnation of his son’s conduct attended with so sad and ill con-

sequences to himself can be found in his will, Philip was but little benefited thereby, in fact little more than what his father could not prevent him succeeding to, which revenues were then amply sufficient to keep up his dignity with proper respect both to himself and the peerage had he chosen to live with care and discretion.

The remainder of the year 1715 was, let us hope, spent in mourning, and in giving some attention to his affairs, as well as to his young wife.

It is said however that the erratic and eccentric disposition Philip showed, affected his mother's health, whose affection and counsel were both lost on her brilliant but profligate son. At last, finding reprimands useless, his mother with the advice of the trustees appointed by her late husband's will suggested the "grand tour" to the Marquis, who embraced the proposal with delight. It is nevertheless just to record that at this period the youthful Marquis only showed a penchant for those unfortunate propensities which later developed themselves.

A tutor was selected to accompany the young peer on his travels who appears either to have been instructed to keep a firm hand on his charge, or was to that manner born. That the restraint fretted and annoyed the Marquis his conduct shows. Whether this gentleman, a French Protestant, was also chosen for his facility as a linguist I am unable to affirm. Nevertheless this ill-assorted pair journeyed together until they reached Geneva in the late spring of 1716. There

it was intended that the Marquis should make a lengthy stay, for the purpose of completing his studies, a step thought to have been proposed earlier by his father, who never entertained a great opinion of the English Universities. The soberness of the Swiss city did not find favour in the eyes of the dashing young Marquis, who in his travels to reach the Canton had passed through Holland and Germany, where he stayed at the Court of some petty state, whose ruler created him a knight of an order. This so pleased his vanity that he constantly wore the decoration until some friend told him it was not suitable to his dignity as an English peer, when he left it off.

After a sojourn at Geneva, the Marquis found his tutor's society more oppressive than ever, and at last determined to rid himself of his pedantic companion by running away; for fear his departure should cause his tutor distraction by mourning his loss, he adopted singular means to alleviate that gentleman's supposed distress. The Marquis in the course of his peregrinations had possessed himself of a bear cub, and tended the animal with much care and took it everywhere with him. As this strange pet might become an impediment to his flight, and in order that his tutor's abilities might not be wasted, he left *Ursus Minor* to that gentleman's care with a note to this effect on the table:—"Being no longer able to *bear* your ill-usage, I have thought proper to begone from you; however, as you may not want company I have left you the *bear* as the most suitable

companion in the world for you." I need not mention the old story about bears licking their progeny, though the inference is that the Marquis had drawn the comparison between the habits of female bears as between himself and tutor before proceeding with his novel illustration.

The Marquis, to prevent his being overtaken, made up his mind to put as great a distance as was compatible with the purpose he had in view between himself and his tutor. He posted to Lyons, and there he entered upon that career which ended with his downfall.

A strange step for the son of Thomas Wharton was to take a note to the Pretender, then at Avignon, which he accompanied with the gift of a fine horse. That the Pretender was flattered by this mark of respect and goodwill from the son of his most inflexible enemy goes without saying. Nor was its significance lost on the son of James II., who sent a gentleman of rank from his retinue with an invitation for the Marquis to attend his Court, where he was received with every mark of favour and respect by the wily Stuart, who flattered the youth's lust for praise by bestowing the title of Duke of Northumberland upon him, a title of euphonious value only.

The death of the Marquis's mother, on the 5th of February, of the year 1716, does not appear to have been attended with at least the demeanour that so sad an event should produce, more so when it is remembered her husband had not been dead

twelve months: further, this lady's age at the time of her decease was forty-six, scarcely what is now termed middle age—which should have made her loss more felt; but unfortunately it was not so.

If the "King of Terrors"<sup>1</sup> failed to make this erratic genius Philip Marquis of Wharton to pause and reflect, by taking from him the best and only friend any can ever possess in this world—his mother, then the reader may surmise that no earthly power could, or did, hold so ungovernable a person in check.

Even the Marquis's new-found friend the Pretender could not fix this erratic being's attention for more than one day, so he returned from Avignon to Lyons, and from there journeyed to Paris, where he visited the widowed Queen of James II.

Paris, even at that period, was the goal of all on pleasure or profligacy bent, and Wharton indulged in its gaieties with the ardour of youth, though he was perplexed, as youth always is, for that indispensable "dross" money. It was well, to a certain extent, that his trustees had some command, for a time, over his expenses, besides I have shown they had other trusts to look to and provide for, as well as to clear parts of the estate encumbered with debt. This troubled the young profligate little, as money lenders abounded then, as now, who would lend on good

<sup>1</sup> It is said that Wharton wrote a poem on the "Fear of Death," which, with many other of his productions, is lost.



security, at large interest; and their aid afterwards deprived him of many a fair manor.

That the Marquis was received by Lord Stair, the English ambassador to the French Court, with every mark of attention may well be supposed, though reports of escapades Wharton had committed had reached the ambassador's ears; however, the quick and ready wit and the plausible ear-winning address he had inherited or copied from his father, made even those who regretted his unfortunate delinquencies admire his brilliant parts. Lord Stair was therefore wise in showing regard for the head of the Wharton family, nor was his Lordship backward in his admonitions to the young peer whom he strove to prevent involving himself further with the exiled Court at St. Germain. It was at that time commonly reported in Paris that the Marquis on his visit to the Queen of James II. had promised to use his utmost effort to subvert the Hanoverian succession by using his influence and interest to promote the return of the Stuarts; by which he hoped to atone for the share taken by his family in their deposition. This he urged he was unable to do at present as he was not of age, which debarred him from his estates, and prevented him putting in operation the designs he had in view—for want of their revenues.

This avowal had so marked an effect on the exiled Queen that she pawned her jewels for £2000, which money she gave the Marquis for the support of the cause.

But I really doubt if at this period the Marquis's statements were sincere, or whether they were made for the moment and merely platonic, which the following tends to show. First, his speech in the Lords in support of the House of Hanover, and the slow and curtailed response of his trustees to Wharton's constant application for money during his sojourn in Paris and elsewhere.

His knowledge of these facts led Lord Stair to take a friendly interest in the Marquis who, it is said, embraced every opportunity to give him good advice, by pointing out the errors of the course he was pursuing. These were not received by the vivacious Marquis in the spirit Lord Stair intended. On one of these occasions Lord Stair extolled the merits and patriotic conduct of the late Marquis, and urged him to follow so excellent an example of lealty to his country. His facetious hearer expressed his thanks, but the next moment turned Lord Stair's homily against him by observing that as "his Excellency had also so worthy and deserving a parent, he hoped he would likewise copy so bright an original, and tread in his steps." This was a scathing sarcasm, as history records his father the second Viscount and first Earl of Stair as having betrayed his Royal master after a flagrant fashion.

That the Marquis at this time was as giddy as he was prodigal, and respected nobody's privileges but his own—and even then only so far as notoriety was concerned—the following example proves,

which shows him ready to insult his friend the English Ambassador for no other reason than that he might join issue with a quarrelsome medical student in a matter which it was quite within Lord Stair's province to have done, or not. The circumstance was this:—A young English medical student who had come to Paris for a course of study at the famed hospitals, in returning past the English Ambassador's residence, stopped, raised his cane, and broke some of the windows, for no other reason than there was no bonfire before the door: this conduct his lordship's servants resented by calling the watch and giving the malefactor into custody, when he found himself lodged in the prison of Fort L'Eveque. On the Marquis of Wharton being informed of this, he was surprised at the measures taken, and suggested to some friends to retaliate by breaking more windows at the Ambassador's house. In fact the reckless Marquis went so far out of his way as to approach an Irish gentleman, a lieutenant-general in the French service, with a proposal that he should aid them in this reprisal. But the Irishman was more sensible than the Marquis, laughed at so strange a proposal, and expressed a desire that so ill-advised an enterprise should be abandoned; anyhow he would not make one of a party which premeditated a kind of war he had not been accustomed to. This will show the recklessness of the Marquis of Wharton's character at this early period of his career.

That time passed as quickly in Paris then as it

now, does is a truism to be read in other than its sidereal sense. I allude to the fast and riotous way of living for which that city has always more or less been famous, that weeks pass like days. By a person so gifted by Nature as Wharton to enact a life of gaiety, it is no wonder he found Autumn had put on her sombre hues before he thought the summer had passed. It was the beginning of December before he discovered he had been in Paris for five months or more. He now determined to return to his country and his wife, though I cannot find that this lady's absence from his side troubled his mind at all during his stay in the Gallic capital. However, his conduct and avowed Jacobite principles brought forth expostulations from other than his peers. An English gentleman rebuked him before his departure for erring so far from the principles his father and predecessors had so long and faithfully upheld. The Marquis's reply only justifies my remark in allusion to the money obtained from the widowed consort of James II. :—"He had 'pawned' his principles to Gordon,<sup>1</sup> the Pretender's banker, for a considerable sum of money, and till he could repay him he must be a Jacobite ; but when this was done he would again return to the Whigs." A statement both true and false—true as regards his indebtedness to the Pretender's family, false as regards his immediate action, as the subsequent chapter will show.

<sup>1</sup> Duke of Gordon.

### CHAPTER III.

The Marquis returns to England—Proceeds to Dublin— Said to have been accompanied by Dr. Young—Their friendship— Allowed by the Irish Lords to take his seat as Marquis of Catherlough—Acts as if he had attained his majority— His zeal in the Irish House of Lords—Royal recognition.

ON December 16th, 1716, the Marquis of Wharton left Paris and travelled to London, where he deemed it prudent to remain quiet, after his seditious behaviour abroad. The absence of any prosecution proves that even in those days, when a man scarce knew for what he could not be hung, the authorities gave a certain latitude to youth and to indiscretion, when confined to talk, which on the part of a person of more mature age and tried political experience would have been held to be seditious. Therefore the Marquis did not on his arrival receive a summons to appear before the Privy Council, to explain his conduct, though there were many in both Houses of Parliament who remembered when visits to the exiled monarch had to be conducted by all means of subterfuge, as well as with secrecy. Towards the end of William III.'s reign this was so much disregarded by bold young noblemen and others, who, if led by no other desire than curiosity,

so much increased these visits that that which had at one time been an intermittent stream of doubtful purity, to judge by the various disguises assumed by the true Jacobites, now became a torrent of the clearest volume, if that simile may be used for a constant efflux and influx of bedecked and bejewelled young aristocrats. At last attention was called by the "fashionable"—to put it mildly—journey to St. Germain, with the result that an Act was passed that made *any* intercourse with the exiled Stuarts treason, a significant word at any time, but far more so in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

That Philip, Marquis of Wharton, should have escaped censure in the face of this enactment, shows my view of the light in which the authorities at this period viewed the youthful Marquis's behaviour to be correct. I think it probable, however, that he was counselled to remove the impressions his conduct had created; for subsequent events show these were in direct opposition to the sentiments he had expressed to Mary of Modena and other supporters of the Jacobite cause whom he had met in Paris.

The Marquis went, at the commencement of the year 1716-17, to Ireland. His companion, or secretary, which I am unable to verify, is said to have been Edward Young, better known as the author of "Night Thoughts," son of Dr. Edward Young, Fellow of Winchester College, and Rector of Upham, afterwards presented to the prebend of Gillingham Manor, in the diocese of Salisbury.

That Young, jun., was a companion or friend of the poet is beyond denial ; he received many marks of favour from the profligate Marquis, although he afterwards endeavoured to disown this. He was, however, wary enough to contest the validity of his patron's grants ; however, this was after the Duke had lost the regard and respect of his peers and friends by his debauchery and treason. Young<sup>1</sup> is said to have been somewhat irregular in his youth, though this must not be taken as the reason for the friendship between peer and commoner, which had a far worthier origin.

Young's father was an old friend of Thomas Lord Wharton's first wife, Anne, by whom he was introduced to her husband ; he was on intimate terms with him till the day of his death, after which Lord Wharton patronized the son. It was in this way that his son Philip and Young became acquainted, a fact that smooths away a lot of difficulty in tracing reasons for their friendship, and on the other hand absolves Young from much blame for his attachment to the witty and dissolute Marquis. It is not alleged that Young pandered to his noble friend and patron's sins, and Wharton had not then fallen into the degraded habits which he developed later in his career.

Thus then was the bond of fellowship between

<sup>1</sup> Alexander Pope is said to have told Warburton that " Young had spent a foolish youth, the sport of peers, but his having a very good heart enabled him to support the clerical character, when he assumed it, with decency and afterwards with honour."

Young and Wharton formed, not by freak or fancy, but by their respective fathers.

In Ireland the Marquis either cajoled the powers that "were" by his brilliant parts, or used other means to procure an extraordinary breach of legal procedure. He was allowed to take his seat in the Irish House of Lords by the titles he sat in that assembly: Earl of Rathfarnham and Marquis of Catherlough; this latter title was new to the Irish House of Peers, as the Marquis's father had died without being introduced as the Marquis of Catherlough. On August 27th, 1717, the Peers were informed that the most noble the Marquis of Catherlough waited at the door to be introduced. Here a curious incident arose. There were no peers of equal rank in the House to introduce their brother who waited admission. The difficulty was got over by the Earls of Kildare and Mount Alexander acting as sponsors: they duly conducted the Marquis to the Lord Chancellor, to whom Ulster King of Arms presented the letters patent for the Marquisate of Catherlough, which were, as may be supposed, those granted his father, and dated 12<sup>o</sup> die Aprilis 1<sup>o</sup> Georgii Regis, whereby the Right Honourable Thomas, Earl of Wharton, was raised to the degree of Marquis in the peerage of Ireland. It is, however, probable that mercenary motives dictated this proceeding to the Marquis of Catherlough, for so he must now be called, when speaking of his conduct and affairs in the sister isle, especially as he was not entitled *de jure* to corresponding



rank in the English House of Lords until of full age. This surmise is well supported by the Marquis's conduct : he made use of the extraordinary indulgence of the Irish Upper House to enter on his estates in that kingdom and receive their rents. On some tenants questioning as to whether his lordship could acquit them from the powers held by his trustees until of age, he inquired : "How they durst doubt his being of age, after the Parliament had allowed him to be so?"

On the other hand, the action of the Irish legislature may have been taken to secure or attach so brilliant a person to the Ministry. Whether there was any understanding to this effect no one with certainty will, or does, affirm. That the Marquis was already in debt, and desired a larger portion of his revenues than his trustees or age allowed, is also true ; nor can my deductions be considered improbable, when the answer he gave to a gentleman before leaving Paris, as to having "pawned his principles to the Pretender," is remembered. The inference therefore is that a person who would be guilty of so flagrant an offence to his political party or views, would not wince at a similar proceeding the other side of St. George's Channel. Or it may be urged his conduct gave him opportunity to "redeem" his "pledged" principles, which I much doubt.

Whether there was a *quid pro quo* arrangement or not between the Marquis and Legislature, it is certain that Wharton, from the time he took his seat in the Irish Upper Chamber until the

time he left that country in the following December, distinguished himself as a member of the Ministry, and displayed the keenest zeal for the Government, in direct contradiction to his previous avowals. As a fact, the Marquis of Catherlough entered with ardour upon the duties of the legislative assembly, so much so that the journals of that House prove him to have been a very regular attendant at its deliberations. His name appears also on several committees appointed by the Upper House to inquire into matters touching the policy, etc., of that kingdom; among these the following is a notable instance:—"What is the proper and accustomed method taken with the several Lords who neglect to attend the service of the House when summoned?" That this did not bear on the Marquis of Catherlough his appointment on the committee September 24th, 1717, confirms. Here, then, is an instance of absentee "legislators," as marked as that of latter day "absentee landlords."

In the times I am writing of, etiquette in procedure was more studied than at the present day, nor was it altogether the province of the peer against whom proceedings had been brought by a commoner, to assert that he did not desire to be tried by his peers. That body took cognisance themselves of those matters, as the order of the Irish Upper House testifies; albeit it was at the request of the Marquis of Catherlough, who, on November 9th, 1717, was granted leave to waive his privilege, at the suit of Sir Arthur Shaen.

Thus far, the conduct of the Marquis of Catherlough in his official capacity, as an active member of the Irish House of Lords, was *sans reproche*; his tact and parts were so great that no committee seemed complete without his counsel. One of these was full of great consequences to the Marquis, and was formed to draw up an humble address to his Majesty to congratulate him on a happy increase in the royal family by the birth of a prince. In deference to his rank and ability, the Marquis of Catherlough was appointed chairman; and he, on the next day, reported to the Lords the result of their labours, which he<sup>1</sup> read from his seat: to this report the House agreed, without amendment.

It was his apparent earnestness to atone for his erratic proceedings at Avignon and Paris that made the Marquis's friends think his Jacobite sentiments were but the outcome of youthful zeal and indiscretion or a desire for notoriety; however, his conduct in the Irish House appears to have been narrowly watched by those in authority here, from the King downwards. His Majesty, with others, expected the father's merit to be perpetuated in the son, and to that end, and as an acknowledgment of the wishes expressed in the address from the Irish Lords, his Majesty, the next year, advanced the Marquis to the highest rank in the peerage—as Duke of Wharton; the preamble of his patent I shall in due order refer to. Thus, by a steady

<sup>1</sup> Appendix A.

adherence to his parliamentary duties and the advocacy of those views which all expected from him by birth and reputation, he reached the pinnacle of nobility in fewer months, almost, than his father had been tens of years in attaining less titular distinction. Though, to those of mature understanding, it was doubtful whether raising a young peer of some nineteen summers to a dukedom was an act of wisdom or generosity, and the recipient's after conduct certainly did not show that he appreciated it in either light. If, on the other hand, it was bestowed as a counter-stroke of policy, as against the Pretender's illusionary creation, the Duke of Northumberland, then it failed to effect the purpose for which the creation was bestowed.

## CHAPTER IV.

Jonathan Swift, D.D., and Philip, Marquis of Wharton—  
Receives news of his Majesty King George the First's  
pleasure to create him a duke—The preamble of the  
“patent”—Follows the family sport of horse-racing—His  
Grace's unfortunate propensities—Grants Edward Young  
his “first” annuity—Baptism of the Marquis of Malmes-  
bury—His Grace takes his seat in the Lords as Duke of  
Wharton.

JONATHAN SWIFT, Dean of St. Patrick's, hated and abused the first Marquis of Wharton with a rancour which, in a less learned person, might be attributed to ignorance of the apostolic exhortation: “Above all things, Charity.” The Dean, however, with that singularity which perhaps the disposition of his property accounts for, appears to have let his “hero worship” for the Whartons fall on Philip, the second Marquis. This seems to have called forth surprise from so sober and even-minded a writer as Scott,<sup>1</sup> who asserts he could not understand how Swift, “who hated Wharton like a toad,” came to extend his favour and intimacy to his son. I will, however, not be so uncharitable as the Dean was to the first Marquis of Wharton, and therefore suggest that his friendship for the son was not for any

<sup>1</sup> Scott's Life of Swift, vol. xvi. 1806.

favours the Marquis might, or could, bestow on the divine, but for reasons more in accord with his profession—a desire that so brilliant a scholar should not waste his time and substance in acts of profligacy. That some motive of this nature prompted the Dean to advise the son of his late political antagonist, may, I think, be fairly surmised; for Swift had formed a high opinion of his young lordship's abilities, and it is said this was reciprocated by the youthful peer.

One day, as this strangely assorted pair were dining together, the Marquis, with indiscretion ascribable to his youth, ~~began~~<sup>to</sup> relate various escapades to the Dean, who listened until he had finished, and then said: "You have had your frolics, my lord, let me recommend one more to you—take a frolic to be virtuous! Take my word for it, that one will do you more honour than all the other frolics of your whole life." The Marquis does not appear to have received this rebuke in the spirit of contumely with which he met so many others—as, up to the time of his return to England in December, 1717, he appears to have been on terms of good fellowship with the Dean, as this request to pay a visit with him shows:—

"Monday morning.<sup>1</sup>

"DEAR DEAN,—I shall embark for England to-morrow. It would be necessary for me to take leave of Lord Molesworth, on many accounts, and,

<sup>1</sup> Scott's Life of Swift.

as Young<sup>1</sup> is engaged in town, I must infallibly go alone, unless your charity extends itself to favour me with your company there, this morning. I beg you would send me your answer. And believe me, your

“Faithful friend and servant,

“WHARTON.

“P.S.—If you condescend so far, come to me about eleven o’clock.”

Early in 1718 the Marquis was informed of his Majesty’s (George I.) pleasure to raise him to the dignity of a duke. In accord with this, letters patent were issued creating the Marquis, Duke of Wharton. At this period the Whig party was badly in want of men endowed with the abilities of his Grace of Wharton, therefore his return to their ranks was hailed with delight. I will let the preamble of the patent show what his Majesty thought of the Wharton family, as well as the present possessor of their honours :—

“As it is to the honour of subjects who are descended from an illustrious family to imitate the great examples of their ancestors, we esteem it no less our glory as a king, after the manner of our predecessors, to dignify eminent virtues by suitable rewards. It is on this account, that we confer a new title on our right trusty and entirely beloved cousin Philip, Marquis of Wharton and Malmsbury, who, though born of a very ancient

<sup>1</sup> This shows that Young was with the Marquis in Ireland at this period—1717.

and noble family, wherein he may reckon as many patriots as forefathers, has rather chosen to distinguish himself by his personal merit. The British nation, not forgetful of his father, lately deceased, gratefully remembers how much their invincible king, William III., owed to that constant and courageous assertor of the public liberty and Protestant religion. The same extraordinary person deserved so well of us, in having supported our interests by the weight of his counsels, the force of his wit, and the firmness of his mind, at a time when our title to the succession of this realm was endangered."

That the "father's merit marked the son," was, as the foregoing clearly shows, hoped and desired. It likewise confirms my assertion as to the part played by the first Marquis of Wharton in settling the Hanoverian succession, although biographers, terrified no doubt by the insinuations of Swift, have been loth in "spilling their ink" to chronicle the political and patriotic career of Thomas, Marquis of Wharton.

The Duke, though called by that title, did not obtain, if he asked or desired it, the privilege of sitting in the English House of Lords as Duke of Wharton which the peers of the sister kingdom had granted him, as Marquis of Catherlough, then, as at this date, under age. But I do not suppose this troubled his Grace very much, as it may have given him time to consider his position with regard to the professions he had made "over the water."



Whether his trustees released their restraint on their charge being raised to the highest grade of the peerage or that his Grace had secured sufficient funds from his visit to his Irish estates, or raised money by means too well known to persons in nonage, I will not undertake to assert; though one of these means was adopted is certain, for in April of this year, 1718, his Grace is found at Newmarket, racing his father's old favourite, *Snail*, and others, also his own horse *Chanter*, which he matched<sup>1</sup> against a Mr. Broderick's *Creeping Kate* (4 miles, 8st. 7lb. each) for 500 guineas, and presented the jockey with fifty pounds for winning. In fact he entered with zeal into the sport into which he had been initiated by his father.

The year under review, 1718, appears to have been left severely alone so far as politics were concerned; this was perhaps one of the most prudent courses his Grace ever adopted. His abilities and disposition were too well (if not over-balanced later) fraught with profligate traits to permit of their shedding lustre over his shortcomings. Therefore a person who squandered his health and substance with boon companions in taverns could scarcely be expected to conduct the diplomatic side of politics with the views or dignity his rank demanded, though even this was not taken into account as it would have been in a person of riper age. Thus far I have indicated the bane of the brilliant Duke of Wharton, which at this period had not

<sup>1</sup> Many other engagements of a similar character were made by the Duke in 1718.

reached its height. In short, his Grace was a drunkard and a profligate. Both of these assertions shall be substantiated before my task is completed.

On March 24th, 1719, the Duke of Wharton made Edward Young the grant of the first two annuities which were paid by Wharton's trustees after his death. That already alluded to accounts for the bounty of his Grace in terms princely and commendable. ". . . Considering what good is advanced by the encouragement of learning, and the polite arts, and being pleased therein with the attempts of Dr. Young in consideration thereof, and of the love I bear him," etc. All this shows a magnanimous spirit on his Grace's part; but further allusion must be deferred until the other grant is mentioned.

On the 29th, a great event took place at Winchendon—the baptism of his Grace's infant son, who, though born on the 11th of the same month in the previous year, had, perhaps on the score of health, not hitherto been baptized. The name given the infant was Thomas, after his grandfather, and only so far was the infant permitted to follow the footsteps of his patriotic grandsire, as death claimed him the following year.

Few men of European birth have been so favoured at an early age as Philip Wharton. With the gifts bestowed by nature, he was admitted to the deliberations of his elders in the sister kingdom; the responsibilities of the married state he had himself incurred when but little more than a boy in years; but in his marriage he was favoured with

the privileges of paternity, which came early, as a supplement to his Majesty's grant of a dukedom. For it must be admitted that a youth to be favoured with the highest rank in the peerage, and a few months after be blessed with an heir to that dignity, is an advantage few have enjoyed.

In December of this year his Grace came of age, when he lost no time in taking his seat in the House of Lords, which he did on Monday, the 21st. His sponsors on this occasion were the Dukes of Kingston and Bolton, who in company with the other great officials (though the Earl of Yarmouth officiated for the Lord Great Chamberlain on this occasion) conducted his Grace to the Woolsack, when he handed his patent to the Lord Chancellor: after this the Duke signed the declaration and took the usual oath of abjuration; whereon he was conducted to his seat at the upper end of the Earls' benches, next below the Duke of Portland.

## CHAPTER V.

The Duke resolves to become notorious—His Duchess desires to participate in his popularity—She comes against the Duke's wishes to town with her infant son—The child's sickness and death—Its alleged effect on the Duke's subsequent career—The Duke opposes the extension of the South Sea Company's charter—Sad result of this action on Earl Stanhope—A promissory note given by the Duke to Robert Mead of "Aylesbury Case" fame—Its romantic history.

THE presumption of the law that years of discretion are attained at the age of twenty-one, is only in many cases another of those presumptions set forth by that subtle science, one which, however, cannot be relied on. Visiting his lawyer, one Mr. G——, early one morning the duke found his man of law under the hands of his barber. Not wishing to disturb the operations of the tonsorial artist, his Grace sat down and began to read a pamphlet which lay on the lawyer's table. Mr. G—— having been "scraped," the Duke thought Strap might shave him, so prepared himself accordingly. The barber, who knew the Duke, expressed but little surprise when on finishing his Grace's face he was told that he had no money to pay for the "shave," which Wharton appeared to be uneasy about, although the obliging barber said, "It is no matter, your Grace is very

welcome." This did not satisfy the facetious Duke, who asserted that he hated to be in debt, adding, "therefore sit down and I will shave you, then we shall be even" (at the same time he winked at the lawyer). The barber, doubting Wharton's skill with the razor, demurred to being shaven gratis, but to no purpose; his Grace was peremptory, and after some preparation the man sat down to meet his fate. Wharton then commenced to shave the barber in the most pompous if not orthodox fashion, and finally accomplished the process fairly well for a ducal novice; whereupon he exclaimed, "There, friend, I am out of debt," and left the room in a fit of laughter.

As this chapter will show, the Duke of Wharton was not so circumspect on attaining the age of twenty-one as he had been a few months earlier. It is probable that having received the highest honours it was in the power of his Majesty King George to bestow, his Grace felt somewhat like Alexander after his conquests. It is certain that he felt the rôle of a "plain" duke far too matter-of-fact for his protean disposition. Besides, in an assemblage where the rigid rules of precedence and etiquette were so strictly observed, his Grace could not expect to win from those patricians the homage his abilities might have obtained for him in the Lower House. Therefore to be a Cæsar in the spirit of the Latin maxim, *Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*, his Grace early perceived he would have to become again notorious, which condition his fickle nature approved.

A circumstance happened at this period which is said to have hastened the Duke's erratic conduct, in fact some go so far as to assert that it drove his Grace into those paths which later led to his ruin; it is difficult, nevertheless, to believe that a person of his age, health and vigour, should have made the event which follows a cause for wrecking his moral and political career. The Duchess of Wharton, who had heard of the *furor* the exertions her youthful spouse had made by his zealous attendance and conduct in the Irish House of Lords, found that equal expectations attached on his accession to his English dignity. In fact, the Duke was heralded throughout Buckinghamshire as a fitting follower of those patriots which that county had produced, whose names, including his own, are too well known to need repetition. That the Duchess should wish to share in the homage rendered to her husband was but natural, therefore she expressed her determination to proceed from Winchendon to London, with the infant Marquis of Malmesbury. To this the Duke objected, as he thought the child would be better where he was, than to risk the journey to town at so inclement a period of the year. This is said to be the Duke's reason for desiring his Duchess to remain in the country. On the other hand it is urged, her Grace's desire to be with her husband was a very laudable wish for any wife, high or low, rich or poor. It is beyond doubt that that lady's presence in itself could have done no harm, indeed much good might have come of it had not

misfortune defeated the end in view—the keeping of her husband within bounds, by the presence of herself and his child.

However, the poor Duchess's good intentions were attended with disaster—brought about by those irrespecters of persons, Disease and Death. On her Grace's arrival in town with her infant son she found the child showed symptoms of sickness, which developed later into small-pox, from which he died. This sad event the Duke used as a means of reproach to his wife, whom he charged with being the primary cause of their son's death, by disregarding his wishes. So much did this belief gain on the Duke's judgment, that for a considerable period he could not bear the Duchess in his sight.

The infant was interred at Winchendon, the 4th March, 1720.

The bereavement his Grace had experienced, does not appear to have prevented his taking part in the deliberations of the Senate at this time. On the 4th April, 1720, a debate took place in the Lords on the Bill for extension of powers to the South Sea Company's charter. It may have been that the feud which had so long existed between the Harleys and the Whartons dictated his Grace's opposition to the measure; as it is a matter of history that the South Sea Bill was introduced by Edward Harley. On the other hand, his Grace's arguments were quite within the bounds of possibility, being briefly:—That the South Sea project might prove of infinite disadvantage to the nation, as it gave foreigners

an opportunity to double and triple the vast sums they had in the public funds, which could not but tempt them to withdraw their capital stock, with their immense gains, to other countries, and thus drain Great Britain of a considerable part of its gold and silver. Also, that the artificial and prodigious rise of South Sea stock was a dangerous inducement to part with what they had got by their labour and industry to secure imaginary riches. And lastly, that the addition of above thirty millions of new capital would give such a vast power to the South Sea Company as might endanger the liberties of the nation, and in time subvert our excellent Constitution, since by its means and interest they might influence most if not all the elections of members, and consequently overrule the resolutions of the House of Commons.

Whether his Grace's antagonism to the Bill was the outcome of antipathy to the Harleys as the promoters of the South Sea project, or not, Pope's line respecting his Grace comes in here with marked effect :—

“ A fool with more of wit than half mankind.”

But, it may be pleaded, the Duke's financial position in respect to ready money did not admit of him indulging in the speculations of Change Alley. I, however, do not consider this a good argument; for present day proceedings in the Court of Bankruptcy show that it is really the



embarrassed or penurious who play the "loaded dice" game of speculating in stocks and shares ; which means, one would think, would have been used by the Duke of Wharton to retrieve his extravagance. But Pope, who had ample opportunities of noting the Duke's character, must be acknowledged to have displayed great acumen in this case, as whatever errors this eccentric peer portrayed, he must be absolved from any connection with the South Sea and its thousand and one kindred bubbles ; although for the premises suggested the result may have been not so much judgment as rancour.

This attack by the Duke of Wharton on a scheme propounded by the Ministry was not only made with energy, but contained argument difficult to refute ; which so enraged Earl Stanhope, one of the supporters of the Bill, that it caused a rush of blood to his head, which proved fatal ; a circumstance which many regretted ; though the Duke cannot be charged with any desire to bring about a result so much to be deplored, even had his remarks been more tinged with sarcasm than they were ; for he was quite within the privileges of free debate on a public measure.

This attack on Lord Stanhope may have been exacerbated by the Earl's having previously turned the tables upon the Duke in one of his "illustrative" speeches in the Lords. The Duke's speech, or that part of it which served Lord Stanhope's purpose, ran thus :—"My lords, there was in the reign of Tiberius a favourite minister, by name Sejanus :

the first step he took was to wean the Emperor's affection from his son ; the next, to carry the Emperor abroad ; and so Rome was ruined." To this his lordship made the following reply, " That the Romans were most certainly a great people, and furnished many illustrious examples in their history, which ought to be carefully read, and which he made no doubt the noble peer who spoke last had read. The Romans were likewise universally allowed to be a wise people, and they showed themselves to be so in nothing more than by debarring young noblemen from speaking in the senate till they understood good manners and propriety of language ; and as the Duke had quoted an instance from this history of a bad minister, he begged leave to quote from the same history an instance of a great man, a patriot of his country, who had a son so profligate that he would have betrayed the liberties of it, on which account his father himself (the elder Brutus) had him whipped to death ! "

The remainder of this year appears to have been spent in much the same manner as the preceding one, except that the Duke's prodigal habits increased, coupled with a gradual " edging away " from the Whig principles he had displayed with so much zeal in Ireland and in this country for a short time prior to and after his elevation to a dukedom.

My assertion that the Duke of Wharton's pecuniary position was somewhat disordered at this time, is proved by the following promissory note given by his Grace to Robert Mead, attorney, of Aylesbury :—

“November 16th, 1720. Four months after date, I promise to pay Mr. Robert Mead, or order, ye sum of 400*l.* sterling received.”<sup>1</sup>

This transaction was fated to form sufficient foundation for a novel; in fact, many have been constructed from far less material. But with this the Duke had no more concern than being the maker of an instrument which had so strange a career. And, as the facts enlighten us respecting the after results of his Grace's prodigality, I narrate them as briefly as possible. The note aforesaid was endorsed by Mr. Mead, when is not known, nor why it was not paid at maturity can only be surmised: Wharton's desire to borrow more, than to pay. In 1726 Mr. Mead died, and by his will demised all his real and personal estate to his wife Sarah, daughter of one Richard Bull, druggist, of Ludgate Hill. Soon after, Mr. Bull failed in business, and went to Aylesbury to live with his daughter, whom he assisted in her business affairs. Mrs. Mead, in going through certain papers in connection with her late husband's estate, found this bill, when she made a present of it to her father, Mr. Bull. This circumstance shows undisputed possession of the note. In 1728 Mrs. Mead was inveigled by one Lewis Paul, or Hawkins, who, on pretence of managing her estate better, and freeing her from the cost of maintaining her father and two sisters, got her away from Aylesbury, hid her, and lived with her in London under assumed names. In 1729 Mrs. Mead died,

<sup>1</sup> Birch MSS.

without seeing her father after she left home. But where she died, or by what means, was not known to Mr. Bull. During the time she resided in London, Paul or Hawkins having sworn he and Mrs. Mead were married at the Fleet, claimed the note held by Bull. Eight years now pass. In 1737, Mr. Bull being aged, and regarding his death as imminent, placed the note in a cover, on which he wrote: "The enclosed note of his Grace of Wharton was given me by my daughter, Sarah Mead, during her widowhood, and I give it to my daughter, Elizabeth Bull, if she can happily recover payment of it after my decease. Dated, 15th November, 1737." To make matters more secure, Mr. Bull made a deed of gift to his daughter of all he should die possessed of; but the note was not specified in this document. In 1739 Mr. Bull died, and on the 24th May of the same year, Henry Cookson, clerk, married Elizabeth Bull, and thus became possessor of the note in consideration of his marriage. Further, Mr. Bull before he died delivered the note to Henry Cookson on behalf of his daughter, and to take to the agents for the late Duke of Wharton's affairs, who assured him the note would be shortly taken up, as the bond and judgment creditors were satisfied; also that the Court of Chancery had decreed the payment of the notes of hand and simple contract debts. In 1744, advertisement was made for the creditors of the late Duke of Wharton to come before Mr. Halford and prove their debts. Mr. Cookson and his wife

produced and proved their note. In 1747, Paul, or Hawkins, the reputed husband of Mrs. Mead, filed a bill against Cookson and his wife for the recovery of the note, alleging that Mr. Bull only received it as a bailee until it could be received by Mrs. Mead. The respondents swore it had been absolutely given, for the purpose named, to Mr. Cookson for the consideration of his marriage with Elizabeth Bull. In Chancery the affair seems to have run its due protracted course, and its ultimate fate is almost lost in legal obscurity. However, I believe, ~~and~~ after much argument, many adjournments and re-hearings, Cookson's plea that the bill was given him as a gift, that might one day be worth the sum endorsed on it, in consideration of his marriage with Elizabeth Bull, was upheld. In fact, all the legal or logical deductions show that the whole affair was an afterthought of Paul, or Hawkins, to obtain possession of a security which he knew full well had been given by Mrs. Mead to her father, but that both donor and donee being dead, and therefore unable to allege the truth, it was open to him to swear to anything he pleased to obtain his ends.

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## CHAPTER VI.

The Duke's Muse follows his bacchanalian inclinations—He writes a drinking ballad in imitation of "Chevy Chase"—His relative, Sir Christopher Musgrave, and the "Luck of Eden Hall"—History of the "Luck"—The Whartons and the Musgraves—The Duke of Wharton and the "Luck."

THE bacchanalian tendencies of the Duke of Wharton appear to have had their effect on his Muse, as his Grace is credited with being the author of a ballad in imitation of Chevy Chase, which is said to have been composed to celebrate a drinking match between his Grace and some friends. This took place at Eden Hall, the seat of his neighbour and relative, Sir Christopher Musgrave, a place and family handed down to posterity, by legendary fame, as the "Luck of Eden Hall," which has its origin in a goblet that tradition asserts to have been taken by an ancestor of the Musgraves, who had intruded on an elfin banquet, and seized from the King of the Elves, as he was about to apply it to his lips. The bold knight, fearful of the consequences, but with true knight-errantry, resolved to hold his prize, jumped on his charger, and was away before the king had recovered from the surprise of the earthly assailant's outrage. Though his

elfin Majesty's zealous subjects did their best to overtake the recreant knight, their efforts were unavailing, as he rode in true Tam-o'-Shanter style until the bridge was reached, when the fairies were bound to stay,—

“As a running stream they dare not cross.”

At this juncture up came the fairy King, who had presumably recovered from his surprise, and determined by more subtle arts to regain that which fate had so far decided should pass from his possession. This occasions surmise that the goblet must have been an heirloom in his Majesty's family, for he offered Sir Knight a choice of three princely ransoms for the glass:—“A bag of pearls, a diamond more brilliant than ever yet shone in coronet or crown, or a ton of gold!” The knight, who must either have been much in want of a drinking goblet, or who had been taught by experience the wisdom of the maxim, “A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,” diplomatically declined all three, giving the following reasons, *à la Talleyrand*<sup>1</sup>:—“A bag of pearls might lose their colour—whiteness; a diamond please the eye of a beholder, not gladden the heart of the wearer, and gold wasted.” Further the goblet would prove to his ancestors that he had once feasted with his mystic Majesty, King Oberon.

His Majesty being unable to regain possession of his treasure, had but to acquiesce in its remain-

<sup>1</sup> “Words are given to men to conceal their thoughts.”

ing in the knight's possession. But though his elfin Majesty's powers were unequal to forcibly recovering the goblet, he in true elfish art cast a "spell" on it: he made its mortal possessor's fame and fortune the guerdon of its care. "Remember, Sir Knight," said his Majesty,—

" If that cup either break or fall  
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

Neither legendary lore nor history records what the feelings of Sir Musgrave were on hearing this spell cast. Nevertheless it may be assumed that the knight comported himself with becoming dignity even if a muttered ——— resounded from the depths of his breastplate. But the outward art of the diplomatist was observed even in those days, so Sir ——— Musgrave thought it prudent to flatter his Majesty. But the Monarch of all the Fays was as wily as the rapacious knight-lawyer of the good old times. He was not to be flattered out of his privileges, for he again chanted his spell, this time with additions :—

" Remember, and your luck shall be  
While shines the sun and flows the sea ;  
But, broken once that magic glass,  
The star of Eden Hall shall set,  
And in its chambers weeds and grass  
Shall spring through marbles green and wet,  
Unsheltered from the storms of heaven,  
By roofs that Time's neglect has riven,  
While owls and bats, and unclean things  
O'er long-quenched hearths shall fold their wings."

Here the interview ended, as the knight's charger, either sniffing his manger from afar, or dismayed at the slight tenure it was held by,



deemed it prudent to get the bit in his teeth and gallop home with his master and charge while darkness still afforded some protection from moss-troopers and other itinerant marauders.

That fortune favours the bold after events showed. But I do not purpose to trespass on my indulgent reader's time further than to state that the knight had some of the powers of the goblet vouchsafed to him, as on the first filling he heard of the death of a rival for the hand of a lady he wished to wed. On this the knight locked up his treasure with the family plate, as he was not sure in his own mind that the goblet was not an "uncanny thing."

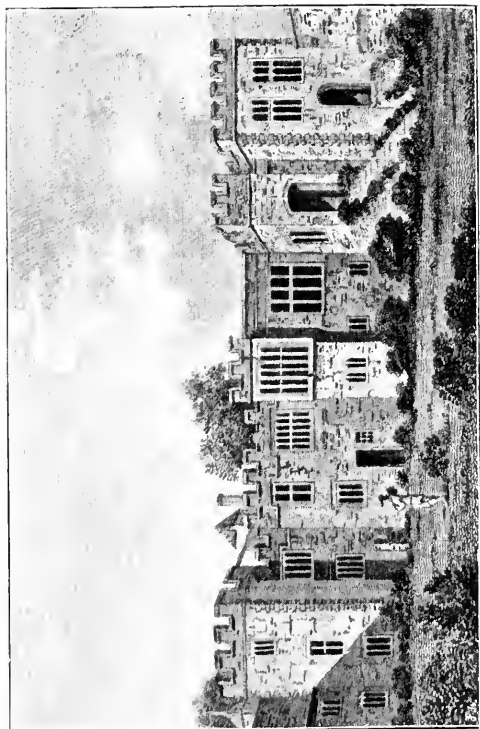
At last "good luck" attended the possessor of the charmed vessel, for the knight, as he was walking in a forest, was fortunate enough to hear cries of distress, which he found came from his "lady faire" and her irascible father (a baron, of course), who, on the lover slaying an infuriated stag that was attacking them, "gaged" his word to give the "belted one" the hand of his "faire" daughter whenever he should demand it. This the unprocrastinating knight did on the spot. The sequel may be told in few words, those of the story books, "They lived happy ever after."

So much for the poesy of the matter, which in brief is the substance of the tradition. But alas! the Paul Pry eye of modern research, with its concomitant logical tendencies, sometimes enlarged by legal requirements—which last addition

demands in all things a moral certainty, and will not be content without a moral possibility. Therefore, viewed in that matter-of-fact light, the "Luck" of Eden Hall, as regards its elfish origin, must be relegated to the realm of invention, as some inquisitive antiquary or modern Sam Weller, blessed with eyes that did magnify, according to that authority, "some million power," has found that the goblet has on its top rim or edge the letters I. H. S. or I. h. c. This curious ancient goblet is of green-coloured glass, with foliated ornaments, and enamelled in various colours. The leather case in which it is preserved is ornamented with scrolls of vine-leaves, and on the top of the case are the letters mentioned, which prove it to have once been an ancient chalice. So perhaps, after all, the trophy is the spoil of some marauding expedition which our forefathers used to delight in "on the border;" and its sequester "dreamed" the legend to account for its possession to too inquisitive friends. On the other hand, for those who believe in "luck" (and who does not in some way or another?) the Musgraves still flourish at Eden Hall,<sup>1</sup> where, as many will like to know, is its "luck" carefully treasured. On auspicious occasions the goblet is brought from its sanctuary, filled and offered to each guest. But I am not able to record whether any devotee of Bacchus has

<sup>1</sup> Where they have been located since the time of Edward the 1st. Sir Richard George Musgrave, 12th Bart., now enjoys the family possessions.





WHARTON HALL, WESTMORELAND.

disposed at a draught of the proffered bumper, filled to the brim with a gigantic charge of Burgundy, which he is expected to drain at a draught !

I now anticipate a pertinent question :—What can the “Luck of Eden Hall” have to do with a matter-of-fact memoir ? The families of Wharton and Musgrave had been several times connected by marriage ; the first union between these families appears to have been made during the reign of Henry V. ; secondly, their connection is almost as old as the contiguity of their estates was at that time. In those days an important factor in the prosperity of a family was the alliance with a powerful neighbour, whereby the right of *meum et tuum* was observed with more strictness than it would otherwise be, when right was right, and wrong was every weakling’s lawful inheritance.

So much for the *venue*, as the lawyers say, for Philip Duke of Wharton’s location near the family of Musgrave ; but whether the tastes of the possessor of Eden Hall at that period were in accord with those of his ducal relative, I have no evidence beyond his Grace’s poetical effusion to offer. That this Sir Christopher Musgrave allowed the Duke to take liberties, is proved by a story which was current some fifty years since<sup>1</sup> at the ancestral abode of the Musgraves. It is this : the Duke in some of his bacchanalian riots amused himself by throwing the “Luck” into the

<sup>1</sup> And may be still.

air and catching it as it descended. One time the "spell" came near fulfilment, as the Duke let the fragile cup slip from his grasp; and had not a servant rushed forward and caught it in a napkin or cloth ere it touched the ground, the couplet—

"If this glass do break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall"—

would have had a chance of proving its prophecy. The "Drinking Match" ballad composed by his Grace will be found at Appendix B. It bears testimony both to the unfortunate propensity of the young peer and to his poetic faculty.

## CHAPTER VII.

HIS Grace “puts up” Young for Cirencester—Grants Young a further annuity—Young dedicates *The Revenge* to his patron—The Duke begins to change his political views—President of the “Hell Fire Club”—His singular proof of orthodoxy in the Lords—Speaks again on the affairs of the South Sea Company.

THE Duke of Wharton made a poor attempt during the year 1721 to imitate his father in influencing elections, and for one of these essays he selected his friend and former companion Young. This incident might have been lost in oblivion but that the Duke gave the poet a bond for 600*l.* on March 15th, 1721 ; this Young deposited (after the Duke's affairs were placed in the hands of trustees) had been given in payment of expenses incurred in contesting Cirencester at his Grace's desire, and also in consideration of his refusal of two livings in the gift of All Souls' College, respectively valued at 200*l.* and 400*l.*, both of which he would have accepted had not his Grace promised to provide for him. This was not the only monetary transaction between the Duke and Young ; as besides this there was the annuity granted in 1719 (which the Duke ultimately increased). There is, however, a circumstance which must have occurred

about this time, though some authorities say that the production of "The Universal Passion," which many suppose the cause of this generous action of the Duke, appeared between 1725-1728 in the form of satires, and were after collected and published under that title. At this period (after 1728) the Duke of Wharton was an outlaw. I therefore think that the 2000*l.* given by his Grace to Young must have been for the latter's dedication of his tragedy *The Revenge*, which appeared during the year under review. A second and stronger reason why this date is correct is that at the earlier period the Duke had not come to the end of his borrowing powers, nor were his affairs in that chaotic state they afterwards became, as it is beyond dispute that after he left the country in 1726, it was never in the Duke's power to bestow so princely a gift on anyone, in fact he became more often a borrower than a donor or lender. However, whatever the subject was that inspired the generous motive, it is evident the Duke looked upon it as a production worth the money, and it is safe to assume that it was pleasing to his vanity. It is recorded that when challenged by a friend for giving so large an amount for a writing, his Grace replied that it was the best bargain he had ever made, for it was well worth 4000*l.* On the other hand, if this gift was in truth made as a compliment for the dedication of *The Revenge*, then Young was prudent enough to keep the transaction quiet, for it is not alluded to in any notices of the poet's



career, who after Wharton's downfall did his utmost to suppress the dedication, as well as all allusion to his intimacy with the contumacious peer. He did not fail, however, with true clerical astuteness, to defend his patron's liberality to the Church in his person.

The Duke's gifts were not always confined to money; in fact, he fully upheld his character for wagghery when he sent Young a present of a human skull, which he had had transformed into a candlestick, as the light best suited to write his tragedies by.

Among other things which the Duke of Wharton accomplished this year was the drinking of "viper" broth, a metaphor used to express his change of political views; in other words, he began that career of parliamentary vacillation which culminated in his wrong-doing. This would not be sufficient unless the explanation of the metaphor were widened to show the character of the reptile named, which turns as quickly against the hand that caresses as that which is against it. So was Wharton's conduct against his Royal master.

To continue the incidents which happened :— The winning of three horse matches at Newmarket was perhaps the only occasion at this period in which he followed his father's pursuits with any beneficial results. For I have now to record a far different tale, one in which his parent never came off second best. He was chastised by an officer for insolence; and this, it is said, his Grace turned to

advantage by soon after chastising a noted coward, to regain his reputation for courage, a virtue there are many arguments for and against his possessing; but this is not the time to discuss the question.

His Grace's religious belief at this time appears to have been as vacillating as his political principles. In fact, to hazard the conjecture that he was destitute of sincerity in any orthodox faith, would not be rash. Lord Mahon,<sup>1</sup> therefore, concludes that denunciations of popular measures on the grounds of virtue by this declamatory peer as "villainous schemes" came with questionable sincerity from the president of the "Hell Fire Club,"<sup>2</sup> an institution whose doctrines were so outrageous that it and others like it had to be suppressed. Wharton, on hearing of the action taken against this association, enacted a part quite in unison with those characteristics which detracted from his better qualities. As the suppression of this unorthodox assembly had originated with a high authority, so Wharton, with true Machiavelian philosophy, thought it prudent to give his views, or denial, from the floor of the assembly next highest in authority to the royal prerogative—the House of Lords. He instantly proceeded there, and said that, "He was not, as thought, a patron of blasphemy,"—this he substantiated by producing from his pocket an old family Bible, from

<sup>1</sup> Mahon's History of England.

<sup>2</sup> On the 29th April, 1721, the king issued a proclamation against this and similar organizations.

which he glibly quoted texts with a sanctified air ; probably in the spirit of Hamlet's relative :—

“ My words fly up, my thoughts remain below,  
But words without thoughts ne'er to heaven go.”

Soon after he became as active as ever in his strange pursuits.

The vacillation by which the ephemeral career of this freak of nature, the Duke of Wharton, is distinguished is remarkable ; in one instance only, his antagonism to the South Sea scheme, does he show a fixed purpose, and this I have already shown was due probably to family motives. On the 13th December, 1721, his Grace brought before the peers the calamitous state of the nation occasioned by the Company, instanced several cases of unfair management by its directors, and moved that a day might be appointed to consider the present deplorable condition of the State.

December 20th was thereon appointed, when the Duke of Wharton said that, among other fraudulent practices of the South Sea directors, were collusory bargains in stock of the Sword-Blade Company by Mr. Knight, the treasurer of the South Sea Company : after touching on other matters relative to the affairs of the company, his Grace concluded by saying that he hoped the House would use their utmost power in punishing the villainous projectors and executors of the South Sea scheme.

The next day the Lords ordered that certain accounts relating to the South Sea Company should be laid before them, whereon they adjourned

to the 9th January, 1721-22, on which date the Sub-Governor and Deputy-Governor of the South Sea Company laid the papers demanded before the peers. On the following day the House went into grand committee to consider the state of the nation, when the Earl of Sunderland acknowledged that he had hitherto been for the South Sea Scheme, as he thought it calculated to benefit the nation by lessening the public debt and the incumbrance of the long annuities. But, in his opinion, no Act of Parliament had ever been so much abused as the South Sea Act; therefore he would go as far as anybody to punish the offenders.

The Duke of Wharton then rose, and, in a vehement strain, urged upon their lordships that they ought to have no respect of persons; that for his part he would give up the best friend he had; that the nation had been plundered in a most flagrant and notorious manner, and therefore they ought to find out the offenders and punish them with the utmost severity.

Lords North and Grey, with the Earl of Abingdon,<sup>1</sup> likewise spoke as to the ill-effects of the South Sea project, while Wharton's friend, Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, compared the ruinous measure to a pestilence.

Further, I need not follow an affair which every reader of history knows almost by heart. Nor should I have referred again to Wharton's opposition to the scheme, but for the fact of its

<sup>1</sup> A relation of the Duke of Wharton.

being the only redeeming feature of a career full of inconstancies as well as inconsistencies.

It may be asked whether the Duke of Wharton's speeches in the hereditary chamber were regarded by that august assemblage with any consideration, or looked on as the vapourings of a fashionable young man with an historic name? Justice compels me to acknowledge that he had ability in debate, and imparted it, more or less, into all his oratorical displays. How a person so giddy, licentious, and reckless as he appeared to the multitude, could, when occasion needed, dismay his opponents by the profundity and clearness of his arguments, is a mystery. Therefore, when Wharton rose he was listened to by old men, some of whom had not in their fourscore years committed the indiscretions this youthful prodigy had in as many months; but his transcendent abilities eclipsed their dull understandings as much as their easy-going virtues did his "fiery-footed" vices.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Further example of his Grace's Muse—Grants Young another annuity—Reasons for the grant—Young acknowledges the Duke's generosity—His after suppression of the dedication of *The Revenge*—Allusion to the Duke of Wharton's writings—A satirical poetic effusion by his Grace.

THE Duke of Wharton still pursued his career of gaiety, and his presence was sought by the "bright sons of Mars" to add wit and humour to their feasts. An instance of this is found in the *Daily Post* of May 12th, 1722, where it is announced that his Grace the Duke of Wharton and other persons of distinction honoured Colonel John Pitt with their presence at a dinner given by the gallant colonel in his tent in Hyde Park. About which period a camp of troops was there, as I find a notice of a review being held a few days later.

A gentleman who feared the fate to which the Duke of Wharton's singular propensities would eventually lead him, asked him when he would leave off love and politics. Wharton replied:—

"When Y—rke to heaven shall lift one solemn eye  
And love his wife above ——— :  
When godliness to gain shall be preferred  
By more than two of the "Right Reverend" herd :

When P—rk—r<sup>1</sup> shall pronounce upright decrees,  
And Hungerford refuse his double fees :  
When <sup>2</sup> Pratt with justice shall dispense the laws,  
And King<sup>3</sup> impartially decide a cause :  
When Tracey's generous soul shall swell with pride,  
And Eyre his haughtiness shall lay aside :  
When honest Price shall turn and truckle under,  
And P—w—s sum a cause without a blunder :  
When P—ge one uncorrupted finger shows,  
And Fortescue deserves another nose :  
Then shall I crave my charmer to adore  
And think of love and politics no more."

The major part of those satirized by his Grace were judges and lawyers, though the Duke does not fail to include the bench of bishops in his sarcasms. At the time these lines were produced they no doubt contained more real or assumed significance than present day research can confirm. At the most it can now be only presumed that the characteristics alluded to were so much a part of the person named that to expect them to change their habits was a task all but coequal with the typical zoological impossibility, "Can the leopard change his spots?" So the assumption from these lines is that his Grace's case was hopeless.

On the 10th of July, 1722, the Duke of Wharton granted his poetical friend Young another annuity. The consideration expressed in the instrument by which the charge was granted showed that his Grace "considered that the public good was advanced by the encouragement of

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Parker, Earl of Macclesfield, Lord Chancellor.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Pratt, Chief Justice of England.

<sup>3</sup> Peter, Lord King, afterwards Lord Chancellor.

learning and the polite arts, and being pleased therein with the attempts of Dr. Young, in consideration thereof and of the love I bear him," etc., etc. In 1740 the trustees entrusted with the settlement of his Grace's affairs referred this and the other annuity previously granted by the Duke to Lord Chancellor Hardwicke to determine whether they were given for legal considerations, which Young was called upon to substantiate. On examination he attested that he had quitted the Exeter family and refused an annuity of 100*l.* which had been offered to him for life if he would continue to act as tutor to Lord Burleigh, but on the Duke of Wharton's assurances that he would provide for him in a more generous manner, he declined the proffered employment. This loss was held sufficient to legalize his Grace's grants.

In fact Young's dedication of his tragedy *The Revenge* the previous year, and prior to this second grant, anticipates the Duke of Wharton's future patronage, but as the dedication was suppressed afterwards by the poet in his own edition of his works, a brief extract from the original may interest the reader.

"My present fortune is his bounty, and my future his care, which I will venture to say will be always remembered to his honour, since he, I know, intended his generosity as an encouragement to merit, though through his very pardonable partiality to one, who bears him so sincere a duty



and respect, I happen to receive the benefit of it."

It is in the power, whim, or pleasure of all to break, make, or undo friendships, but it is a matter for grave consideration whether the dedication of a published work should be withdrawn from after editions because its dedicatee had become something he previously was not. The circumstance is also a curious instance of charity as viewed by a divine of the 18th century, who could not possibly have run any risk on account of his patronage by the eccentric peer. However, it is probable Young wished it to appear to future generations that his connection with the contumacious Duke was one of "childhood's memories" only, and not, as all the world knew then, of mature manhood. In this Young may be said to have succeeded, though he leaves his own action in the matter to be judged by those who look more closely into the relations of poet and patron.

It is possible that the Duke of Wharton's patronage and support of Young at this time led him to cultivate his own muse, as various rhymes of a satirical nature were written about this period by him. Some of these I shall now allude to, others must be left for proper chronological sequence, while there are a few that no good end or purpose can be effected by reproducing. I doubt if any complete record of his Grace's poetic effusions exist, as in the meagre memoir published after his death, which is presumed to include his writings, the latter are represented by

various newspaper articles (hereafter to be referred to), and little reference is made to his poetical productions. These, however, are to be traced in several collections of poems,<sup>1</sup> and I have no doubt many others exist, but their origin is lost in obscurity. The memoir referred to, or its later edition, does not contain a tithe of the information on the career of its subject which I am about to present to the reader.

Thomas Parker, Earl of Macclesfield, to whom the Duke of Wharton refers in his tirade on "The Judges and Bishops,"<sup>2</sup> appears to have excited the displeasure of his Grace, probably because the Duke's extravagant habits necessitated the exercise of his lordship's judicial functions. Or it may be his Grace's perceptive faculties caused him to surmise that maladministration was going on in his lordship's office.<sup>3</sup> This supposition the Duke appears to have substantiated, which inspired the following satire, just what might have been expected to have emanated from so outspoken and fearless a person as his Grace. A comparison between the Earl of Macclesfield and the notorious "Jack Sheppard" is wittily expressed and conveyed by a supposititious poetical epistle from the latter to his lordship, though his Grace politely heads the effusion: "An Epistle from John Sheppard to the Earl of Macclesfield."

<sup>1</sup> Dodsley's, Ritson's, Nichols', Harleian MSS., etc.

<sup>2</sup> P. 87.

<sup>3</sup> Those desirous of seeing what these were, should read the three heads of his impeachment in 1724.

"When curiosity led you so far  
As to send for me, my dear Lord, to the bar,  
To show what a couple of rascals we were.  
Which nobody can deny.

You'll excuse me the freedom of writing to thee,  
For the world then agreed they never did see  
A pair so well matched as your lordship and me.  
Which nobody can deny.

At the present disgrace, my Lord! ne'er repine,  
Since fame sings of nothing but thy tricks and mine,  
And our name shall alike in history shine.  
Which nobody can deny.

Tho' we two have made such a noise upon earth,  
Thy fate would now be but a subject of mirth  
Should your death be like mine, as we're equal in birth.  
Which nobody can deny.

Were thy virtues and mine to be weighed in a scale,  
I fear, honest Thomas, that thine would prevail,  
For you break through all laws, while I only break jail.  
Which nobody can deny.

Yet something I hope to my merit is due,  
Since there ne'er was so barefaced a blunderer as you,  
And yet I'm the more dexterous rogue of the two.  
Which nobody can deny.

We who thief for our living if taken must die,  
Those who plunder poor orphans, pray answer me why  
They deserve not a rope more than Blueskin and I?  
Which nobody can deny.

Tho' the masters are rascals, that you should swing for't,  
Is a d——d hardship. Your lordship, in short,  
Hath been only the Jonathan Wild of the Court.  
Which nobody can deny.

Altho' at the helm you and Jonathan sit,  
Whilst your myrmidons plunder, and what they can get  
To save their own necks must be laid at your feet.  
Which nobody can deny.

Yet Jonathan's politics must be allowed  
To be better than mine, for he often has showed  
He'd still save himself, yet hang whom he would.  
Which nobody can deny.

But as thou and thy gang must come in for a rope,  
 The honour of being the first that's trussed up,  
 Is the only favour your lordship can hope.  
 Which nobody can deny.

In such choice poetic doggrel did his Grace address the Chancellor. But, bad as Wharton's private character was at this time, and as his public character afterwards became, he appears to have inherited his father's aversion to official corruption; a virtue, however, that at that time seems to have been possessed by the "outs."

That his Grace never let a subject escape which could afford exercise for his satire the foregoing proves, and I now record another example as a foreign matter.

"A song sung at the Opera House by Mrs. Tofts, on her leaving the English stage and returning to Italy."

"Generous, gay and gallant Nation,  
 Bold in arms, and bright in Arts,  
 Land secure from all invasion,  
 All but Cupid's gentle darts;  
 From your charms, oh! who would run?  
 Who would leave you for the Sun?  
 "Happy soil—Adieu! Adieu!  
 Let old charmers yield to new,  
 In Arms, in Arts be still more shining,  
 All your joys be still increasing,  
 All your tastes be still repining,  
 All your joys for ever ceasing;  
 But let old charmers yield to new,  
 Happy soil—Adieu! Adieu!"

This song the Duke of Wharton burlesqued, in that inimitable style which stamps all his writings with satirical genius; indeed it was the substratum of truth which lay at the bottom of almost all his

writings that made them so obnoxious to those who (then as now) objected to the truth in any form.

THE DUKE OF WHARTON'S VERSION OF  
MRS. TOFT'S FAREWELL SONG.

“Puppies! whom I now am leaving,  
Sometimes merry, always mad,  
Who lavish most when debts are craving  
On fool, and farce, and masquerade;  
Oh! who would from such Bubbles run?  
Or leave such blessings for the Sun?

“Happy soil! and simple crew!  
Let old sharpers yield to new,  
All your tastes be still repining,  
All your nonsense still more shining.  
Blest in a Berenstadt or Biski,  
One more awkward, or more husky;  
And never want (when they are lost us),  
Another Heidegger and Faustus.  
Happy soil! and simple crew!  
Let old sharpers yield to new;  
Cullies all! Adieu! Adieu!”

## CHAPTER IX.

Wharton and Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester—Atterbury's career—Atterbury's and Wharton's characteristics compared—The "Triple Alliance" by the Duke of Wharton.

DURING the year under review, a circumstance occurred which, no doubt, increased Wharton's tendency towards Jacobitism, or to be more correct, aroused the smouldering embers in his breast into that flame which ultimately destroyed him.

On August 24th, 1722, Dr. Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, was arrested, his house was searched, and certain papers were secured. He was then carried before a Committee of the Privy Council, and on the evidence adduced, committed by them to the Tower for alleged treasonable practices. Between this divine and the Duke of Wharton there had long existed a friendship,<sup>1</sup> which may have been formed through his Grace's father; as the reverend prelate was a Buckinghamshire man

<sup>1</sup> This is asserted by the Duke of Wharton in a letter to Dr. Atterbury referred to in a later Appendix, though in a recent biographical notice Wharton's exertions on Atterbury's behalf are not noticed; an oversight difficult to account for.

(he was born at Milton-Keynes, near Newport-Pagnell, on the 6th March, 1662), and "Honest Tom"—the sobriquet of the Duke's father—was known by almost every villager in Bucks; it is not a false presumption that he many times met the prelate as a youth, as well as his father, when on electioneering business or otherwise.

From the date of his arrest Atterbury exerted too great an influence on the Duke's career to admit of his being passed over without some notice, however brief. Atterbury's birth has just been recorded. When a youth he was sent (after private tuition) to Westminster School; and in 1680 to Christ Church College, Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself in his classical studies. After taking his B.A. degree in 1684, followed by that of M.A. in 1687, in the following year he produced "*Considerations on the spirit of Martin Luther, and the origin of the Reformation.*"

He is next found assisting Charles Boyle, his pupil, after Earl of Orrery, in his dispute with the philologist Bentley as to the authority of the *Epistles of Phalaris*. At this period Atterbury no doubt had strong Jacobite tendencies, though he did not then openly avow them. It is supposed, however, that he instilled into his pupil's mind those principles which by a curious coincidence lodged them both in the Tower, within a brief period at one and the same time. Therefore the teachings of the tutor must have quickly borne fruit in the mind and actions of the pupils, a fructification almost lamentable.

The year 1700 gave Atterbury an opportunity to again prominently intrude himself. Convocation, or in plainer terms that assembly of the dignitaries of the Church to discuss its affairs, had all but ceased to exist, except in name. Prorogation followed prorogation, until its enactments resembled those measures that yearly intrude themselves into the British Senate, and popularly known as "hardy annuals"—all but a misnomer, for they never blossom into Acts of Parliament. Protest and remonstrance were useless to prevent the procrastination; at last Atterbury threw himself into the controversial breach that this *laissez faire* policy had created among the Church's more militant partisans. That Atterbury's conduct received support from those in high places, his induction to the archdeaconry of Totnes and as a prebendary of Exeter in the following year confirm.<sup>1</sup>

Nor were his services left unacknowledged by Convocation, whose Lower House voted thanks to him for his timely aid, while his own University made him a D.D. free from the usual charges. Atterbury had some years enjoyed Court favour, being Queen Mary's favourite preacher,<sup>2</sup> and it is possible this was the reason which led to his being retained solely as royal chaplain after the Queen consort's death in 1694. The same favour was

<sup>1</sup> Presented to both by Sir John Trelawny, Bishop of Exeter, an ardent friend of Atterbury's.

<sup>2</sup> At this period he was preacher at Bridewell and lecturer at St. Bride's, Fleet Street.



shown to Atterbury by his royal mistress's sister and successor, Anne, who not only retained him as her chaplain-in-ordinary, but raised him to the deanery of Carlisle in 1704. This preferment was to be expected for so prominent a member of the Tory or High Church party (of which Atterbury was undoubtedly head), which ruled supreme during the early years of Anne's reign.

The position that Atterbury commanded led to further favours, though there were some who did not share his principles ; yet his eloquence and ability procured favours from others, as Sir John Trevor's bestowal of the preachership of Rolls Chapel upon him testifies. But all this time his pen was as busy as his tongue ; pamphlet succeeded pamphlet in support of various matters connected with the Church, as well as sermons and translations from the classics. Atterbury is said to have been the compiler of the speech made by Dr. Sacheverell during his trial in 1710, the year Atterbury was made prolocutor of the Lower House. In 1712 Atterbury was made Dean of Christchurch, and in June of the same Dean of Westminster, followed in the next year by his being enthroned Bishop of Rochester. In the next reign (George I.) Atterbury did not fare so well as with his predecessors. Atterbury looked upon his Majesty's refusal to accept the throne<sup>1</sup> and canopy above it, which he offered to the king,

<sup>1</sup> A perquisite that appertained to the Bishop's office.

as an insult. However, matters went harmoniously for the Bishop until the year 1715 was reached, when he declined to sign the Act of Confidence in the Government, as it contained strictures against the High Church<sup>1</sup> party which acknowledged him its chief.

From this period Atterbury may be regarded as a pronounced Jacobite, although he abstained from setting the Act forbidding communication with Jacobites at defiance until a later period, when he was arrested. This, however, is for after consideration.

The foregoing sketch shows how Atterbury's services were rewarded. His personal characteristics were much in unison with his friend Wharton's.<sup>2</sup> Both were equally restless, turbulent, vain, and ambitious; and both possessed ability which, with a wiser and more stable understanding, would have made them the envy of all; although Atterbury must be absolved from any share in the vices of his compeer in learning. Atterbury sought congenial society in the wits and poets of the age—Bolingbroke, Swift, Pope, Gay, etc.—while his brother peer revelled with the highest and lowest of the "four estates" as the whim dictated. Able as both were, with every intellectual attribute

<sup>1</sup> A term which must not be associated with its present day tendencies, but in its narrow-minded crusade against dissenters. This explanation is necessary, as it has been affirmed that the Bishop, by his adherence to the Stuart cause, had a Papistic leaning, a statement that neither his works nor his preaching confirm.

<sup>2</sup> His peculiar religious tenets excepted.

necessary to make great men, they undid themselves by upholding a cause on which the *vox populi* had already pronounced judgment years before. Further reference must be left to its chronological order.

A witty effusion, in which Wharton alludes to Young, was termed "The Triple Alliance." It is really an allusion in verse to the matter-of-fact expression used by the Speaker of the Commons, which many may have heard when visiting the House of Commons, and heard the Speaker put this question from the chair:—"As many of you, etc., . . . say 'Aye,'" followed by the statement, the "Ayes" or "Noes," as the case may be, "have it." A decision sometimes or always upset by the cries of "Divide, divide." That so soulless a subject should afford matter to excite so hard-to-please a jade as the poetic Muse testifies to Wharton's genius.

#### THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

In fable, all things hold discourse,  
Then words (no doubt) must talk, of course.  
Once on a time, near Channel Row,  
Two hostile adverbs, "Aye" and "No,"  
Were hastening to the field of fight,  
Where, front to front, stood opposite;  
Before each general joined the van,  
"Aye" (the more courteous knight) began:  
"Stop, peevish particle! beware,  
I'm told, you are not such a bear,  
But sometimes yield when offered fair.  
Suffer yon folks a while to prattle  
'Tis 'we' who must decide the battle;  
Whene'er 'we' war, on yonder stage.  
With various fate, and equal rage.

The nation trembles at each blow  
 That 'No' gives 'Aye,' and 'Aye' gives 'No ;'  
 But, in the expensive long contention,  
 We gain 'no' office, grant, or pension.  
 Why then should kinsfolk quarrel thus ?  
 (For *two* of you make *one* of us).<sup>1</sup>  
 To some wise statesman let us go,  
 When each his proper use may know.  
 He may admit two such commanders,  
 And let those wait who served in Flanders.  
 Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,  
 A Treasury lord, not master Young.  
 Obsequious at his high command,  
 'Aye' shall march forth to tax the land ;  
 Impeachments 'No' can but resist,  
 And 'Aye' support the Civil List.  
 'Ayes,' quick as Cæsar, win the day,  
 And 'Noes,' like Fabius, by delay.  
 Sometimes, in mutual sly disguise,  
 Let 'Ayes' seem 'Noes,' and 'Noes' seem 'Ayes ;'  
 'Ayes' be, in Courts, denials meant,  
 And 'Noes,' in Bishops, give consent."  
 Thus "Aye" proposed, and, for reply,  
 "No," for the first time, answered "Aye."  
 They parted, with a thousand kisses,  
 And fight, e'er since, for pay, like "Swisses."<sup>2</sup>

The shrewd satire of this composition is almost  
 as keen in its political bearing as the day it  
 excited the attention of our forefathers.

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the old formula : "Two negatives make a positive. Two positives annihilate each other."

<sup>2</sup> An allusion to the Swiss Guards of the kings of France ; and perhaps the most satirical portion of the whole composition, when the then purchase of an M.P.'s voting powers is taken into consideration.

## CHAPTER X.

The Duke of Wharton's satire—His verse on "Robbing the Exchequer"—His Twickenham residence—Its proximity to Pope's and Lady Mary Wortley Montague's—Pope, Atterbury and Wharton—Atterbury's attempt to win Pope from "the Faith"—Commencement of Atterbury's trial before the Lords—Pope appears as a witness on the Bishop's behalf—Wharton's great speech on behalf of Atterbury.

THE Duke of Wharton's satirical effusions in verse against the corruption which was rife in almost all the Government offices at the early part of the eighteenth century, would no doubt have been taken more seriously by the multitude had they emanated from a less irresponsible person (so far as that term can be used in its frivolous sense) than his Grace was, had they emanated from one who lived in a more sober and dignified manner than did this mock Diogenes the Duke of Wharton, albeit who managed to impart so much clear, shrewd knowledge of men and things, justice and wisdom into his writings, that even the Bow Street runners of those times could not have mistook the "scent," so correctly found by the Duke. A production, which, in a measure, confirms this view, runs as follows :—

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“ON ROBBING THE EXCHEQUER.”

“From sunset to daybreak, while folks are asleep,  
 New watch are appointed, the Exchequer to keep ;  
 New bolts and new bars fasten every door,  
 And the chests are made three times as strong as before.  
 Yet the thieves in the daytime the treasure may seize,  
 For the same are entrusted with care of the keys.  
 From the night till the morning 'tis true all is right ;  
 But who will secure it from morning till night ?”

Another, which appears to be contemporaneous,  
 runs,—

“Quoth Wild <sup>1</sup> unto Walpole, ‘Make me undertaker,  
 I’ll soon find the rogues that robbed the Exchequer.  
 I shan’t look among those that are used to purloining,  
 But shall the first search in the chapel adjoining.’  
 Quoth Robin,<sup>2</sup> ‘That’s right, for the cash you will find,  
 Tho’ I’m sure ’twas not they, for there’s some left behind.  
 But, if it were they, you could not well complain.  
 For what they have emptied they’ll soon fill again.’”

No one will deny the justice of the aforesaid sarcasm, which unfortunately did not carry the weight its authorship might have done, for the reasons aforesaid. Those who bear in mind the unfortunate propensity of the Duke of Wharton, may urge that these and similar effusions were the natural consequence of the adage:—“In wine there’s wit;” I will not myself be so uncharitable; however tinctured with truth that assertion may be, the merit of the verse remains.

About this time, or early in 1723, Wharton invaded (some would say scandalized) the presence of the good inhabitants of Twickenham, by taking a house about a quarter of a mile from that of Pope,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Jonathan Wild, the thieftaker.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Robert Walpole.

<sup>3</sup> Pope found a patron in the Duke of Wharton’s father.

whose residence was close to that of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Why the Duke chose the then classic village for an occasional retreat it is difficult to say, unless his motive was admiration of Pope's fair neighbour.

Here we have a quartette strangely ill-assorted in many ways—Pope, Wharton, Montague, and Atterbury ; the last a friend of the two first, and the third the admiration of the peer and poet.

It would be almost *reductio ad absurdum* to assert that Wharton profited by his Twickenham villa to consult with Pope how to serve their mutual friend Atterbury. Nor can I trace whether inquiries or researches of a legal nature which might have aided Wharton in his self-imposed task, the defence of Atterbury in the House of Lords were the reason, even had not "the green-eyed monster" jealousy intervened to disturb the poet's bliss at Twickenham ! During Wharton's visits to this river-side retreat Pope had ample opportunity to study the peer's eccentric disposition, which he afterwards characterized in verse.

Pope's friendship with Atterbury, while it lasted, effectually proves that the Bishop was not imbued with a tendency to Roman Catholicism ; for he urged Pope on the death of his father to join the Anglican Church, as he believed his (Pope's) conformity was only that of the "outward and visible sign." To this Pope returned an elegant reply, acknowledging that he knew his lordship's friendship for him to be so extensive as

to include anxiety both for his spiritual and temporal welfare, but he expresses a doubt whether the advocated change would be to his spiritual advantage, concluding the sentence with a strange outburst of feeling—"God only knows." In the next sentence he states that he, Pope, knows that in his present religious professions he meant as well as he could ever possibly do in another. This attempt to win Pope from his faith does not appear to have destroyed the amicable understanding between the bishop and the poet, as Atterbury afterwards wrote to Pope, on April 10th, 1723, intimating that he might call him as a witness at his forthcoming trial.

On the 6th of May, Atterbury was brought to the bar of the House of Lords to be tried, with others, for a treasonable conspiracy. On the 8th, Pope was examined as a witness on Atterbury's behalf, as to the Bishop's conduct during Pope's sojourn with him at his deanery, Bromley. Pope, in reply to the Bishop's counsel, Sergeant Wynne, declared that though he had been more frequently in the divine's company at the deanery for some two or three years past than any other person, he had never known the bishop to give utterance to any of the words imputed to him; in fact, that he had known him to utter totally different sentiments. It is recorded that Pope made a bad witness by losing his self-possession; he contradicted himself once or twice.

In the debate which followed, the speech of Atterbury's friend Wharton, though not less learned



(perhaps more so) than Pope, enacted a far more meritorious performance during the passage of the Bill to inflict pain and penalties on the prelate through the Lords. When Wharton's erratic way of living is considered, together with his absence of legal training, his speech in defence of Atterbury<sup>1</sup> stands out, even in that age of oratory, as the most masterly, powerful and skilful-forensic oration that perhaps, till then, had ever been delivered in Parliament. That so much judgment, skill and logic could be displayed by a dissolute man of the world passed comprehension then as much as the fact staggers one's belief at the present day. One reflection alone remains: a deep regret that so brilliant a genius as Wharton should have sacrificed himself to the false gods of vice and pleasure.

A circumstance is related which tends to show that some of his father's skill in diplomacy was inherited by the son. Wharton, who had followed the various arguments adduced against Atterbury, had certain misgivings as to whether the Crown would or could advance more against the prelate than he knew of; in short, he wished to find out with the subtlety of an Old Bailey advocate where the weak point of the prosecution lay. To gain this knowledge he hied to the Prime Minister's<sup>2</sup> residence at Chelsea, saw him, and affecting contrition for his past conduct, expressed a desire to become reconciled with the Court party by denouncing the conduct of

<sup>1</sup> Appendix C.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Robert Walpole.

Atterbury; to this end he inquired the fullest extent of his defection. Sir Robert, overjoyed at the return of so great a trespasser to the fold, or else acting unwittingly in the spirit of the maxim, "There is no fool like an old one," went through the evidence against the Bishop, even so far as to point out the weak and strong points of the Crown case. Wharton affected to be brimful of penance and gratitude, thanked Sir Robert, and withdrew. On his return to town this would-be penitent spent the night in a carouse, without care or thought of his bed or to-morrow, freshened himself in the morning by some one or another of the means used by the over-bibulous, went straight to the House of Peers, and made the speech *for* the Bishop with such forensic detail and ability that it now ranks as one of the most marvellous feats of oratory ever performed by a person in his twenty-fourth year.

That all Wharton's art or advocacy did not lie in his tongue, his letter <sup>1</sup> written a few days later to Atterbury in the Tower proves. This composition bears testimony to his Grace's skill in prose, which he afterwards evinced by editing a bi-weekly political tract or paper, the first number of which appeared on the 3rd of June, 1723, under the title of the *True Briton*,<sup>2</sup> an almost anachronistic heading, for does not Defoe say:—

<sup>1</sup> Appendix D.

<sup>2</sup> A copy of the scarce, suppressed preface will be found at Appendix E.

"The Pict and painted Briton, treacherous Scot,  
By hunger, theft, and rapine, hither brought ;  
Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,  
Whose red-haired offspring everywhere remains ;  
Who joined with Norman French, compound the breed  
From whence your true-born Englishmen proceed ;  
And lest by length of time it be pretended,  
The climate may the modern race have mended,  
Wise providence to keep us where we are,  
Mixes us daily with exceeding care.

A true-born Englishman's a contradiction—  
In speech an irony—in fact a fiction ;  
A metaphor invented to express  
A man akin to all the universe."

I do not purpose to reproduce the articles written by his Grace over the signatures "A. B.," "Orthodox," "Athaliah Dormant," etc., etc., here, although they afford specimens of his keenest satire, and were one and all of a political character directed against the Government. I shall, therefore, only epitomize certain selected articles to show his powers. They unfortunately served their author's purpose far too well—widening the breach between himself and the Court, and hastening his ruin and exile.

## CHAPTER XI.

The Duke of Wharton takes leave of Bishop Atterbury when going into exile—The Duke's verses—The banishment of Cicero—His reference in the *True Briton* to the Bishop's trial—Marriage of the Duke's sister, Lady Jane Wharton, to Mr. Holt—Lady Mary Wortley Montague's opinion of the match—Her allusion to the Duke as chief director of the "Schemers" at Twickenham.

THE Duke of Wharton, having taken upon himself the task of defending the Bishop of Rochester, did not desert his client when stripped of his benefices and exiled, for such was the punishment of his Jacobitism; an uglier term was then used—treason.

On Tuesday, June 18th, 1723, in accordance with the judgment pronounced, Atterbury, accompanied by his daughter Mrs. Morrice, her husband, the Duke of Wharton, and Mr. Williamson,<sup>1</sup> stood on the deck of H.M.S. *Aldborough*, though the Bishop only was then going into exile, accompanied by his daughter. Atterbury's embarkation was witnessed by a great number of persons. Some of the most zealous partisans among them attended the object of their regard to the ship's side, but only the favoured few were permitted to bid the contumacious prelate

<sup>1</sup> Governor of the Tower.

farewell on the last piece of British "ground" (the deck of the man-of-war) it was destined his feet were to ever again tread.

On the 21st Atterbury landed at Calais, from thence he journeyed to Brussels and later to Paris, where he mostly resided. Here he found society congenial, in learning and turbulence; for although Atterbury delighted to pose as a philosopher, his affected serenity was only a mask to hide his anguish, while his doctrines in this capacity were not honoured with his own observance.

The exile of his friend gave opportunity for Wharton to indulge his pen, in producing the following verses, in which Atterbury is called *Cicero*. In many respects the composition is far more meritorious than those which precede it.

"ON THE BANISHMENT OF CICERO.

I.

"As o'er the swelling ocean's tide  
 An exile Tully rode,  
 The bulwark of the Roman State,  
 In act, in thought, a god;  
 The sacred genius of majestic Rome  
 Descends, and thus laments her patriot's doom.

II.

"Farewell! renowned in arts, farewell!  
 Thus conquered by thy foe,  
 Of honours and of friends deprived,  
 To exile must thou go.  
 Yet go content: thy look, thy will sedate,  
 Thy soul superior to the shocks of fate.

## III.

“Thy wisdom was thy only guilt,  
Thy virtue thy offence,  
With godlike zeal thou did'st espouse  
Thy country's just defence ;  
Nor sordid hopes could charm thy steady soul,  
Nor fear, nor guilty numbers could control.

## IV.

“What tho' the noblest patriots stood  
Firm to thy sacred cause,  
What tho' thou could'st display the force  
Of rhetoric and of laws ;  
No eloquence, no reason could repel  
The united strength of Clodius and of hell.

## V.

“Thy mighty ruin to effect  
What plots have been devised !  
What arts—what perjuries been used—  
What laws and rites despised—  
How many fools and knaves by bribes allured,  
And witnesses by hopes and threats secured !

## VI.

“And yet they act their dark deceit,  
Veiled with a nice disguise,  
And from a specious show of right,  
From treachery and lies ;  
With arbitrary power the people awe,  
And coin unjust oppression into law.

## VII.

“Let Clodius<sup>1</sup> now in grandeur reign,  
Let him exert his power,  
A short-lived monster in the land,  
The monarch of an hour ;  
Let pageant fools adore their wooden god,  
And act against their senses at his nod.

---

<sup>1</sup> George I.

## VIII.

“ Pierced by an untimely hand  
To earth shall he descend,  
Tho’ now with gaudy honours clothed,  
Inglorious in his end.  
Blest be the man who does his power defy,  
And dares, or truly speak, or bravely die ! ”

The spirit of defiance in the last two lines his Grace of Wharton could well amplify in his character of political tract writer and newspaper proprietor; he was also impolitic enough to allude in a direct manner to the Bishop a few days before and after his departure into exile. But on June 21st, 1723, his Grace, in No. 6 of the *True Briton*, breathes forth the wrongs, real or imaginary, under which the nation was groaning. This article is described in the headlines as a letter sent on the Monday previous by a “ well wisher ” in the country to the *True Briton*. The editor, the Duke of Wharton, asserts its claims to a place, and hopes to have opportunity of communicating more of this correspondent’s letters to the world, as the following paragraph shows that the author is Wharton.

“ The Bishop of Rochester (as mere a slave to Church principles as Archbishop Laud was) has had the voices of nineteen out of twenty bishops to banish him the kingdom. And to their eternal honour be it said, that neither the sacredness of the episcopal character, nor the extraordinariness of the case, nor the unusual method of the proceeding, nor their concern for a brother, nor their affection for the Church, nor the

example of above forty temporal lords, could abate their Christian zeal for the banishment of so great and eminent a brother. The history of Joseph is a very entertaining story."

This supposititious epistle then dilates on other matters of State, and is at last subscribed,

" Your sincere admirer  
and unworthy correspondent,  
" A. B."

His Grace then hints at certain methods used to pass the bills against Rochester and Kelly. After this he appends the following paragraph, a paragraph which proves that legal as well as lay friends advised him of the erratic course he was pursuing:—

" The letter from Lincoln's Inn, dated June 17th, came safe to hand; and the author returns his thanks for the kind advice given him in it; but assures his friend that he don't fear the power of the persons he mentions any more than he doubts their malice."

In the next number (7) his Grace again refers to the Bishop. He states that the malice of his enemies went so far as to insinuate that Atterbury would change his religion when he arrived in foreign countries, and be deluded into the errors of the Church of Rome. This he avers was in total opposition to the Bishop's own asseveration before the Lords, that he would die at the stake rather than abandon the principles of the Established Church of England.

These instances will suffice for the present



to show the course on which Wharton was bent.

On the 3rd July of this year (1723) the Duke's sister, Lady Jane, was married to a Mr. Holt. Whether this was a marriage *de convenance* or not I am unable to state positively. Lady Mary Wortley Montague gives a little support to my notion that it may have been in a letter to her sister: <sup>1</sup>—" . . . Lady Jane Wharton is to be married to Mr. Holt, which I am sorry for; to see a young woman, that I think one of the agreeablest [*sic*] girls upon earth so vilely misplaced. But when are people matched?"

No doubt this marriage absolved his Grace of some responsibility, and at the same time afforded his sister better protection than her brother was likely to afford.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague also gives us an insight into the Duke of Wharton's escapades at Twickenham. She writes to her sister in a letter under the place and date of Twickenham, 1723:—

"In general, gallantry was never in so elevated a figure as at present. Twenty very pretty fellows (the Duke of Wharton being president and chief director) have formed themselves into a committee of gallantry, who call themselves 'Schemers,' and meet regularly three times a week to consult on gallant schemes for the advancement and advantage of that branch of happiness."

<sup>1</sup> The Countess of Mar.

Now this alone would justify any allusions to his Grace's conduct at this then riverside Frascati. But her ladyship, with true Minervian wit, continues her letter:—

“I consider the duty of a true Englishwoman<sup>1</sup> is to do honour to her native country, and that it would be a sin against the pious love I bear to the land of my nativity to confine the renown due to the ‘Schemers’ within the small extent of this little island, which ought to be spread wherever men can sigh, or women can wish. ’Tis true they have the envy and the curses of the old and ugly of both sexes, and a general persecution from all *old* women; but this is no more than all reformations must expect in their beginning.

“M. W. M.”

These lines furnish good data for much which follows.

<sup>1</sup> Had the lady just perused the current number of her admirer's *True Briton*?

## CHAPTER XII.

The Duke of Wharton joins the Wax Chandlers' Company—Champions the cause of Messrs. Williams and Lockwood—Wharton vexes Pope—Horace Walpole's lines on Wharton and Lady Mary Wortley Montague—Wharton's presence at Twickenham causes a rupture between Pope and Lady Mary Wortley Montague—Situation and description of Wharton's Twickenham residence—Disposes of his stud—Pope's reference to Wharton in his "fragment," *Sylvia*—Other allusions by Pope in his works to Wharton—Describes Wharton's character in his "Moral Essays."

ABOUT this time (1723) the Duke, to serve certain political purposes, became an ardent advocate for the just and impartial choice of the citizens of London in selecting their Sheriffs. This arose from alleged interference with their rights by certain great companies—not one of the so-called great "City Companies," but chartered institutions, the East India, Bank, and South Sea Companies. But why these should concern themselves (if they did) I cannot say, and think his Grace's advocacy was from a popular point alone. However, he espoused the cause of Sir John Williams and Mr. Lockwood, Turkey<sup>1</sup> merchants, for the office of Sheriff. What more probably induced the Duke to champion their cause was their avowed Jacobitism.

It was for this and other similar purposes that

<sup>1</sup> A term used for merchants trading to the Levant.

his Grace became a member of the Wax Chandlers' Company, to add as it were the right of citizenship to his arguments; but why the Wax Chandlers more than any other civic company, who would no doubt have been glad to record so noble a name as Wharton on their records? Or was it the punning character of that corporation's motto that led his Grace to their threshold in his search for that rare commodity—truth, said to be only found at the bottom of wells. For does not the heraldic blazon of the Wax Chandlers set forth that "Truth is the Light"? Or it may be other associations led the Duke to seek its franchise. True, the corporation had the merit of age, though that does not always bring union or strength, nor even wealth. Richard III. incorporated the company by letters patent in 1483, but it flourished before that era. I might add that the Wax Chandlers was a flourishing company in the days of old, when gratitude, a common if ignoble virtue then, called frequently for lights to place before the altars of saints. Who can enumerate the quantities which the expiatory offerings of zealous devotees caused to be consumed, when Candlemas Day alone ignited thousands upon thousands of superfine wax, blessed by priests, to the enrichment of themselves and those makers who constituted the Worshipful Company of Wax Chandlers? The ubiquitous Pennant shrewdly suggests that they might then have afforded a more delicate feast than the one he says was provided for him; though that might be

met by a counter-suggestion that the company was not so improvident as its patrons. The feast provided was as follows—but due regard must be had to the then and present value of money:—

	s.	d.
Two loins of mutton, and two loins of veal	1	4
A loin of beef ... ..		4
A leg of mutton ... ..		2½
A pig ... ..		4
A capon ... ..		6
A coney ... ..		2
One dozen of pigeons ... ..		7
A hundred eggs ... ..		8½
A goose ... ..		6
A gallon of red wine ... ..		8
A kilderkin of ale ... ..		8
	6	0

The Duke of Wharton, in No. 9 of his paper the *True Briton*, puts forth a query assumed to be advanced by a correspondent: “Whether a certain Duke’s<sup>1</sup> appearing at the ‘Feathers’ in Cheapside, and dining there with some of his friends, can be construed to influence the City against the freedom of elections, or to encourage them to preserve it?” This the reader will perceive refers to some remark made on his Grace’s interference with civic matters.

In a following number of the *True Briton* his Grace again refers to the Bishop of Rochester, whose cause, it seems, was the *bête noir* that King Charles’s head was to Mr. Dick. In a subsequent number, or numbers, the Duke dwells upon the cause of Messrs. Williams and Lockwood, with

<sup>1</sup> Himself meant.

minuteness and ability worthy of a better subject. For one of these arguments he uses his favourite vehicle, a letter assumed to be addressed to the author or proprietor of the *True Briton*. The one referred to is signed "A Whig Liveryman," but champions the cause—and deals with the procedure of electing sheriffs—of the gentlemen declared to be tainted with Jacobitism. But this was another *ruse de guerre* of the versatile Duke, who at this period would have written as a signature "Cæsar" or "Nebuchadnezzar" if notoriety were to be gained.

The Duke of Wharton appears to have been bent on making enemies even of those who, while discountenancing his follies, yet felt some compassion for his errors and admired his genius. During one of his sojourns at Twickenham, while consorting with his brother "Schemers," and making the bard of Twickenham, Pope, "green with envy," by saying fine things to Pope's fair friend, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, or "Worldly,"<sup>1</sup> as he afterwards spoke of her in his works after their rupture. His Grace separated himself, in a measure, from Pope by writing a satire on him, of which he gave a copy to Lady Mary. This was adding insult—I cannot say to injury—to one whose bodily infirmities made him a poor competitor for a lady's graces. Lady Mary at this period

<sup>1</sup> A sobriquet said to have been given by Pope to Lady Mary's husband, Edward Wortley Montague, whose general "strict economy earned him the character of Avidien, in another of the poet's productions."

does not appear entitled to the shady compliments bestowed, in verse, by another denizen of their "Happy Village," Horace Walpole, whose muse chronicles, in his "Parish Register of Twickenham" :—

"Twickenham, where frolic Wharton revelled,  
Where Montague with locks dishevelled,  
Conflict of dirt and warmth divine,  
Invoked, and scandalized the *Nine*."

Slovenliness appears to have been a well-known habit of Lady Mary's about 1740, but then her ducal admirer, Wharton, was dead. Lady Mary is stated to have said that Wharton's attentions produced the historic rupture between the poet and herself.

The villa inhabited by the Duke of Wharton during his residence at Twickenham stood at the west corner, village end, of Cross Deep. It is recorded as having once belonged to Sir Richard Middleton,<sup>1</sup> a descendant of "New River" Middleton. Besides his Grace, other notable persons inhabited it during the last century: Mr. Secretary Craggs, Sir William Humble, Bart., a grandson of the poet Waller. Towards the close of the last era it passed into the possession of Matthew Duane, Esq., F.R.S., whose widow resided in it in 1797. Some time in the present century it was pulled down. A noble cedar tree that now stands in some garden ground alone remains to mark the "Twitnam"<sup>2</sup> residence of the Duke of Wharton.

<sup>1</sup> "Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica," etc.

<sup>2</sup> An old way of spelling the name Twickenham.

Whether his Grace's literary and political labours, coupled with those of a jovial character, or the slow but sure ebbing of his finances, caused him to dispose of his stud of racehorses this year, cannot be stated with any exactness. That he did so is a fact, but if on the score of expense, why did he order a fine ball at Bath, and come away before it took place to negotiate affairs of great importance in London? Surely if retrenchment was the motive for giving up a "family pursuit" this was a singular way to begin. Indeed, the career of this eccentric nobleman is so utterly at variance with any thought of to-morrow, that I dismiss at once the plea of personal retrenchment until it was forced upon him.

Though his Grace's residence at Twickenham caused no little annoyance to Pope, he appears to have been generous enough not to have retaliated too much on his witty and brilliant rival, who would doubtless have replied in a more public manner with all his power of satire. Therefore Pope added wisdom to any generous or charitable feelings he may have entertained for the erring Duke. Nevertheless in *Sylvia*, "a fragment," first published in 1727, his Grace is alluded to in the severely sarcastic line :—

" Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres "—

which is certainly a satirical attempt at retaliation.



To associate Wharton with the greatest black-guard of that age, Francis Chartres, no matter how justly, was not the conduct that should incite the muse of a friend, unless suffering from resentment. That Pope intended this "fragment"<sup>1</sup> should be read, the next line or two confirms, and which brought the verses into notoriety; indeed, it is doubtful whether they would have been so much noticed at the time or by posterity without this satirizing of Wharton and Chartres, for the allusions to *Sylvia* are but hypothetical. These are the lines:—

"Men, some to business, some to pleasure take,  
But every woman is at heart a rake."

Pope made several allusions to Wharton after his death, both by name and under the pseudonym of *Clodio*, which I think it well to refer to at this point. I therefore give here a portion of verse 3 of Pope's 1st Epistle of "Moral Essays," dedicated to Sir Richard Temple, and first printed in 1733. Its author no doubt intended to be "severely" severe on the then deceased Duke of Wharton, but a correspondence passing between Pope and Caryl at this period indicates that the latter gave the poet some hints, which Pope admits in a communication,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pope afterwards used these lines in his second "Moral Essay," but altered their character.

<sup>2</sup> Elwin and Courthope's edition of Pope's Correspondence.

dated October 23rd, 1733, to Caryll: “. . . are not lost upon me; for I have left out of the character of the Duke of Wharton, which I showed you, those lines you thought too hard.” So that it is due to Caryll’s impartiality that the world has been robbed of the best efforts of Pope’s satire upon this unfortunate noble. The verses, as altered, run thus:—

“ Search then the ruling passion there, alone,  
 The wild are constant, and the cunning known;  
 The fool consistent, and the false sincere:  
 Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.  
 This clue once found, unravels all the rest,  
 The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.  
 Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,  
 Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:  
 Born with whate’er could win it from the wise,  
 Women and fools must like him, or he dies:  
 Though wond’ring senates hung on all he spoke,  
 The club must hail him master of the joke.  
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?  
 He’ll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too:  
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores  
 With the same spirit that he drinks and ——;  
 Enough, if all around him but admire,  
 And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.  
 Thus with each gift of Nature and of Art,  
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart;  
 Grown all to all; from no one vice exempt;  
 And most contemptible to shun contempt;  
 His passion still to covet gen’ral praise;  
 His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;  
 A constant bounty which no friend has made;  
 An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;  
 A fool, with more of wit than half mankind;  
 Too rash for thought, for action too refined;  
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;  
 A rebel to the very king he loves;  
 He dies, sad outcast of each Church and State,  
 And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.

---

Ask you why Wharton broke through ev'ry rule ?  
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.  
Nature well known, no prodigies remain,  
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain." <sup>1</sup>

. . . . .

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<sup>1</sup> In a work as this, which deals with the subject of these lines, I have thought it unnecessary to amplify the poet's allusions by foot-notes.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Samuel Richardson and the Duke of Wharton—Payne, the publisher of the *True Briton*, indicted for libel—Wharton the *Lovelace* of Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*—Lady Mary Wortley Montague and his Grace *en rapport*—Wharton still champions Atterbury—His article in the *True Briton*—Satirizes the Government by the aid of a "Spanish MS."

So far, the references made to the Duke of Wharton's paper the *True Briton* shows the spirit of contumacy with which it was imbued. The "angel tongue" of his Grace, however, in direct opposition to Pope's assertion, appears to have persuaded a person the very opposite of the Duke into printing the first six numbers of his paper. This person was Samuel Richardson, who is said to have been as pious, virtuous, and exemplary as his noble patron was the contrary. Payne published the numbers Richardson printed, but an information was lodged against him for numbers 3, 4, 5 and 6, as being more than "common libels;" for they insulted every branch of the Legislature, and also tended to make the Constitution itself odious to the nation. Payne was found guilty, but Richardson escaped, as his name did not appear to the publication; a warning not lost on the sagacious Richardson, who

declined to continue his Grace's printer with the sixth number. The authorities appear still to have been solicitous for the Duke's return to the political fold, a leniency which makes it evident that his Majesty revered the memory of his Grace's father. Therefore, while those who aided and abetted this inconsistent Mecænas were prosecuted, he was left for the time unharmed, although repeated warnings, public and private, were given him. That the observant Richardson had hitherto met his Grace's advances as a means of obtaining a closer insight into a character he had determined should serve for "copy" may I think be inferred from his production later of *Clarissa Harlowe*, whose hero *Lovelace* is said to be drawn from the Duke of Wharton. But it fails to portray his Grace in all his characteristic vices, political or social. Indeed the *Lovelace* of the novel is a cold-blooded, polished, calculating scoundrel, compared with the impetuous, brilliant, but vacillating Wharton. It may be that Richardson's attainment of a sufficient insight into his patron's character, combined with Payne's prosecution, influenced him to sever a connection that may have been attended with profit, but not with honour.

Before taking leave of Pope, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Wharton and Twickenham, some lines written by Lady Mary on the death of her friend Mrs. Bowes must be noticed, as Wharton replied to them. These confirm the light in which Lady Mary's character was regarded at this period, not only by Wharton but

by others. However, though I reproduce the laments of Lady Mary for her deceased friend, I cannot give here the whole text of his Grace's reply.

“ON THE DEATH OF MRS. BOWES.

BY LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

“Hail, happy bride! for thou art truly blessed :  
 These months of rapture crowned with endless rest,  
 Merit like yours was heaven's peculiar care,  
 You loved—yet tasted happiness sincere ;  
 To you the sweets of love were only shown,  
 The sure succeeding bitter dregs unknown.  
 You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,  
 The tender lover for the imperious lord ;  
 Not felt the pains that jealous fondness brings,  
 Nor wept that coldness from possession springs ;  
 Above your sex distinguish'd in your fate,  
 You trusted yet experienced no deceit.  
 Soft were your hours, and winged with pleasure flew,  
 No vain repentance gave a sigh to you ;  
 And if superior bliss heav'n can bestow,  
 With fellow angels you enjoy it now.”

THE ANSWER.

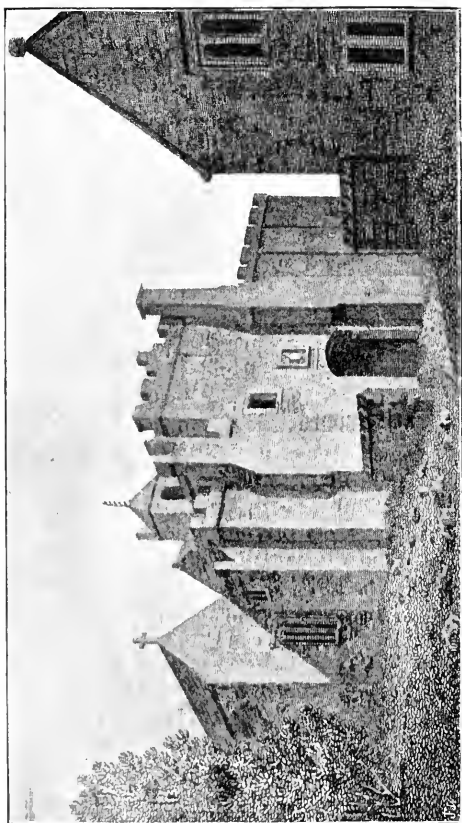
BY THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

“Hail, poetess! for thou art truly blest,  
 Of wit, of beauty, and of love possessed ;  
 Your muse does seem to bless poor Bowes's fate,  
 But far 'tis from you to desire her state ;  
 In ev'ry line your wanton soul appears,  
 Your verse, tho' smooth, scarce fit for modest ears ;  
 No pangs of jealous fondness dost thou show,  
 And bitter dregs of love thou ne'er didst know,  
 The coldness that your husband oft has mourn'd,

The little angels you on Bowes bestow,  
 But gods themselves are only fit for you.”

Enough is evidenced by his Grace's lines to show that he entertained a very low estimate of Lady





GATEWAY OF WHARTON HALL, WESTMORELAND.



Mary's *bonâ fides* on behalf of her deceased friend. But that Lady Mary anticipated the reply they brought forth from Wharton, would be too uncharitable to suppose. Indeed, the mutual attraction between this pair of eccentrics was, no doubt, vanity—their predominant passion at this period, and indeed during the whole of Wharton's Twickenham residence. Both Lady Mary and himself were sure by their surroundings, to say nothing of the presence of Pope, to receive and excite enough current gossip and false or true report to satisfy their egotism.

The Duke of Wharton's exertions on behalf of the Bishop of Rochester, together with the applause which his speech in defence of that prelate received, gave his Grace reason to impart his views on the Bishop's character and sentence. But the most zealous of Atterbury's partisans might think that the Duke had already exceeded the bounds of prudence, having regard to the charge on which the Bishop had been found guilty. Not so however Wharton, who on Monday the 22nd July, 1723, published, in No. 15 of his paper the *True Briton*, an article in which he observes:—"There is not any one consideration that reflects more honour on the present wise and virtuous administration than the supplying every vacancy in the Episcopal<sup>1</sup> bench with such inimitable personages as are at once the surprise of other nations and the curiosities of our own." This serves his Grace

<sup>1</sup> Letters i to l omitted in the original.

as the text for a discussion on his favourite subject, the exiled Atterbury.

After some brief allusion to the scholastic and sacerdotal qualifications of the occupants of the Episcopal bench, followed by a paragraph which alludes to their political capacity, he follows with another wherein he asserts that he "would not have his countrymen believe that to have so venerable a body of men for their pastors is a blessing common to other countries as well as their own. No, it is the peculiar felicity of Englishmen. The Reformation, indeed, has been so far beneficial, even to those countries which yet retain the old superstition, that their bishops since that time, have been much less exceptionable, either as to innocence or literature than before. A little before and about the time that the light of the Reformation began to dawn, there was not such a pack of abject wretches in the world as the ecclesiastics of most countries. To confirm this, I shall oblige the curious with part of a manuscript I picked up in my travels in Spain, I think in the Franciscans' library at Madrid. It had no date, but it is plain it could not be writ a great many centuries ago."

So far Wharton's remarks are but caustic censure of the bench of Bishops. No one would suppose that which follows, culled from his assumed foreign manuscript, to be a keen satire on the trial of Atterbury, as well as on the character of the then Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, and his son. To one not conversant

with the facts, this assumed old script would read as some ponderous parody of the trial of some heretic Spanish bishop; for it would certainly require a stretch of imagination on the part of the uninitiated to discern that the Bishop of Tortosa named therein is intended for Atterbury; but that it is so is beyond cavil. Similar remarks can be applied to the minor characters, though Sir Robert Walpole as Don Ferdinando, and his son as Don Jeronimo, deserve special comment. To attempt a *résumé* of this extraordinary effort of Wharton's satire would be a futile task. I therefore append it, that the reader may judge thoroughly this singular document.<sup>1</sup>

In the next number (16) of the *True Briton* Wharton concludes his remarks on the state of public credit by again referring to Don Ferdinando and the Bishop of Tortosa, by saying he had been reading some other parts of the Spanish manuscript before mentioned, in which it states that Don Ferdinando and a great lawyer of that country, who was a pensioner of the Court, "as it appears plainly by his natural disposition he would have been to any Court, any prince or any cause, where he might have a probable security for the payment of his salary." This person Wharton calls Simoni;<sup>2</sup> not much of an attempt at concealment or worthy of the keen edge of satire, which Wharton appears not to have much studied,

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix F.

<sup>2</sup> Wharton no doubt attempts the description of Simon, Lord Harcourt, under this name.

as he first puts his man beyond hope of mistake, and then proceeds to overdraw his foibles. Nor is there sufficient interest connected with the character Wharton draws as Simoni to warrant it being given in detail. Nevertheless the following paragraphs will enable the reader to judge of the tone of the whole :—

“When Don Ferdinando found it necessary to ruin the Bishop of Tortosa, he could not find out a more proper instrument to draw up the evidence against that unfortunate prelate than this Simoni, who, like Polonius in the play, would call the same cloud a camel, a weasel and a whale.

“This lawyer determined to be well rewarded for his pains, and accepted of a pension of 4000 pistoles per annum to betray his friend, his party and his God, which last he seemed to esteem the least, and gave up without much reluctance.”

## CHAPTER XIV.

Wharton becomes bolder in advocating the Bishop of Rochester's cause—Satirizes the Oaths Bill somewhat ungallantly in the *True Briton*—Throws “a sop to Cerberus!”—Anecdote of King Charles II. by the Duke of Wharton—Again satirizes Sir Robert Walpole.

THE leniency shown to the Duke of Wharton appears to have incited him to openly espouse the cause of the late Bishop of Rochester, which he had used to advance his paper. No. 17 of the *True Briton* concludes with this epistle:—

“TO ALL TRUE BRITONS :

“Fellow Countrymen,—You have lately seen some attempts in print to justify the proceedings against the late Bishop of Rochester, and some speeches have been printed to that effect; but I think it my duty to inform you that preparations are making to lay a statement of that case before you in the most clear light.

“It has been thought proper to delay printing anything in behalf of those who esteemed that reverend prelate innocent, for fear it should be libelling men in authority. But since Mr. Reeves and Mr. Wearg have thought proper to produce their replies, and a reverend prelate to compliment the public with his speech, other persons who had a share in that debate may now venture to trouble

you with the reasons that induced them to form their opinion.

“It would have been very obliging in the two gentlemen above named if they would have given their speeches at the opening of this case, and not have begun with their *replies*.

“I can easily account for this omission, when I consider the great concessions which were made by them, relating to the sort of evidence upon which they were to proceed. But I hope they will yet give those learned discourses to the press, or they will be published by some other hand, from the most accurate notes that could be taken.

“I am,

“Your brother and friend,

“THE TRUE BRITON.”

This letter partakes of both satire and effrontery. To read it one would imagine that its author had scarce touched a pen in support of Atterbury or his cause; but it may be that it was written as a palliative to the libellous matter contained in numbers 15 and 16, which were receiving more attention than their author was aware of. The Duke attaches pretended importance (only another *ruse de plume*) to the feelings of those, including himself, who esteemed the late Bishop guileless. Therefore his avowal amounts to this:—That any matter he might print in defence of Atterbury or his partisans would be calumniating those in authority.

As if forsooth he had not indited or published a

sentence. If the letter be read as a satire, then it is quite worthy of its author's acrimony. Its effrontery may be judged from its fear (!) of giving offence.

In No. 19 of the *True Briton* the Duke puts his threat into execution. The *résumé* does not add much to the arguments advanced by his Grace in Atterbury's defence in his speech before the Lords.

With No. 20 the Duke leaves the late Bishop of Rochester's case for a brief interval ; it reappears however in the next number. In this his Grace ridicules the Government by comparing them to old women (not a gallant comparison from one who was supposed to receive laudation from some of its members). Wharton's pretext for the arguments advanced was a Bill passed the previous Session, which made it compulsory for the fair sex of this kingdom to take the Oaths.<sup>1</sup>

His Grace, in that spirit of wit, satire, and sophistry which he used in so able but unfortunate a fashion, advances the following reason among others for the measure being enacted—"Whatever secret methods the ladies have of concealing their sex and creeping into power are unknown ; yet it is certain that there has scarce been an age formerly but old women have sat in the Cabinet, as M——rs,<sup>2</sup> in Westminster Hall as J——rs,<sup>3</sup> and in the House of Lords as B——ps.<sup>4</sup> The little

<sup>1</sup> Those against the Pretender, etc.

<sup>2</sup> Ministers.

<sup>3</sup> Jurors.

<sup>4</sup> Bishops.

Ebony Doctor<sup>1</sup> at present bears that character among the rational part of mankind."

He admits "it could not be the concourse of the softer sex who waited on Bishop Atterbury before he embarked that occasioned the measure, as the Swearing Bill passed before the prelate went into exile." The Duke then draws up a witty petition to Parliament supposed to emanate from all the "Rich unmarried Women of Great Britain," which concludes by asking the Commons to "do anything to free us from *swearing*."

That the reference to the late Bishop of Rochester under the assumed name of Tortosa was beginning to cause his Grace anxiety is evidenced by a paragraph in No. 22 of his paper, in which he says:—"The Bishop of Tortosa is said to be intended for the late Bishop of Rochester. But this cannot be, for the Spanish prelate was unjustly deprived, and the last was condemned by Parliament." Fearful that this was an insufficient apology for his statements made in previous issues, his Grace, prompted perhaps by his better nature, continues:—"I hope through the whole course of this paper I have paid that duty to the King as becomes a faithful and loyal subject. His Majesty's personal virtues are conspicuous through all his actions. His steadiness to his friends and his mercy to his enemies are qualities which must endear him to the most inveterate foe this kingdom has, and in this he

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Bradford, D D., successively Bishop of Carlisle and Rochester.



can only be said to deserve even more than he enjoys.

“If any of the villainous crew who make their court to their friends by traducing me, and misrepresenting my actions, should presume to insinuate that I have dared in thought, word, or deed, to asperse his Majesty or his family, I will say to the greatest amongst them that in loyalty I will have no superior, but am ready to die for my King whenever his cause requires it.

“I hope persons will not think that because I have been wanting in subservience to some of our friends, I for that reason must be called an enemy to the State. I am certain that there is a wide difference between the character of a flatterer and the public spirit of a *True Briton*.”

I ask the reader to very carefully recollect this outpouring and profession of loyalty on the Duke's part, which is so directly opposite to his actions, that Pope might well have added another point to his chapter of characteristics when satirizing him—that of knave.

But this effort of patriotism loses much of its apparent apology by the next paragraph, which I give for two reasons—first, as an anecdote of King Charles II., and secondly for its covert insinuation that his Majesty's Ministers were “dogs.”

“King Charles the Second was famous for his indulgence to his subjects on all occasions, and I have heard one memorable instance of his lenity to an honest cavalier who on his Majesty's entry into Salisbury pressed to see that prince whose

long banishment had proved so fatal to the whole kingdom. The king, who was then on his progress, had some little black spaniels in the coach, and warned the poor man not to cling too close to the door lest one of those animals should bite him. But the loyalist still persisted, and at last one of the spaniels seized him by the finger; and the poor fellow, while he was in pain, cried out with a loud voice—"God bless your Majesty, but God d—n your dogs."

Of the bribery, corruption, and misappropriation of the public funds that existed at this period in all Government offices, all readers of history are aware—indeed have I not already refreshed their memory? His Grace never let pass an opportunity to chide the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Walpole, whose venality is historic, though perhaps only as a perpetuator of venal ways and means to command a majority. Thus I find in No. 23 of the *True Briton* the following paragraph:—

"If anyone should be so fanatical as to suspect that the 200,000*l.* which the Bishop of Rochester" (still the Bishop) "is said to have received, and the 50,000*l.* which an alderman is reported to have carried abroad must, by the greatness of the sums, have had assistance from the Exchequer, I shall only reply to such imaginary heads that such conjectural circumstances cannot be allowed as any evidence of the thing, unless they had been declared so by a vote of Parliament."

The last clause only makes the satire keener, as

it is well known that Walpole could not seek the advice of Parliament as to how he should bribe, reward or compensate its members for their allegiance, votes, etc. This Wharton well knew, when framing a paragraph which had for its subject matter of mere fallacy; but his genius makes it point as a fact beyond dispute. But the facetious Duke almost immediately administers a palliative (or sedative) to his reader, in the next paragraph: "Everyone's general character is his best defence. . . . But, after all, the highest and undeniable evidence of the integrity of all our Ministers is the exemplary punishments they have lately set afoot; every bill of 'Pains and Penalties' is to me a plain proof that there is neither bribery nor corruption, nor abuse of power, nor breach of trust, nor any ill-conduct that can ever be charged upon any of our Ministers." And so this vivacious Duke runs on for a couple of pages or so.

Numbers 24-27 of Wharton's paper only amplify topics previously mentioned—the Oaths Bill, etc., which it is unnecessary to remark are written with Wharton's usual burning desire (in print) for virtue and justice.

In No. 27 statements are made by his Grace in the spirit he conducted most of his arguments, which have been advanced by Machiavelli—whose tenets he refers to and enlarges upon—concerning courtiers and their flatteries.

## CHAPTER XV.

A scathing letter in the *True Briton*—His Grace's ideas of "honesty"—A further version of "honesty and honour"—Spurious petitions—Letters in the *True Briton* written by his Grace over various signatures.

IN No. 28 of the *True Briton* his Grace excels himself. This is in a supposititious letter by one "Athaliah Dormant." The reader will now be able to judge of the spirit in which the Duke made his attacks upon the Whigs; also that no weapon was deemed unfit for his purpose.

"DEAR SIR,—A current report has been propagated at all the tea-tables in town that you intend to print the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer in your *True Briton* for the information and edification of certain people who are supposed never to have heard of such things. Now sir, I, in the name of many of your female admirers, earnestly beg of you, as you would avoid utter demolition, to desist from such a bold enterprise till you have consulted the several orders of men in this kingdom, whether the times will bear so critical a publication. For you must needs know by the woeful experience of your printer<sup>1</sup> what

<sup>1</sup> Payne is referred to, who was fined for printing the first numbers of the *True Briton*, already alluded to.

misconstruction everything is liable to that you publish, since whatever would be styled a panegyric in other papers has been generally deemed a reflection in yours. And besides, the very inserting of them in the *True Briton* will be sufficient to make all modern Whigs in the kingdom expunge them from their bibles, and remove them as far from their sight as they have long been from their hearts and practices.

“Your zealous admirer,

“ATHALIAH DORMANT.”

The argument advanced as to misconstruction is shallow, as the instances already quoted will prove that his Grace meant all that he implied, also that the leniency hitherto shown by the authorities was not from misconception of his publications, but from a desire to reclaim him. How far he was deserving of this grace after events show. Perhaps at this stage of his career it would have been better if the powers had treated him as Hamlet treated his mother, and had been “cruel, to be kind,” when he might have profited by the lesson, particularly as at this period he had something to lose.

The Duke prefaces No. 30 by the following lines from Horace :—

“Quisnam igitur liber? sapiens, sibi qui imperiosus  
Quem neq; paupereries, neq; mors, neq; vincula terrent.  
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores,  
Fortis.”

He then sets out in quest of a subject, with an ambition to find one “that has not been defiled

by the pen of the scribbler"—a matter of difficulty. But the seeker being his protean Grace it was certain he would find or make one, consequently honesty is trotted out for a theme, and is introduced thus:—"I believe I ought, in imitation of philosophers, when they make use of an uncommon term of art, to define its meaning! . . . I dare own, that I have a strong desire to bring this antiquated virtue in repute again . . ."

His Grace nevertheless fears his task hopeless, indeed the most that can be done is "to celebrate its ancient prosperous state, and to lament its present decay." He then proceeds to measure this rare virtue, which is at first admitted to have once been pre-eminent in the British character: "but many years ago an inundation of foreigners overwhelmed it, and brought instead thereof—dissimulation and politeness." That this once insular virtue was then out of fashion, he proves by a reference to dedications in works then published, and challenges anyone to produce a copy dedicated to a Minister of State, judge, or bishop during the past few years where that common virtue is not "excluded in the lump by their flattering panegyrists." The Duke proceeds to observe that in the fashionable world a new word, "honour," has been created to supply the place of the commoner one, honesty—"honour," he points out, is nothing like it in significance; the word is so wide in its meaning "that it seems to include everything but honesty." Various are the distinctions his Grace assigns to "upon my

honour," which he says may imply "upon my principles or obstinacy," and he draws the following blunt comparison:—"Honesty is a clean, vigorous body in a plain cloth suit. Honour is a rotten carcase in brocade and a gilded chariot!"

It does not demand much power of penetration to perceive that this paper was directed against the Prime Minister,<sup>1</sup> although its text makes no allusion to him, feigned or otherwise.

Over the signature of "Orthodox," his Grace in No. 32 touches on the encroachments upon the Established Church from time to time by dissenters of all denominations; but it is not necessary to dilate on the origin of one sect (the Quakers) alluded to, whose exemption from the various oaths then in force is also dealt with. But these are only used to apparel afresh his argument (already referred to) on the Oaths Bill, though it must be admitted he parades his "fetish" in a more unobtrusive way than usual: thus, "As it was only an indulgence to tender consciences that moved the legislature to exempt the Quakers from the most solemn part of the obligation, a little consideration for other scrupulous consciences would have been no insecurity to the State. . . ."

This "milk and water" style did not long continue, for in the next issue his Grace (over the same signature) relates his having already shown by what steps the Quakers had obtained

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Walpole.

the indulgence of Government, and then presents his reader with a copy of "The humble petition of the London Clergy against the Quakers' Bill," which is used to set out the Duke's former statements, that the passing of an Act for granting the people termed Quakers forms of affirmation, etc., would tend to multiply that sect ("who renounce the divine institutions of Christ"<sup>1</sup>) by tempting persons to profess themselves Quakers in order to be exempted from the obligation of oaths.

Then follow the reasons which resolved the Archbishop of York and nineteen other spiritual and temporal peers to enter their protest against the rejection of this petition to the House of Lords (Wednesday, Jan. 17th, 1721-2); also the protest on the 19th following, when the Bill was passed, which was subscribed by the Archbishop of York and ten other spiritual and temporal peers, though his own name does not appear to either. This, however, may have been done to prevent direct inference being drawn between his Grace as "Orthodox" in the *True Briton* and the protesting Lords.

In the following number (34), which his Grace heads with the quotation:

"Quod stulti proprium?  
Non posse et rellé nocere" (AUSON)—

—his versatility is again strongly in evidence. He first presents his readers with another letter

<sup>1</sup> By this clause it would appear that the rite of baptism was principally meant.



from his supposititious correspondent, "Athaliah Dormant ;" but from fear or subterfuge he prefaces it by a paragraph which makes the epistle appear really the work of a lady. "Thus we shall give the following letter a place in this paper, and provided our fair correspondent keeps the condition she prescribes to herself for the future, shall not scruple to acknowledge the favour of her letters." In the next sentence, however, his Grace betrays himself—"But conciseness is what must be insisted on, because of the wretchedness of the subject wherewith she proposes to sully her fair fingers."

The subject of his fair writer's epistle is, to say the least, one with which ladies of that age had little, if any, personal acquaintance, the interior of coffee-houses. True it is written in a sense of "hearsay," and describes the conversation of the motley crew of sycophants and blunderers who had met in the "dark corner" of a certain room near St. James's. But though a literary character is bestowed on this "crew," it is not difficult to surmise whom they were intended to portray.

Next follows a letter, dated Sept. 16th, 1723, addressed from Hampton, the writer subscribing himself "Old Honesty," a too common "labial virtue" of the Duke's to be convincing of his inherent honesty of purpose. The subject of this epistle is the then "new-fashioned oaths," which its supposed writer, a small farmer, finds it difficult to comprehend. He therefore proceeds to the nearest Justice of the Peace, and asks to be in-

formed of the exact meaning of "these hard words" he finds in the oath, "allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration." The information vouchsafed for the first was "Allegiance." On requesting a clearer explanation, the clerk whispered that "allegiance was an outlandish word!" whereon "Old Honesty" inquired of Justice Shallow what the second term "supremacy" meant, when that learned person said, "She is the——of Babylon!" at which the suppliant was glad to hear so pronounced an opinion, and swore never to go knowingly into her company. The third term "abjuration," his honour, after some consideration, defined to mean "forswearing the devil and all his works." The two last definitions satisfied the rustic, but he desired further information respecting "allegiance," so that he might "go to the Sessions with a clear conscience and merry heart."

One is as much surprised at the callous effrontery of Wharton as at the unbounded versatility of his satirical genius. No matter what subject he touches, it is "bent" to convey his disdain, acrimony, and animosity to the authorities.

The three following numbers of his Grace's paper are devoted severally to the most dangerous of all passions, Ambition;<sup>1</sup> a further communication from a previous correspondent, "Orthodox," in which the rise of the principal religious sects is traced, in his usual reproachful style. The third is a continuation of a former

<sup>1</sup> A case of "Physician, heal thyself!" as regards the author.

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paper, and deals with the parts Calvin and Knox played in the Reformation.

In spite of the rancour of these articles, a well-set current of ability flows through all when stripped of satirical verbiage. Indeed, at every step one is confronted by the depths of his Grace's knowledge, which both his enemies and friends hoped would be some day, if ever discretion should assume her sway, used for his own benefit and the common weal.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Another satire on Sir Robert Walpole by Wharton—Extracts from No. 41 of the *True Briton*—"Evil Ministers" compared to lines in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*—The death of the Regent of France used by Wharton—His Grace terms his literary enemies "hackney scribblers"—Continuation of the Spanish MS.—Wharton's political touchstone.

THE duration of the *True Briton* was the most constant and stable period of his Grace's fitful career; indeed, little else is forthcoming during that time as to how he lived and acted other than can be deduced from its pages, although we may conclude he indulged in riotous living. Therefore the reader must not think that while I am analyzing the contents of Wharton's papers I am unmindful of my subject.

On the 11th of October, 1723, the thirty-eighth number of the *True Briton* was issued. In this his Grace continues his former efforts to root out corruption, a Herculean task then as now. He then goes on to draw the portrait of what a statesman should be. But it is not hard to discern for whom the article is meant, as his "whipping block" is the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole. The papers conclude with a curious moral anecdote, which I append.

“A miller who had been tried and condemned for cozening his master, thought it very hard, he said, for a man to suffer for what he did in the exercise of his calling. As he was mounting the ladder his master whispered him to recommend some honest miller to him that might be trusted when he was gone. The fellow, who was upon the point of being ‘trussed up,’ took it upon his death that he did not know so much as one man of the trade whom he could fairly put into his hand. ‘Nay, then,’ says his master, ‘I had e’en as good keep to a knave I am acquainted with as go farther and fare worse.’ So in the end he gave the wretch his pardon and leave to cozen him again.”

The next paper reviews the characteristics of Lord Chancellor Cowper and Lord Chief Justice King, while No. 40 deals more thoroughly with the Chancellor’s virtues.

In the succeeding paper (41) his Grace continues his previous illustration of a “good Minister,” as well as that of an “evil Minister,” who is, he alleges, governed by selfish motives, in fact, “Self is the end of all the evil Minister’s pursuits; self is the sole view throughout all the parts of his life’s whole conduct, and the soul of his actions is the love of himself.” He then parades the persons who wait upon a wicked politician, to swell up the pomp of vice: “Degenerate nobles . . . wretches of low birth and vile education, whose names and families were strangers to the world till they became dignified upstarts, the mushrooms of his favour sprung up

in the night-time of his dark administration. Out of these he makes a baneful collection of *State weeds*, and scatters them o'er the land to poison and infect it. . . ."

The honest judge and the soldier then come in for animadversions. The paper concludes with "editorial" advice, thanks, and acknowledgments to his various anonymous correspondents. To one: "The gentleman who styles himself 'Artimedorus,' and gives us so ample an account of his dreams," he desires to be excused for not inserting the letter, according to his earnest request, until he dreams again on the same subject, that he "may be able to judge whether there be any likelihood of expounding them without the help of a Secretary of State!"

No. 42 contains an article again signed "Orthodox," dealing with the history of various religious sects; in fact, is a continuation of papers already alluded to under that signature. It does not contain matter of much importance to the general reader, though it is rich in names given by old day dissenters to Church dignitaries; these it can serve no good purpose to repeat.

The subsequent No., dated October 28th, 1723, contains two letters. The first is without any spurious signature, and is devoted to the Act passed at the last Session that obliged all persons being Papists to take certain oaths, together with the penalty for non-observance; in fact, a dissertation on former papers. The second is of more importance to my readers, as under the following

letter, which is subscribed “N.B.,” we find the lines already noticed under the title of “The Banishment of Cicero,” when alluding to the departure of Atterbury, whom they were intended to portray. The letter runs thus:—

“To the Author of the *True Briton*.

“SIR,—As you have inserted in one of your former papers the loss of the Roman liberty pathetically bewailed by ‘Lucan,’ I hope these thoughts upon one of Rome’s greatest patriots will not be unacceptable. If you will give them a place in your paper,

“You will oblige,

“Yours,

“N.B.”

The next issues, to No. 51, contain various philippics on his Grace’s favourite “pen” subjects—Law, Divinity, Classics, and the “common virtues!”

With No. 52 he favours his readers with another tirade against “wicked Ministers of State,” whose rise to power, he asserts, is often to be found in mankind’s fondness for novelty, by which the rising statesman is generally more applauded than “when he has riveted himself in the affections of his master, and grown into the envied bulk of favourite.” Then follows a comparison between the political temperaments of the people of these and other lands: some of the allusions are made in a sense of satire,

especially the reference to the viceroys of Naples, "who generally study to raise their fortunes at the public expense."

In the next issue his Grace "takes the liberty to recommend the following lines from Ben Jonson's excellent play *Sejanus*, which will show the methods used in the administration of evil Ministers in former ages." Then follows the text from the scene in the Senate House, when Arruntius, an honest Roman senator, asserts that Satrius Secundus and Pinnarius Watta, accusers of Crematius Cordus, are "two of Sejanus' bloodhounds, whom he feeds with human flesh to bay at citizens." It will thus be seen that Wharton let nothing old or new pass that in any way could be used to convey his satire against Ministers, and the Government, in which his rank and ability entitled him to a place, had he not been bent on his own moral and political destruction.

The death of the Regent of France towards the close of this year (1723) furnished a theme for the pen of this "soul of whim." He enlarged upon his then favourite topics, "good," "wise," or "evil" Ministers, and though the article begins with an allusion to "The death of the Regent of France," it was only a device to catch the eye or attract the attention, for that is all that is vouchsafed on a subject which was then "everybody's discourse." Having beaten the popular tom-tom, as it were, his Grace turns the matter, to use his



own words, "for the entertainment (?) of this day," and endeavours "to form a wholesome and political meditation upon death." From this he had to desist, as many would be surprised at the oddness of that phrase, as great "politicians give themselves but little trouble and uneasiness about death, as they suffer themselves to be but slenderly touched with any of those ideas about the pleasing or unpleasing circumstances that may be consequential to the period of a good or bad life, which so deeply occupy the minds of more illiterate persons, who go under the denomination of Christians." Then follows what constitutes the difference between the "worldly" and "godly" politician.

No. 55 his Grace heads, "Ecce iterum Crispinus" (Juvenal).

He begins as follows:—

"I have often lamented it as a particular hardship that whenever I draw the character of any great and good statesman of antiquity, not one of the 'hackney scribblers,' my impotent adversaries, will adapt that character to any of their virtuous paymasters; but no sooner can I design the picture of a *Sejanus* or a *Ferdinando* than immediately the whole mercenary herd draw their envenomed pens against me, and discover the original in this or that great person of the M—— (Ministry). And yet if you ask that great person himself, he will probably own there is not the least resemblance."

This paragraph, though intended to divert the

stream of his Grace's satire, only deepens and widens its channel, more especially when, in the next paragraph, the previously mentioned "Spanish Manuscript" is referred to by the Duke, who alludes to a former promise "to oblige his readers with another extract from that curious work." But, as this precious extract cannot be reviewed without destroying many of its points, I have transferred it *en bloc* to an Appendix,<sup>1</sup> where it should be perused in conjunction with the one that relates to the "Bishop of Tortosa."<sup>2</sup>

Having laid most of the ancient Latin and Greek poets under contribution for the purposes of satire, his Grace, with No. 56, levies toll on the immortal bard of Stratford—Shakespeare. In this he begins after the fashion of Hamlet—"The play's the thing,"—by which he seeks to discover the soundness of the political learning of the masses. With this purpose Wharton compares the theatre to a "political touchstone," for nothing, he avers, sooner discovers a sound or infirm condition "than the taste of its people at theatrical assemblies, where no previous arts of preparation have been used, but the audience are left free to their own natural impressions." This vein of thought was induced, he states, by the unkind reception which the new tragedy<sup>3</sup> of *King Henry the Fifth* met with in its acting, and which appears, now the play is published, shamefully disproportionate to what ought to

<sup>1</sup> G.<sup>2</sup> Appendix F.<sup>3</sup> *Sic*.

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have been expected. Then follow certain passages from the original text, twisted by his Grace to point against the Sovereign, although his purpose is concealed with a little more cunning than usual, and, for fear it should appear too clear, he criticizes the play, “which he has seen acted, as well as read it over and over, and still with fresh amazement at the faintness it was received with.” But, for all these subterfuges, the fact of what his Grace intended to convey stands out clear when carefully read; the play is meant to show the tendency of the times—to Wharton’s lights.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Another keen satire by Wharton—Whigs, “New” and Old”  
—Tories, “Hanoverian” and “High Church”—Rules  
calculated for the meridian of St. James’s—The Journal  
of “five hundred instances”—Another satire on Sir  
Robert Walpole in the form of Roman history.

FOR a person credited with the agnostic views Wharton is said to have held at this period, it is refreshing to find him beginning No. 57 of his paper:—“It is the first and prime obligation of men to pay a due regard to the Divine Being. The second lays them under inviolable engagements to the country in which they live.” But the reader will know by now how to receive any statement made to catch the eye by this singular man. Having raised the curiosity of his—say “good and virtuous reader,” he enters into a discourse that appertains not to the “Divine Being” but to “Oracle” worship, by *Codrus*, and the self-sacrifice of *Curtius*, as a result of resorting to that favourite means of invoking assistance. True, this can be distorted into agreeing with Wharton’s first premises, but it is scarcely in accord with religious beliefs of this or the last century. The remainder of this paper he uses to compare the actions of Edward III., in claiming the French throne, and “Harry V.,

who went upon the same design," but this is only to refer to the representation of the latter "hero upon the stage" recently, with all the beauties and advantages of the language that could be formulated to adorn so great a character; but how little was the audience awakened by its glory . . ."—which he concludes by further deploring the "depravity of our manners and a sensible decay of public spirit," etc. As I observed in the last chapter, it is unnecessary to repeat here who this satire was chiefly directed against.<sup>1</sup>

No. 58 in its first portion informs us that the political parties, grades or distinctions were then as numerous as in these days of grace. For he asserts that though living in an age when the character of a "trimmer" wants more than the great authority of its penman to support it, when distinctions are doubted and Whigs distinguished by "New" and "Old," and Tories by "Hanoverians" and "High Church." Wharton therefore thinks he could not better divert himself than by endeavouring to find out and portray a person who might be neither a "New" Whig, an "Old" Whig, or a "Hanoverian" or "High Church" Tory; no, not even a "trimmer," and yet preferable to all.

The *rara avis* that his Grace sets himself to discover is no other than his much pamphletized "honest" man, whom he again invests with all the virtues—politic, patriotic and Whar-tonic, with which the reader is fairly well acquainted.

<sup>1</sup> King George I. and Sir Robert Walpole.

Whether the impetus given to all kinds of business by the advent of Christmastide had any effect in influencing the goose-quill of the author of the *True Briton* I cannot authoritatively decide; but that it may have been so, No. 59, of December 23rd, 1723, in a manner proves; as in its pages appears an article or letter over the initials of "C. D.," but this signature is not sufficient to conceal its author, as Wharton's style is too much *en evidence*. In this his eccentric Grace proceeds to lay down for his industrious countrymen rules "calculated for the meridian of St.—<sup>1</sup> . . . ." and asserts he is capable of maintaining the validity of his tenets by the laws of experience and example. "To imagine that a man must necessarily be a courtier to know the Court, is little less than that a man must be a Jesuit before probation." As a preliminary to his rules, he introduces his undertaking thus, on "behalf of a broker, a true Israelite—a nonpareil in the mystery of stock-jobbing."

"All who are ambitious of posts of honour, places of profit, or reversions of any or all sorts, may apply to me at the sign of the 'Cat and Fiddle,' near Piccadilly, where, if there is any honour in courtiers, it shall go hard but your expectations shall be answered by

"ISRAEL GOMEZ."

His Grace then briefly argues, like the wise men

<sup>1</sup> St. James's implied.

(Magi) in the Bishop of Tortosa's case, that the modest Israelite has in a great measure proclaimed his abilities by the choice of his sign : "A fiddle is a necessary ingredient to the making of a cat dance, and a cat will dance to a *probatum est*. This is a sort of logic I learnt in the lobby, for if B can prove A, and C can prove B, and so on, by an equal climax of arguments I shall not fear to demonstrate that a cat of whatever genus has,<sup>1</sup> will, and ever will dance to a fiddle."

Then follow the "five rules." I shall not trouble the reader with a detailed account of these, as the sum and substance of them is bribery ! The first rule makes it explicit that every application must be made to the broker named, as it is by no means consistent with either party's interest to have "two shops for one commodity." This broker appears to be none other than Lord<sup>2</sup> Walpole, "who had found it by no means out of his way to make a tour so far as Constantinople to put a better face on his pretensions at a Christian Court !" Secondly, if a "post of honour" be sought, you have nothing to do but provide the *quantum*, and all is safe, provided you take care not to part with it before "all is over." In the third his Grace asserts, that if you "citizen like" aim at some honour, but more profit, "get a certificate under proper hands that you

<sup>1</sup> [Sic.]

<sup>2</sup> This may be meant for Sir Robert Walpole ; on the other hand it was Sir Robert's eldest son who was created a peer during his father's lifetime, and sent on a message to the Porte.

have done, will do, and are capable of doing the most 'cleanly work,' and if your ambition extends no higher than a C———r of the C——ns,<sup>1</sup> I dare promise (for my Israelite) you are first oars for the next vacancy. Fourthly, if a place in reversion is aimed at, the only sure means of success is so many years' purchase to be deposited in sure hands until the fiat is passed. But," cautions Wharton, "rather give double on the passing of the patent, for fear of the appearance of a 'superior fiat' against you, a circumstance not yet out of living memory!"

The fifth and last "golden" rule relates to reversionary grants of crown lands, concerning which his Grace advises secrecy, even to the "Israelite" broker, till the bargain has been made. These are briefly the successful "stockjobbing" rules laid down by Wharton, whose satire and wit were excelled only by his imprudence and impudence.

The gay and festive season of Yule-tide does not appear to have had that charm for Wharton which his "fatal vice" would presuppose, as on the 27th of December (1723) he issues No. 16 of the *True Briton*. In this he again adverts, under the letters C. D., to the matter discussed in his last paper. Here C. D. is assumed to have mentioned to his Israelite the prefatory paragraph to his letter, in which the "History of the Island of Phœnixes" is indicated as likely to contain the sequel to the matters alluded to by C. D. This made the "Israelite" exceeding

<sup>1</sup> Commissioner of the Commons.



wroth, and threaten dire things against the writer of the paragraph in question ; in fact his anger could only be appeased by C. D. promising that should he fall into his clutches he should have leave to charge double commissions, whereon "he grew calm and very nearly reconciled." But he still pleaded that the divulging of secrets was the sure way of producing distrust. On this C. D. affirmed that such openness was necessary to enable his countrymen to form a correct judgment of his capacity ; an argument that appears to have again raised the ire of the Israelite, who testily asked, "Have you perused my journal of five hundred instances<sup>1</sup> there amply related ? Which will you leave out to confine yourself to the narrow limits of a weekly paper ?" Therefore the ubiquitous "C. D." had undertaken to publish the "five hundred instances" in order to propitiate the good graces of his "Israelite," and "do a charitable work for his countrymen." As the agreement for publication may throw some light on a question which neither publisher nor author has satisfactorily settled, I append it, in the hope that it may conduce to a happier state of relations than at present exist.

It is proposed,—

"I. That the said five hundred relations be fairly printed on a superfine royal paper ; and every relation, with proper embellishments and authentic proofs, being likely to make

<sup>1</sup> The reader will remember, "five" rules only were given, in the last paper.

one entire sheet, the whole will consist of five hundred sheets, without comprising preface and dedicatory epistle.

“II. That no more than ninety-nine thousand be wrought off, and those only for subscribers.

“III. That the price be five guineas each book, half down, and the other half on delivery.

“IV. That considering the run likely to be on a book of this nature, not only calculated for the benefit and information of the present age, but for the instruction of posterity, no advantage of a gratis book shall be allowed to any subscribing for less than fifty.

“V. That out of the profits, nevertheless, for the advantage of the next age, ten thousand pounds shall be reserved to attend the procuring a patent for the sole re-printing thereof for twenty-five years.”

But the suggestor of this agreement was fully alive to the present day fact—that no number of paragraphs in an agreement will sell a book—therefore “C. D.” suggests that the work should be recommended by proper “specimens” “for which he has culled one of the first and shortest of the five hundred; and so *ex pede Herculem*.” It is intitled to his Israelite. This I need not weary the reader by reproducing; suffice it to say it is based on and portrayed from an ancient source, that of Roman history, in which Justinian seeks to reward one Trebellius, who disclaims all “merit in the discharge of his duty,” but to please his imperial

patron names a post of small value. Trebellius, on attending the Emperor to have the office conferred, notices a "spruce spark" stride into the room and deliver a note to the emperor's favourite minister, who stands before Trebellius (who awaits his imperial master's pleasure). He, being of tall stature, cannot help seeing the contents of the note, which are these:—"I promise to pay to —— fifteen hundred pieces of gold, on his obtaining a patent for the place of ——" the very one that had been promised to Trebellius. On this he addresses the favourite: "If his Imperial Majesty was engaged he would take another opportunity." The favourite then asks pardon for forgetting to announce him, goes down into the imperial presence, and almost as soon returns with apologies, that "the emperor was sorry, but the place you asked for was given away *before you asked*, but anything else—" etc.

This is only dilating on the matter of the fourth rule in the preceding paper, and is another proof of Wharton's versatility, and also the extraordinary rancour with which he pursued the Walpoles.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Wharton on the degeneracy of the world—Curious addition to the Supremacy Bill advocated by Wharton—Some keen satires by his Grace used as answers to letters sent to the *True Briton*—Verses by Wharton on the Bishop of Rochester's preaching—Humorous and sarcastic metaphor by Wharton on the Oaths Bill.

No. 61 I should have only briefly noticed but for its happy political references—which are, by the way, applicable to these days. As Wharton says, and truly, we are daily reminded, from the pulpit and the press, of the degeneracy of the world—that we are worse than our grandsires, as probably our children will be than us. That there is some truth in the observation he thinks is made evident by the necessity which has arisen of late years “to multiply laws upon us; and though they are so many, and so excellent, I do not perceive that we are more quiet and tractable than our forefathers were under fewer.” He then asserts that “Our lawgivers only assembled formerly when the exigencies of affairs needed administration; they then dispatched their business in a few weeks, put on their boots, and went home again. But now, alas! we are so wicked that six or seven hundred of the wisest and greatest men in the kingdom are forced, for the space of six months every year, to their own

manifest detriment, to leave their estates, neglect their private affairs, to sit up late, to lay their heads together, to debate and quarrel, run the risk of imprisonment for talking too passionately, and all only to find out laws enough to keep us in order. What wretches are we to make all this necessary, and what glorious public-spirited heroes are our legislators to submit to it!"

I need not remind the reader of the "gulf of time" which intervenes between the period when this article was written and the present year of grace. Yet there is a singular applicability of his Grace's satire to our now happy condition of affairs.

But this is not the whole of Wharton's argument, although it is sufficient to show his vein of humour. Having concluded this diatribe, under the comprehensive initials of "A. Z.," he turns his satire into another channel, by a letter over the signature "Old Bachelor." In this he again refers to a favourite theme—the then new oath of allegiance and supremacy. In support of his signature his Grace confesses that he has hitherto entertained "a frightful notion of matrimony;" in fact, there are so many discouraging proverbs, and so many discouraging examples relating to that state, that nothing has been able to make a "Benedict" of him. But as the recent Act of Parliament obliges the female portion of the community to subscribe the oaths, he thinks he can by the assistance of the legislature "mend his own condition,

and many of theirs into the bargain." This amelioration he purposes to gain by endeavouring to get a Bill passed which shall require "all women before they are married, and as part of the ceremony, to take an oath of allegiance, and another allowing the *supremacy to their husbands*"—a Bill he thinks very likely to pass both Houses. But he is willing to leave entirely to those wise bodies "whether the Bill shall have a retrospective character, so as to oblige all married women to take the same oath!"

Is there anything in the realms of sarcasm (which since the commencement of his Grace's era had been continually enlarged by contemporaries) to excel the writings and utterances of this eccentric peer. The covert meaning of his satire conveyed in this epistle does not need enlarging on. But his enterprising pen is not done yet: in an ensuing paragraph he replies "editorially" to correspondents—no doubt creations of his own fancy. Thus to "A. B.," who writes in reference to the book of a certain prelate, which he aptly terms a romance, he expresses a desire to receive further remarks. The person who presses him to advertise his Whig gratitude, complaining of hard usage on the discovery of treasonable designs, is reminded of the maxim, known and practised in all ages and countries—"Love the treason and hate the traitor," etc. To the author of a song called "The Durham Cavalcade," he acknowledges it has some strokes of wit and delicacy, but would rather see it in another paper,

lest it should be thought inserted "for the lucre of thereward, said to be promised by acertain reverend gentleman on that occasion." Thanks are also tendered to a Mr. C. Sagar—m "for the copy of verses sent, upon 'Evil Ministers:' with liberty either to insert or light our pipe with it ; but shall make proper use thereof the first opportunity." Other matters are similarly dealt with. Though, for fear he should not have acted his part thoroughly, he concludes—"We shall take another opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of the favour of other correspondents."

With the advent of the new year (but then its approaching termination according to the old style), namely January 1724 (1723 4), Wharton, in spite of continued warnings from relatives and friends, continued to advocate the Jacobite cause, with which George I. was continuously troubled. Common mortals (if the effects of the Christmas season will permit) almost invariably begin the month of January with resolutions of reformation, in thought, word, and deed. But how infrequently does the "farceical play" of reformation raise its curtain further than on the prologue—thought. I am not, however, about to insinuate that any plebeian desires of this nature troubled his Grace's conscience. In fact, the broadcast circulation of his paper, and the notice accorded to it, was quite sufficient for his "lust of praise" to make him endeavour to exceed himself. Therefore, in the issue of the *True Briton* (No. 62) which

appeared on January 3rd, he published some lines upon the (late) Bishop of Rochester's preaching. As these are not included in the imperfect collections of his poetical effusions, I record them here. They agree in sentiment with his lines on the Bishop's banishment.

“ At Emmaus when Christ our Lord appeared,  
Expounding prophecies and truths revered ;  
When too He vanish'd from His hearers' eyes,  
And with transcendent brightness sought His native skies ;  
How were their hearts when sudden light appear'd  
With rapture seized, and grace seraphic fired !  
Pleased and convinced of every truth they stood,  
Admired, confessed, adored, the mighty God !  
Scarce fainter transports all my pow'rs control,  
Glow in my breast, and triumph in my soul,  
So sweetly Rochester attracts the sense,  
So great 's the magic of his eloquence.  
How shall I speak the fulness of my heart ?  
Or half the pleasure that I feel, impart !  
How can these ecstasies in verse be shown ?  
This asks the tongue of angels—t'is own.  
Let Nature's rival, Art, her force apply,  
The silent poetry of painting try,  
To the stretched canvas graceful vigour give,  
And teach the animated forms to live ;  
So may succeeding times her merit raise,  
And as upon the breathing piece they gaze,  
At once the prelate and the painter praise.  
Here, artist, here, the godlike teacher show,  
While listening crowds attentive stand below,  
Each moving part, each gesture, touch with skill,  
And strike out all the Bishop with thy quill.  
In venerable robes let him arise,  
With solemn air and lively piercing eyes :  
His eyes, the type of his discerning mind !  
And lively wit, with pleasing judgment join'd !  
Let beams of glory shine around his head,  
And charming majesty his face o'erspread.  
His face how comely ! how polite his mien !  
Though stern, yet sweet ! though awful, yet serene !  
Oh, couldst thou, echo-like, his speech renew,  
As honey sweet, as soft as heavenly dew,



Repeat the doctrine that all vice disarms,  
The winning rhet'ric that our senses charms.  
Severest truth so forcibly expressed,  
And manly sense in easy language dressed.  
Oh! couldst thou ever vocal accents join  
A sharp, melodious voice like his design,  
As sweet, as clear, as powerful, as divine!  
As when Jove speaks, the winds no longer roar,  
Nor foaming waves are dashed against the shore.  
Diffusive peace and silence reign around,  
And all's attentive to the heavenly sound.  
So here, attention, draw with eager eyes  
And uplift hands, which testify surprise;  
Touch every form, no pleasing arts conceal,  
And let each hearer's face his mind reveal.  
Here let young men with kindling rapture glow,  
And riper years by their emotions show.  
Let virgins cease to roll a wanton eye,  
And with his moving sentiments comply.  
Let sinners hear their former sins away;  
The good, the old, become divinely gay,  
And seem to enter on eternal day!  
So Athens once upon her preacher hung,  
Transported by the precepts of his tongue.  
So stood great Paul, so skilful Raphael drew,  
And as in him another Paul we view,  
Another Raphael may we find in you."

In this his Grace's better feelings are manifested, and it would have been well had his paper concluded with these lines. But no! the Duke could not let even this small tribute to his poetical genius stand without defilement, which is conveyed in a letter immediately following. This is addressed in the spirit of entertainment for his readers, and has the "much epistled" Oaths Bill for its subject. I shall, however, act in a different spirit from his Grace—upholding the dignity of his previous verses—by as brief an allusion as possible to his condemnatory remarks. One, indeed, shall suffice; it proves the

rebellious spirit that actuated Wharton at this period, and serves as a sort of stepping-stone to an article which after attained him;<sup>1</sup> though this is anticipatory. The article therein refers to a traveller meeting a carriage or waggon-load of men and women on a country road, who were returning from subscribing the new oaths. A man of this party requests the traveller's (Wharton's) assistance in deciding a wager he had made, "for half-a-dozen of ale," whether the land of Israel was in Scotland, as asserted by the acceptor of the wager, or in Germany! At this juncture an old woman interposes, who states that though she told them they were both wrong, they took no notice of her information, that his Majesty was lawful and rightful king of this realm, and declares she heard them swear on the "book" that his Majesty was "lawful king of Israel!" Upon this the traveller suggested the stakes must be drawn!

<sup>1</sup> *Vile* article in *Mist's Journal*. (Appendix.)

## CHAPTER XIX.

IN 1723, Wharton considered society had sunk into the very dregs of the "Iron Age"—The Duke's valentine to the "Fair Sex"—Notice given of the cessation of the *True Briton*—Wharton's thanks, etc., in the last number of the *True Briton*—Allusions by his Grace to the *Briton*—Its opposition to Wharton's *True Briton*—Some specimens of the *Briton's* attacks on his Grace—Wharton receives a home thrust.

THE following numbers of his Grace's paper up to and including No. 69 are chiefly occupied with subjects already noticed, therefore I will not tire the reader with further references to them.

With the seventieth number, Wharton again pleads the degeneracy of the times, and thinks society has sunk into the very dregs of the "Iron Age," but the next instant his facile pen runs into satire, and writes: "For were it not for some shining examples placed by the wisdom of the crown in the meridian of power, who dispense around them the benign influences of generosity, candour, affability, disinterestedness, contempt of empty honours, and in fine all the virtues that ever centred in great Ministers, we should hardly have remaining among us the least traces of public spirit!" This is followed by references to the loss of that "sense of national good" by the people in general, and to an article relating to the South

Sea Company. The next number enlarges upon this latter, though it deals more fully with the election of a sub-governor to that English imitation of the "Mississippi" scheme, and also shows how its funds were manipulated to the benefit of a few. Then comes a letter from one "Violette" on the merits of the masquerade.

Wharton, in the *True Briton*, No. 72, indulges in some biographical sketches of former illustrious statesmen, such as the Earl of Clarendon, etc. This number, published on February 7th, 1723-24, should have been followed by one on the 10th, but the following notice appeared in the newspapers of that date:—

"Monday, February 10th, 1723-24. This is to inform the public that the *True Briton*, which was to have been published this day, for some particular reasons, will not come out until Friday next."

What these reasons were it is not possible to say; many suggestions might be urged, but as they would at most be uncharitable, I shall not urge them.

The subsequent issue on Valentine's Day was a sudden surprise for Wharton's readers; this is contained in a paragraph following a letter under the oft quoted initials "A. Z.," which epistle sets forth the author's veneration as a "true Briton" for the laws of the land; this his Grace concludes with some keen sarcasm on those Acts of Parliament which contain so much "justice, wisdom, oratory, wit and humour," that his bookseller has orders to

supply them as soon as they are published, when they are perused by him “with the same eagerness and delight with which men of a different taste read a fine new play.” But Wharton could not forget or forgive the Oaths Bill, so often made the vehicle of raillery, and he again paraphrases it in verse.

“~~Whereas~~ the females of this land  
Usurp unlimited command ;  
Such as no other earthly dame,  
Christian or pagan has the same ;  
Yet still encroach, and still aspire  
To raise their mighty empire higher ;  
And not content with love intrigues,  
Against the throne form plots and leagues ;  
And o’er their tea, with saucy chat,  
Censure and blame affairs of State.

“~~Therefore~~, to humble the proud fair,  
~~Be it enacted~~, that they swear  
To love the King, to hate the Pope,  
And cut off the Pretender’s hope.  
This shall control the female power,  
And fix the British crown secure.  
Let tyrants rule with axe and rod,  
We shall be safe by oaths—by G-- !”

But this was the paragraph that startled his Grace’s readers :—

“ This is to inform the public that the author of the *True Briton*, being determined to lay down this work, a conclusive paper to the same will be published on Monday next, which amongst other things will contain some remarks on high treason in general, both against the king and against the people.”

Many were the surmises formed respecting this step, from expense to a (too) two (weakly) weekly

circulation, also that journalism was too irksome for his volatile Grace. But I am inclined to believe (if the note announcing the delay in the publishing of No. 73 is remembered) that he had been officially informed the paper must cease to exist. Now, if the leniency hitherto accorded Wharton may be considered, then I do not think the following very far from the real cause of his action. It is probable that two courses were laid down for his acceptance—either to bring his paper to a conclusion with the third number following the presumable official notice, or within fourteen days from its receipt, when no notice would be taken of his libellous articles; or continue their publication at his peril. Besides, do not his Grace's statements in the beginning of No. 73 somewhat confirm his last views, by expressing veneration for the law? However, be this as it may, the 17th of February, 1723-24, saw the last number published of the *True Briton*, which terminated Wharton's most constant work. From this I copy the following: "I am now come to put an end to the paper, which was undertaken for my country's good." Thanks are then tendered, to keep up the deception, "to those gentlemen who have so largely contributed to this work," and also for "the kind manner the work has been received by the majority of the kingdom." The Duke then expresses the satisfaction he has derived from the stupidity of those who have aspersed him, who (if they wrote by others' orders) have flattered his

vanity by making him think himself considerable enough to be regarded by their employers as a proper object for abuse. "But," argues the witty Wharton, "if they furnished their simplicity gratis, then have they tormented their own brains only to impoverish the printer's."

The reader should recollect the following clause, as here my previous remarks may almost be read as an apology for many of the Duke's former articles.

"Since, then, I shall now take my leave, I would earnestly recommend to all 'true Britons' a firm union in the interests of his present Majesty and his royal family, as the only means we have to make this a flourishing and happy kingdom."

If this is not "eating the leek," I should like to know what is; however, it served a purpose—for the time. But that his Grace's attacks of political *delirium tremens* would cease with the publication of the *True Briton* was not to be expected.

Wharton goes on to explain that ugly-looking word treason, which I think it somewhat unnecessary to dilate on, suffice it to say the promised explanation soon branches into a more favourite theme—"honesty." In support of that virtue sketches are given of the characters of Earls Godolphin, Stanhope and Cowper as ministerial paragons. At the termination of this article is a paragraph which will serve as an introduction to a matter of now immediate moment.

“The author of this paper was yesterday shown a paragraph in a paper called the *Briton*, of Wednesday last, and the scoundrel that wrote it may be assured he shall be treated as such infamous rascals as himself deserve when they take such villainous liberties.”

The *Briton* was a publication issued on the Wednesday of each week in opposition to Wharton's *True Briton*, whose style was copied, and many of its articles refuted, reviewed and condemned. But whoever had undertaken this task lacked Wharton's ability, and if I assert that its dedicatory epistle<sup>1</sup> to the Duke furnishes the best example of the author's satire I shall not be very far wrong. Its career was more brief than its contemporary, as it was first issued on August 7th, 1723—two months after the publication of the *True Briton*—and it terminated its career the week following the decease of Wharton's journal. In this respect its imitation was “the sincerest form of flattery.” To follow the *Briton's* arguments would be to inflict many pages of references similar to those already inflicted on my patient reader, with this difference, that they would pall after the keen satire of Wharton, who poured out his vials of wrath on “men, manners and things.” In the *Briton* only one “whipping-block” was provided the Duke, who is frequently severely handled, especially in the number published after the issue of Wharton's journal, on the 9th December,

<sup>1</sup> Appendix G.



1723. In this Wharton, under the assumed character of “Crispinus,” is reviled. But this does not need direct reference, as I shall before completing my task lay before the reader all that can tend to portray his delinquencies.

The number of the *Briton* to which Wharton makes allusion in his last issue, contains a *résumé* of his Grace’s career as the “True Briton,” whose loss is deplored, with that of two other personages, lately deceased—Sally Salisbury<sup>1</sup> and Elkanah Settle, the City poet.<sup>2</sup> The inference from this is that the death of the *True Briton* was as little loss to society as these persons, still I think Wharton might with greater justice have answered many previous allusions to himself than this, and he would have been well advised had he treated it, as he had done heretofore, with contempt.

However, the last number of the *Briton* did contain a home-thrust for Wharton, keen in its truthfulness:—“The True Briton has likewise in his last paper presented us with a list of deceased patriots. I much wonder how one whose memory is valuable to every true lover of his country, unfortunately chanced to escape his notice—I mean the late Marquis of Wharton. Surely no subject ever afforded a nobler or more spacious field for panegyric. If we consider this great man either as a defender of liberty in general, or as an advocate for the

<sup>1</sup> A disreputable woman.

<sup>2</sup> Some obscure rhymester.

Protestant succession in particular, we may place him in the foremost rank of patriots. There is no instance to be produced of his opposing the interests of his Majesty King George, or giving a single vote in favour of the Pretender or his adherents. But as the 'True Briton' observes, 'if hereafter, in some degenerate age, men should arise capable of such mischiefs, their forefathers' glory will illustrate their corruption.' " A faithful tribute to his Grace's father, and a keen reproach from his own writings to his dissolute son.

## CHAPTER XX.

A letter of his Grace from the Strafford MSS.—Wharton revolts from the Court—His estate vested by a decree of Chancery in the hands of trustees—Wharton's prodigality only permits the trustees to allow him 1200*l.* per annum—He dismisses his equipage and curtails, too late, his expenses—Departs for Vienna—Roams about the Continent—Locates himself at the Spanish Court—His wife dies during the Duke's travels—Sir Benjamin Keen's account of Wharton's behaviour at Madrid.

THE pursuit of the rise, reign and fall of Wharton's *True Briton* has caused me to slightly diverge from chronological sequence in one instance; this I now proceed to remedy.

Amongst the Strafford MSS. is a letter from his Grace, in which he asks Lord Strafford's kind offices. As this shows him in a character he did not often assume at this period, a suppliant, I give it.

“February 16th, 1724-5.

“MY DEAR LORD,

“I must beg the favour of your lordship to use your interest with Mr. Dennis Kelly and his family to promote a marriage between Mr. Lockhart,<sup>1</sup> of Carnwarth (my cousin german), and Mr. Kelly's daughter.

<sup>1</sup> The Duke's cousin, the son of Sir George Lockhart, of Carnwarth, who married Philadelphia, sister to Thomas, 1st Marquis of Wharton.

"The gentleman yesterday sent proposals to the family by the Duke of Hamilton and myself, which are by this night's post transmitted to Ireland, and are such as I believe will be agreeable.

"I don't doubt but were Mr. Lockhart as well acquainted with your lordship as he is with me, that you would esteem him very qualified to make a lady happy.

"The gentleman desired me to present his most humble service to your lordship, and at the same time express how proud he should be at your countenance and protection.

"I hope your lordship will be so kind as to let me know your answer to this affair, though I rather, for the sake of the public, would see you in town, where the City of London groans for your attendance, to defend their Charter against an Act of Parliament, and the poor orphans their estates against Lord Macclesfield.

"I beg my most humble service may be made acceptable to Lady Strafford, and those whom you wish well to.

"I am, my dear Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obedient,  
humble servant,

"WHARTON."

The allusions in this letter to Lord Macclesfield have already been commented on. For the rest, it may be said, his Lordship acquiesced in his Grace's wishes.

Wharton at this period was in his twenty-

fifth year, which might have been passed like those immediately preceding it. But "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do" proved true in his case, when the Duke, like Othello, found his occupation gone with the death of the *True Briton*.

Nor need I again refer to the reason why that publication had been discontinued; though this enforced idleness appears to have hastened his revolt from the Court, which confirms my impression that it was Government interference that hastened the demise of his paper. Another matter (though one scarce worth reference) that occupied some portion of his Grace's time this year, was the discovery of a mine—coal presumably—on a portion of his Yorkshire estates. But this was not likely to be attended with much benefit to one who was determined "to outrun the constable." In fact, so great was the strain on Wharton's financial resources, that in the next year (1725) his ancestral estates were so heavily burdened, that a decree of the Court of Chancery vested them in trustees,<sup>1</sup> to satisfy incumbrances, and discharge special and contract debts. These were so heavy, that no greater sum than 1200*l.* per annum could be set aside for his Grace's use and maintenance if the arrangement, as it was hoped it would, was to

<sup>1</sup> They appear to have been compelled to sell some of his Grace's manors—as those of Winchendon, Waddesdon and Westcote were purchased by the trustees of John, Duke of Marlborough.

have any future benefit for this young and dissolute Duke. This sum his Grace found would not (after his equipage had been dismissed, and his expenses reduced to a minimum) support him with even modest dignity, but as that virtue was not in his code of morals he determined to go abroad for some years, till his estate should work itself clear. This resolve was received with approbation by both his friends and enemies, who no doubt expected the usual beneficial result to ensue, when a heedless and dissolute man is removed from his surroundings.

Before his departure for Vienna (whither he went on some business of a diplomatic character), many wondered whether the Duke's sincerity was to be relied upon. At all events his conduct at the Court of Vienna was exemplary, while his genius, wit and address gained him many admirers, not only among the Austrian nobility, but the Imperial Ministers as well, a matter for some congratulation, as the *entente cordiale* between the British and Austrian Courts was not then of a fervid character.

From Austria he journeyed by way of France to Spain. In Madrid his versatile and extraordinary gifts were displayed with so much brilliancy at the Spanish Court that the English ambassador, whose abilities could not in any way approach Wharton's at their best, became alarmed for his own position. So much did the representative of King George of England fear being totally eclipsed by the dashing Duke, that he despatched a mes-

senger to St. James's, setting forth the disabilities under which he laboured, as well as seeking further instructions. This does not appear to have had the desired effect, as another messenger was sent by the "shadowed" ambassador, who complained also to the Spanish Court of Wharton's usurpation of his privileges.

At last happiness was conveyed to the bosom of the British ambassador, in the form of a communication under the Privy Seal, which demanded Wharton's return, a command he treated with contempt.<sup>1</sup> Here I must leave him for a time, as in following his wanderings chronological order has been again ignored. The death of the Duchess of Wharton occurred on April 14, 1726, during the absence of her husband. This event no doubt had a great influence on Wharton's after conduct, as his estate being in "nursing hands," his strained relations with the Court and his peers, coupled with the loss of this one natural tie that might have caused his return—these causes combined to fill up the measure of his contempt for his country, king, and society.

Though a few days prior to the Duchess's death, and during the time he was endeavouring to usurp the powers of the British ambassador to the

<sup>1</sup> In this he was requested to return to his allegiance, under pain of outlawry. The letter is said to have been handed him in the coach; he read it and then tossed it contemptuously out of the window. On the 8th of June following he writes to Lord Inverness, son of the Duke of Gordon: "I had rather carry a musket in an Old Muscovite regiment than wallow in riches by the favour of the usurper," etc.

Court of Madrid, he was leading his old life of intemperance. Fortunately for history, a letter <sup>1</sup> from Mr. Keen (afterwards Sir Benjamin Keen) to a friend in London, a Mr. Robinson, throws considerable light on his Grace's way of living at this time, also upon his political opinions. The communication is of so much importance to my subject that I append it.

“Madrid, April 5th, 1726.

“By Gordon I sent you an account of the Duke of Wharton's arrival and reception at Madrid, and likewise of his leaving it, which was, as I imagined, but for a few days, though Ripperda would have made a merit of the short absence to Mr. Stanhope. I can now give you, if you think it worth while, the continuation of his story ; which is, in substance, that he has not been sober, or scarce had a pipe out of his mouth, since he came back from his expedition to St. Ildefonse.

“On Tuesday last when I had some company I heard that the Dukes of Liria and Wharton wanted to speak with me, upon which they came directly into the room. Wharton made his compliments and placed himself by me. I did not think myself obliged to turn out his ‘Star and Garter,’ because, as he is an everlasting talker and tippler, in all probability he would lavish out something that might be of use to know—at least we might discover by the warmth of his hopes and expectations whether any scheme was to be put in immediate

<sup>1</sup> From Hardwicke State Papers.



execution in favour of his 'dear master' as he calls the Pretender. He began with telling me he had just left the Duke de Ripperda, after an audience of an hour and a half and four minutes. The Duke of Ormonde was with him; but that circumstance he omitted. I told him, sure it must have been an affair of the greatest importance to his new cause, that could make Ripperda spare so much of his time, considering the multiplicity of business he is charged with. At which says he, 'You will shortly see the event; it is in my power to make your stocks fall as I think fit; my master is now in a post-chaise, but the place he designs for I shall not tell you.' He complained that Mr. Stanhope had prevented his seeing their Catholic Majesties; but I am very sure he has delivered in some proposals in writing, which are not discouraged; for on the 1st of May, his P.'s birthday, both he and the Duke of Liria, amongst a thousand other things they let slip, were fond of drinking a 'perpetual union of the Saints of the day;' whom 'God has joined' let no man separate. The evening he was with me, he declared himself the Pretender's Prime Minister, and Duke of Wharton and Northumberland. 'Hitherto,' says he, 'my master's interests have been managed by the Duchess of Perth and three or four other old women, who meet under the portal of St. Germain; he wanted a Whig, and a brisk one, to put them in the right train, and I am the man. You may now look upon me, Sir Philip Wharton, Knight of the Garter, and Sir Robert Walpole,

Knight of the Bath, running a course, and by God he shall be hard pressed. He bought my family pictures, but they will not be long in his possession; that account is still open. Neither he nor King George shall be six months at ease, as long as I have the honour to serve in the employ I am in.' He mentioned mighty things from Muscovy, and talked so much nonsense and contradictions, that it was neither worth my while to remember them or yours to read them. I used him very *cavalierment*; upon which he was affronted—sword and pistol next day—but before I slept a gentleman was sent to desire everything might be forgot. What a pleasure must it have been to have killed a Prime Minister?

"I must not forget to observe one thing to you, that is, not only he but several of his party before he came, whenever the occasion happened, were full of eulogiums of my Lord Sunderland, whose death they lament as a fatal blow to their cause. From the whole behaviour of this gentleman, it is easy to observe that some project in their favour was certainly laid at Vienna; but Ripperda must have found himself not able to sustain it, since he was better informed of the true state of Spain, which must have obliged him to lay it aside till a better opportunity offers.

"Wharton, Liria, and the young Jacks<sup>1</sup> are yet fond of it, and if it depends on them, would now put it in execution; but the graver sort of them

<sup>1</sup> Jackasses meant.

are not so confident, nor so much on their mettle. Wharton was telling the Duke of Ormonde, that his master did not love fox-hunting, but that he promised to go to Newmarket; to which he answered, he saw no great probability of it on a sudden, but wished the Pretender might take such care of his affairs that he might be able to keep his word. But I think you will see our new knight strip himself of his new honours before twelve months are passed—if he be thought worth the receiving.”

This is one of the most important letters on the foibles of the Duke of Wharton to be found, and it confirms the opinions I have heretofore expressed. The after part of this letter distinctly alludes to Wharton's vacillating disposition. The words “worth receiving” imply he would return to his allegiance, if that return were made worth his while by King George and his Government.

## CHAPTER XXI.

The Duke writes to the learned Cardinal F. A. Gualterio—  
Sketch of the Cardinal's career—Wharton writes a singular  
letter to his sister, Lady Jane Holt—Comments thereon,  
etc.

I HAVE alluded to the results of Wharton's sojourn at Madrid, where in spite of the order to return (not mentioning occasional visits to other places in Spain on the Pretender's business) he was still found in July 1726). This a letter addressed to Cardinal F. A. Gualterio<sup>1</sup> confirms. The body of this communication is not in the Duke's own handwriting,<sup>2</sup> but is signed by him.

“Monsieur,—Quoique je n'aye pas l'honneur d'être connu personnellement de votre Eminence cependant sachant le zel quelle a pour le service du Roi d'Angleterre, mon maitre, j'ose prendre la liberte de la supplier de rendre la lettre qui je me donne l'honneur de lui envoyer dans les mains propres de sa majeste et de supplier S. M. de la lire avant que d'aventir aucun de ses sujets qu'il la receu. Je demande mille pardons de la

<sup>1</sup> From MS. papers of Cardinal F. A. Gualterio.

<sup>2</sup> I doubt its composition being by a Frenchman.

hardiesse qui je prend mais j'espere que votre Eminence aura la bonte de m'excuser et de me servir.

“Monsieur,

“de votre Eminence,

“Le tres-humble et tres-obeissant serviteur,

“LE DUC DE WHARTON.

“de Madrid,

“1<sup>er</sup> de Juillet, 1726.”

This letter, the reader must bear in mind, is addressed to Cardinal Gualterio, nephew, or grand-nephew, of Cardinal Carlo Gualterio, Archbishop of Fermo, who brought up his relative. Young Gualterio attained academical honours at an earlier age perhaps than any of his contemporaries—at nineteen, was a Doctor of both Divinity and Law, and throughout his career received particular favour from the Vatican. In fact, Innocent XII. sent him to France as Papal Nuncio, while Clement XI. bestowed on him the Abbaye de la Trinité, at Milan. Gualterio, during his stay in France as Nuncio (which he left with regret), not only made personal acquaintance with the savants of France, but formed a magnificent collection of MSS., medals and philosophical instruments. Many of these manuscripts were bought to aid Gualterio in writing an elaborate Universal history, which he purposed compiling. Unfortunately, this fine collection was lost in transit from Marseilles to the Cardinal's Italian legation. His Eminence again set to work to repair his loss; but Fate was unkind; no sooner

had he resumed his task at Ravenna than the Imperial troops invaded that city, pillaged his house, and burned his documents.

The Cardinal Legate returned to France. Louis XIV. bestowed on him the Abbaye de Saint Remy de Rheims, and made him also an honorary Academician; he also granted him a handsome pension. Under the regency of the Duc d'Orleans Gualterio's star was still in the ascendant. The Regent bestowed on him the Abbey of Saint Victor, Paris, one of the richest ecclesiastical gifts in his power to bestow, while Louis XV. made him Commander of the Order of the Holy Ghost.

So much for the career of the person to whom Wharton's ill-written letter is addressed. Singular to relate, the Cardinal left no literary work behind, notwithstanding his great learning and literary tastes. Wharton however appears to have had singular ability in selecting persons suitable for his political ends—a selection he was not happy in as regards his social relations. That the Cardinal was in high favour at the French Court was known to his Grace, who thus considered it politic to make a friend of one who would rejoice in securing such a convert to his Church. From this point also this letter is of importance, as it confirms both Wharton's Jacobite professions and papistic tendencies.

A month before seeking the good graces of Cardinal Gualterio, Wharton, in an apparently home-sick state of mind, wrote to his sister, Lady

Jane Holt. This letter<sup>1</sup> gives his reasons to one to whom it may be supposed he could open his heart, and who no doubt knew full well her unhappy brother's failings ; therefore too much attention cannot be awarded to this communication.

“DEAR SISTER,—My name has been so often of late in the public prints, and consequently become the subject of private conversation, that my personal friends (you particularly) may with reason expect to know from myself what steps I have taken, and intend to take, and (as it were, the true reasons of my present resolutions) as to the reasons of my conduct. I do not think it proper to write them direct to you, but must refer you to some papers you will soon see published through all Europe. I will not trust the good manners or the good nature of my enemies by writing anything to you that might expose you to trouble, for it would sharpen the prosecutions begun against me.

“If you should suffer the least inconvenience for your tenderness to me, whatever relates to myself gives me no uneasiness ; every virulent vote, every passionable reproach, and every calumny against me, are so many real commendations of my conduct, and while you and my sister Lucy are permitted to live quietly and securely, I shall think our family has met with no misfortune, and has therefore no claim to the compassion of its truest friends.

“I know your tender concern and affection for

<sup>1</sup> Malet Collection of MSS.

me, and I write chiefly to give you comfort, and not to receive any from you ; for, thank God, I have an easy, contented mind, and I want no comfort. I have no fears, which is more than some of the Norfolk<sup>1</sup> neighbours can say of themselves.

“I desire your prayers for the success of my wishes and prosperity of our family. I scorn the false, pretended compassion of my enemies ; and it would grieve me much more to receive the real pity of my friends.

“I shall not wonder if at first you should be affected with the warmth of the proceedings against me, and should show some concern at the attempts to strip our family of its title and rob you of their estates. But you will soon change your mind when you consider, that my real honour does not depend on Walpole or his master’s pleasure ; that a faction may attain a man without corrupting his blood ; and that an estate seized for a time by violence and arbitrary power is not irrecoverably lost.

“The word ‘late’ is now become the most honourable epithet of the peerage ; ’tis a greater honour and higher title than that of ‘Grace,’ and whenever you hear me spoken of in such manner, I beg you to think as I do, that I have received a new mark of honour, a mark dignified by the Duke of Ormonde, Earl Marshal, and others. You, who often read Clarendon’s history, must know that during the reign of Cromwell and the

<sup>1</sup> Walpole family alluded to.



‘Rump’ parliament the whole peerage of England was styled ‘the late House of Lords;’ there was then no want of ‘late’ Dukes, ‘late’ Earls, and ‘late’ Bishops, and why should that be reckoned a reproach to a single peer, which was then the distinguished title of the whole body? Was that usurper, Cromwell, the fountain of honour? Had he who murdered one king any more power to attain the blood of his fellow-subjects than his illustrious successors, who had fixed a price on the head of another?<sup>1</sup> For Lord Harcourt finely observes in his speech for Dr. Sacheverel, there is no difference between ‘a wet martyrdom and a dry one.’ Can a High Commission Court at present, or a secret committee, tarnish the honour of a family? Is it a real disgrace to be condemned by Macclesfield, Harcourt, Townshend, or Trevor? Is it a dishonour to be robbed of a private fortune by those who have plundered the public, who have stripped the widow and fatherless? No, my dear sister, assure yourself that this unjust prosecution is a lasting monument erected to the honour of our family, and will serve to render it illustrious to after ages, and to atone for the unhappy mistakes of our misguided ancestors. If it should end with me, however, it would have outlived the Liberty of England. Those honours, which we received at first from the Crown, can never be more gloriously interred than in the defence of the injured rights of the Crown; than in the cause of the rightful monarch

<sup>1</sup> The Pretender.

of Britain, the greatest of princes and best of masters.

“But I forget myself by enlarging too far on a subject that may not be conveniently mentioned in a letter to you. My zeal for my country, my duty to my sovereign, my affection to you, and my family and its true honour, have carried my pen farther than I intended. I will only add that no change in my circumstances ever shall lessen my tender concern for you or my sister Lucy, to whom I desire you would present my love, and charge her, as she values my friendship, never to marry without my consent. Be assured that no distance of place nor length of time shall abate my affection for you; and my enemies shall find, whenever I return to England, it shall be with honour to myself and with joy to my friends. To all those, I mean, who wish well to the Church of England and to their native country; neither shall anything ever tempt me to abandon that cause which I have deliberately embraced, or to forsake that religion wherein I was educated. Wherever I am I shall always be,

“Dear Sister,

“Your sincere friend and brother,

“WHARTON.

“Madrid, June 17th, 1726 (N. S.)”

Who will deny, after reading this letter, that Wharton was not only a master of the pen but a true genius? Objection may be taken, however, as to the double bearing the letter has, though

sent as a brotherly communication. The reference to papers to be "published throughout Europe" no doubt refers to the reasons his Grace issued in a proclamatory manner, though supposed to be sent as a letter to his friends in Great Britain and Ireland, which states his reasons for leaving his native country and espousing the cause of his "royal master, King James III." The exact date of this is somewhat difficult to fix. I am inclined to believe it was a little after the event now recorded. Nevertheless, as distinct allusion is made to it in the letter to Lady Jane Holt, I shall comment upon it in the next chapter. Nor is it of a character to interfere with the sequence of chronological events or facts; indeed, its admission at this point will tend to elucidate much that follows. As the body of the letter just quoted refers to so much that has gone before, it will be tiring to add to the arguments already advanced. One fact mentioned by his Grace should be remembered, his intention not to forsake "that religion<sup>1</sup> wherein I was educated"—and yet the month after he is found approaching Cardinal Gualterio; but that we shall see was only an interlude in his change of opinion.

<sup>1</sup> Said to have been made to gratify the Pretender.

## CHAPTER XXII.

The Duke of Wharton's "proclamation" epitomized—The cypher letter that "undid" Wharton—Remarks thereon, etc.

As a transcript of his Grace's alleged reasons for leaving England is given in the Appendices at the end of this work,<sup>1</sup> it will only be necessary for me to allude briefly to them here.

His Grace's acquaintance with Cicero and other oratorical productions relating to rhetoric ancient and modern, made the commencement of his declamation easy, thus:—"Friends! Countrymen! and Fellow Citizens!" are the recognized commencement of all addresses or harangues directed to the masses by incipient patriots or noisy politicians. Then follows the self-made duty wherein he acquaints the aforesaid "trinity" of his espousing the cause of "James the IIIrd," and the reasons for his so doing; but metaphorically the shoe of self-interest protrudes itself, showing where the real "pinch" (reason) was:—"The proceedings begun against me in England, and the partial severity of those in whose hands I left the management of my estate, renders it necessary," etc.

<sup>1</sup> Appendix H.

But forsooth, who caused the proceedings to be instituted? Who by his riotous living made his creditors seek the offices of the law? These are questions that no self-made martyr asks himself, or that Wharton cared to admit the justice of. It sufficed for his purpose to know that these proceedings were accomplished facts, and sufficient as a pretext for any fallacious action, argument, or cause he chose to adapt them. For the same reason the "misconstruction that others had placed upon his conduct" can be dismissed—as if we are not to judge by others' writings and deeds, then by what other sublunary standard can we judge men by? Surely not by their thoughts, which are but dead to the world till vivified by writing or action. Indeed, the more I analyze his Grace's conduct and apologies, the more I feel convinced that he desired to abrogate to himself the regal legal fiction "The king can do no wrong"—as the reader has already seen that after the most pointed and scandalous references to king, governors, and government, he, if charged, invariably palliates them by accusing his enemies of misconstruction.

The references made by his Grace to his father's memory would have been best omitted, as it has been shown that the principles inculcated by that too fond parent were in direct opposition to his wilful offspring's actions; therefore to bring forward his father's political career as a pretext for his own actions, is little less than adding insult to injury, particularly when in condemning the

House of Hanover he forgets that his father whose actions he praises did more than any peer of his time in settling its succession. I will pass over the revilings of Wharton on the Church, Court and Senate, which he argues absolved him from continuing a support his father's zeal for the reigning House never contemplated, and which abuses made his Grace endeavour to follow his father's steps in trying to stem the torrent of corruption and bad government. Wharton then goes on to avow, that before he determined to espouse the cause of "James III." he purposed waiting on that prince, to see if any grounds existed for the false and scandalous reports set afloat by his enemies, and was struck with becoming awe when he beheld "hereditary right shining in every feature, and the politeness of education illumining the majesty of his person" —how charmed he was at the happy interview, etc. ; since which he directed all his thoughts to his Majesty's service and honour. He however admits that his circumstances were in such condition as to make him temporize with the Government of King George.

With these few remarks I conclude the review of a cleverly constructed, if erroneous, proclamatory address ; indeed, it is one scarce possible to epitomize without making its writer's views bare ; and devoid of that fairness of which Englishmen are so jealous, in rendering those whose opinions are at variance with their own, when quotations are made without the text. I therefore refer the

reader to the Appendix quoted, where this extraordinary "proclamation" is given *verbatim*.

The Duke of Wharton, in July of this year (1726), was in direct contumacy with the British Government, which the following letter in cypher to the Duke of Newcastle shows.<sup>1</sup> This was afterwards translated, by either the person who procured this copy (or original), or by someone who had the key. To save time I give it as it appears in the Newcastle MS.

"Projet du Duc de Wharton

731. 21. 872. 152. 127. 453. 739. 893. 845.

pour retablir le Pretendant.

83. 568. 488. 158. 640. 889. 78. 849. 554.

— — — Le Pretendant doit — —

1193. 328. 849. 252. 78. 884. 411. 43. 56.

aller — — de Rome à Vienne incognito,

97. 293. 706. 567. 453. 342. 911. 426. 427. 489. 500.

— — et faire un Traité secret avec

614. 845. 7. 44. 815. 126. 1065. 242. 179. 1017. 298.

l'Empereur, et la Roy d'Espagne pour

293. 181. 15. 18. 252. 449. 295. 960. 568. 488.

vendre au dernier — — Minorque

126. 47. 571. 1017. 453. 893. 614. 567. 607. 724.

et Gibralta, d'abord—qu'il sera

561. 77. 60. 1215. 594. 617. 884. 355. 293. 575. 69.

en possession de la Grande Bretagne,

185. 564. 554. 453. 22. 1049. 7. 732. 92.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Stanhope, while at Madrid, by some means diplomatic or otherwise, got possession of the original with other documents to a secret treaty between France and Spain. These were copied and explained and then forwarded to the Duke of Newcastle.

et garantia

60. 502 —

à la Empereur non seulement—le

887. 8. 293. 181. 518. 873. 23. 252. 282. 582. 18. 252.

Commerce d'Ostende mais accordera

1039. 884. 1169. 277. 623. 148. 567. 8.

le commerce —

252. 1039.

sur toutes les Colonies

245. 18. 657. 77. 17. 252. 79. 489. 1069. 32. 43. 608.

d'Angleterre, tant dans les Indes Occidentales

295. 248. 652. 83. 56. 781. 20. 314. 427. 514. 276.

— — — qu'Orientales. — — De

538. 652. 314. 656. 724. 43. 185. 652. 252. 79. 423.

Vienne le Pretendant se transportera

426. 293. 77. 78. 992. 873. 344.

à Petersbourg,

567. 97. 69. 1084.

La Craviene—étant—absolument

22. 987. 155. 15. 609. 92. 652. 83. 44. 1067. 582. 531.

resolue de l'assister : de la il—

453. 293. 696. 567. 453. 706. 69. 57.

passera

293. 420. 567.

à Archangel—pour être

97. 8. 1008. 331. 83. 500. 252. 568. 488. 332. 126.

transporté dans la Grande Bretagne avec

344. 77. 781. 17. 706. 97. 1049. 15. 732. 7. 1017.

dix ou douze milles — — —

298. 1014. 137. 411. 134. 323. 23. 137. 77. 651. 252.

hommes. Le roi d'Espagne doit

803. 459. 79. 252. 1117. 731. 295. 411. 525. 453.



débarquer en Angleterre huit mille  
 101. 656. 567. 185. 248. 603. 525. 651. 252. 7. 18.  
 et se rendre maître d'un——Post<sup>1</sup>  
 873. 126. 47. 571. 277. 43. 345. 884. 1065. 454.——  
 et alors — — — — l'Empereur envoydra  
 92. 60 911. 1069. 893. 67. 706. 181. 329. 567. 97.  
 toutes les troupes——qu'on jugera——  
 44. 657. 608. 314. 1060. 23. 121. 9. 656. 130. 228.  
 — — — à propos du port d'Ostende et  
 602. 889. 911. 64. 152. 454. 295. 1169. 15. 60. 81.  
 il fera même toins defiler——  
 293. 747. 887. 1017. 546. 459. 551. 289. 79. 453.  
 —plus de troupes dans——  
 550. 567. 924. 692. 17. 453. 1060. 134. 121. 67. 594.  
 —les Pays Bas, pour empêcher  
 47. 17. 314. 119. 623. 515. 924. 1025. 396. 121. 331.  
 —les Hollandais d'envoyer du  
 567. 252. 79. 189. 411. 623. 295. 329. 567. 152.  
 secours en Angleterre. On doit  
 873. 280. 20. 185. 248. 130. 295. 411. 525. 1039.  
 commencer par l'Ecosse, laquelle sera  
 83. 802. 488. 711. 877. 22. 656. 690. 252. 873.  
 armee—bien tout : le Pretendant ayant  
 887. 679. 15. 38. 714. 185. 845. 18. 252. 78. 584. 54. 18.  
 des armes en Espagne, Bretagne, la  
 180. 679. 608. 185. 960. 832. 652. 500. 609. 293. 69.  
 Hollande et deux millions de —  
 189. 77. 92. 56. 453. 23. 103. 620. 706. 212. 67. 453.  
 livres sterling — — — sont  
 414. 488. 17. 858. 389. 47. 500. 863. 18.

<sup>1</sup> Port is meant.

prostoï [*sic*] entre les mains de ses amis  
 460. 67. 294. 126. 314. 114. 20. 453. 572. 410. 623.  
 en Angleterre où l'on m'attend que l'ordre  
 185. 248. 657. 706. 130. 32. 159. 656. 293. 724. 77.  
 du Pretendant pour commencer—une  
 152. 78. 849. 568. 893. 1039. 83. 802. 488. 1065. 7.  
 — revolter generale tant en Angleterre qu'en  
 63. 554. 904. 15. 652. 83. 18. 185. 248. 258. 185.  
 Ecosse et l'on assure, qu'en Ecosse presque  
 877. 77. 60. 706. 130. 267. 258. 185. 877. 967. 65. 67.  
 tout le monde est dans le parti —  
 44. 657. 252. 773. 453. 332. 781. 9. 252. 821. 604.  
 du Pretendant, et prest à se soulever  
 152. 78. 92. 56. 460. 97. 873. 365. 15. 26. 245.  
 sur son  
 863 —  
 premier ordre. Le débarquement —  
 460. 688. 567. 724. 77. 252. 453. 101. 656. 77.  
 se doit executer quand —  
 582. 44. 873. 884. 218. 525. 880. 893. 45. 47. 295.  
 les escadres — d'Angleterre seront  
314. 608. 45. 571. 79. 884. 248. 575. 130. 44.  
 dehors, et — en cas que ce toins [*sic*]  
 453. 1050. 17. 77. 18. 185. 646. 656. 77. 802. 551.  
 — — si passe sans — pouvoir  
 289. 20. 873. 420. 92. 358. 47. 17. 568. 931. 889.  
 l'executer on doit le faire —  
 293. 280. 893. 130. 295. 411. 525. 252. 815. 126.  
 dans le toins [temps] d'hiver, quand  
 781. 79. 252. 551. 289. 17. 295. 496. 26. 145. 47.  
 les vaisseaux — — seront  
 295. 252. 79. 226. 20. 873. 23. 103. 575. 130. 18.

demontes."

453. 773. 551. 20.

This incriminating, or to be exact—this "copy" of an incriminating document, is endorsed—

"Projet du duc de Wharton

731. 21. 872. 152. 127. 453. 739.

pour retablir

893. 845. 83. 568.

le Pretendant."

488. 158. 640. 889. 78. 849.

In Mr. Stanhope's<sup>1</sup> private letter of 19-30 July, 1726.

This "projet" puts Wharton in the "noon-day stream" of that light we are all more or less judged by, public opinion, though this does not appear to have been noised about as a document of this nature would in these days of an unfettered press; nevertheless, it more than strengthened the conviction of the Government that they had been more than merciful hitherto to one whose father's spirit somehow appears to have tempered its vigour against his brilliant but misguided son. But even this treason against king and country, discounting as it does almost all of his Grace's patriotic outpourings, did not bring about the final catastrophe to his career. For I shall show that his Grace knew his moral and political salvation was not at this period *in extremis*—had he only obeyed the command to return to his country.

<sup>1</sup> William Stanhope, afterwards first Earl of Harrington; Ambassador to Spain, and to the Congress at Soissons; Secretary of State, etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

A "great" duchess offers Wharton her granddaughter's hand and fortune—His refusal—Falls in love with a maid-of-honour at the Spanish Court—Asks the consent of her Most Catholic Majesty to his union—Her Majesty upbraids the Duke—His dejection and illness—The Queen relents—Wharton made happy for a time.

HIS GRACE had, however, been fortunate in one respect during his wild career—to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the fair, who however much they may condemn with their tongues men of Wharton's gallant character, frequently applaud them in their hearts. Indeed his forlorn condition excited the sympathies of a certain "great" duchess of those times, who, shortly after the decease of the Duchess of Wharton, offered to bestow the hand of her grand-daughter on his Grace. This union would have at once restored the fortunes of the house of Wharton to their pristine glory, as the lady was endowed with a considerable fortune as well as with great personal beauty and accomplishments. Though, this "benevolent" match-making duchess can only be surmised, the circumstance was acknowledged by Wharton himself to a person who compiled a brief memoir of his Grace in 1731. The reason why the match was not arranged appears

—that his Grace would not consent to the lady's fortune being settled for their mutual benefit ; in other words his Grace desired a free hand, which would have been most impolitic, bearing in mind the condition he had brought his own affairs to ; therefore this means of his reclamation was lost.

His Grace having entered the “holy bonds” of wedlock at the early age of seventeen, was not likely at the maturer age of twenty-seven to remain long in a state of single bliss, in spite of aphorisms that were doubtlessly expressed then as now, as to those who embark a second time on the sea of matrimony.

Attached to the Spanish Court, as a maid-of-honour to her Most Catholic Majesty the Queen of Spain, was a Miss Maria O'Bryne—Brian, or O'Berne,<sup>1</sup> for all these ways of spelling that lady's name have been indulged in. This lady was the daughter of an Irish gentleman who had died a colonel in the Spanish service. To his widow the King of Spain had granted a pension, which with the honorarium derived from her daughter's services, made up the income and fortune of both mother and daughter. Miss O'Bryne possessed not only a fair share of personal charms, but wit and accomplishments. These important factors, together with a pair of black eyes, attracted the attention of his Grace, who at once fell in love with their possessor ; nor was his Grace's suit repulsed by the lady, as the accession to rank, if

<sup>1</sup> The exact name is cited by an authority as Marie Theresa O'Neill O'Beirne.

nothing else, was too great to be passed by, if even love was out of the question. Further, Miss O'Bryne thought her royal mistress would forward so advantageous an alliance—particularly with one who bore Irish, as well as English, patents of nobility.

Thus far all appeared *colour de rose* to both aspirants for conjugal felicity.

His Grace's passion at last led him, according to court etiquette, to ask Miss O'Bryne's hand of her Majesty of Spain, who apparently was more solicitous for his Grace's interest than he was himself.

"Are you in your senses, my Lord"—said her Majesty—"are you master of reflection, and yet insensible of the many disadvantages that must accrue to you from the granting of your request? Is it not absolutely opposite both to your interests and future establishment in life?"<sup>1</sup>

To these objections his Grace could only advance the time-worn plea of the love-sick swain—he "could not be happy without Maria."

An answer her Most Catholic Majesty had, no doubt, heard before; in fact considered like a sensible woman that it was not a reply to her objection, and thereon declined his Grace's request for the hand of her maid-of-honour—nay, emphasizing her refusal with the following common-sense appeal to his Grace's better reason:—

"It is vain to insist, my lord, I will not be accessory to your embarking in the inextricable

<sup>1</sup> Memoirs of the Count du Beauval, 1752.

misfortunes which must ensue from my consent; they will soon appear when the warmth of your passion is cooled; when reason resumes the seat whence she is now excluded by the violence of desire; and you will too late lament the irreparable folly. Are you not proscribed and exiled? deprived of the fortune necessary to support the lustre of your family! and can you tamely bear to bestow your name on a woman who has no fortune herself, and on whom you can settle nothing but poverty—and a title? Ruminde on what I have said; you will thank me for denying you, and allow that I'm your friend."

This exordium was one not at all relished by the gallant Wharton, who had been oft received by the fair in his own country in the spirit of Cæsar's laconic dispatch, *veni, vedi, vici*. Despair claimed his Grace for her own as he left the royal presence. To repair to his enamorata was the next step, and lay before his enchantress the ill-success of his mission, which he affirmed only made his love deeper; conjured constancy, and vowed that neither time nor force should ever tear her from his heart.

To this avowal was added a determination to conquer her obstinate Majesty, though, as a diplomatist, he attached a saving clause—"provided the object of his veneration never proved false, or changed," he would yet surmount all obstacles, nor should anything deter him from becoming her husband.

It is only just to admit that Miss O'Bryne really

loved her admirer with a sincerity that equalled that of his Grace, and consoled him for her Majesty's rebuff by promising to wed him, privately if necessary, in spite of all obstacles.

Nevertheless his Grace had sufficient regard for his position at the Spanish Court to temper his passion for Miss O'Bryne with discretion. He therefore tried to obtain her Majesty's consent to his union through the intervention of third persons ; but to all these wiles the Queen Consort was as deaf as the proverbial adder. Foiled in this as well as in other steps to attain his purpose, and fearful to take clandestine measures, Wharton, the hitherto spoiled child of nature, whose whims had always been gratified, now felt the pangs of disappointed hopes, which had so dire an effect, that he sank into a profound melancholy, attended by an intermittent fever that brought him almost to the grave.

News of his Grace's forlorn condition soon reached the ears of the Queen, who, woman like, seemed touched at so deep a devotion, and immediately despatched him a message, that "the news of his re-established health would give her infinite satisfaction,"—also, "she desired his presence at the first favourable opportunity."

Wharton thought her Majesty's kind expressions betokened relentment, as well as the alleviation of his sorrows. So much did this idea fix itself on his Grace's thoughts, that he resolved, come what might, to go to Court, throw himself at her Majesty's feet, and inform her that death itself



would be more welcome, possibly inevitable, than life without the hand of her maid-of-honour.

This step his Grace took. On being ushered into the Queen's presence, she expressed surprise at his indiscretion in venturing out before being convalescent; to which his Grace pleaded his strained feelings, as well as a desire to know his fate. Wharton here threw himself at her Majesty's feet, and made this entreaty :—"From your Majesty's lips I expect the determination of my fate. Life or death—there is no medium—depend upon your Majesty's words. If you continue inflexible, I have a ministring hand which shall assist in conveying me to that unknown shore 'from whose bourn no traveller returns.' "

Whether the Queen thought that the fervour of his Grace might tend to outstrip his discretion, or that his suicide might call forth expostulation from the friends of both parties (as his ruin, any way for the time, had already been accomplished), and deemed that she might be blamed more for his death than for making or consenting to a union of little worldly benefit, if any, to either—she gave way.

"You have my consent, my lord, to marry Miss O'Bryne," said her Majesty; "but it is much against my inclination; and I have reason to fear you will one day repent of the rashness of your action!"

At this sudden consent the Duke was transported with joy, and thanked her Majesty in his liveliest and most graceful manner; then hastened from

the royal presence to convey the glad tidings to his senorita, who expressed joy at her Majesty's gracious condescension, as well as pleasure at seeing him who she thought was almost *in extremis*.

All bars were thus removed to their marriage but one—the difference in their religious persuasions. Miss O'Bryne's convictions can be well imagined, both as regards her family, and position at the Court of her "most Catholic" Majesty. But at whose instance Wharton was approached to make a sacrifice of his religion for the purpose of his marriage, I cannot with certainty discover; that he did renounce his faith—in spite of the declaration addressed to his sister,<sup>1</sup> Lady Jane Holt—is beyond dispute, though it is very doubtful if his professions were any more sincere in his new faith than they had been previously for that he had been brought up in.

Religious scruples being thus removed, his Grace's nuptials with Miss O'Bryne were duly solemnized.

See p. 161.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Marriage of the Duke of Wharton to Miss O'Bryne—He feels the want of money—Assisted for a time by the Spanish Court—Departs for Rome—Assumes his Jacobite title of "Duke of Northumberland, K.G."—Politely "dismissed" from the "Holy City"—Proceeds to Barcelona—Joins the Spanish forces before Gibraltar—Reference to the Duke's alleged cowardice—Singular act of bravado by him—Deputed by the Spanish general to command some reinforcements—Receives a wound in the foot—Made a "colonel aggregate" by the King of Spain—Military life not sufficient to employ all his Grace's energies.

His Grace's marriage<sup>1</sup> with a lady without fortune absolves him of one evil—sordidness; though match-making mothers and guardians may object to that term being applied to that much "fetished" word—settlements. Wharton's position, as has been shown, at this time was one that a wealthy marriage could have much improved, nay, even to have gone towards making his peace with the English Government, had the lady chanced to be related to any one of the ministerial party. But his Grace was not only too callous for his worldly affairs, but far too independent to obtain, if it ever entered his head, pardon at the expense of his heart.

The early days of his Grace's marriage were—as

<sup>1</sup> Some doggerel verses published in Dublin on this event will be found at Appendix I.

is usual—full of bliss, but soon after, his curtailed revenues, with a Duchess to support, proved to the Duke he had made a *faux pas*, though the Spanish Court, with unwonted generosity, came to his assistance from time to time with subsidies. These at last ceased, whereupon he and his Duchess went to Rome, where he affected the title and ribbon bestowed on him by the Pretender—the “Duke of Northumberland, K.G.” Here for a time he was received with much favour; but the want of employment, coupled with the religious gravity of the pontifical Court, was too much for his Grace’s volatile temperament, so much so, that he commenced his usual excesses and eccentricities. These the powers of Rome would not submit to; so, to prevent their placing the Duke under the ban of disgrace, he was asked to—“move on,” in other words, to remove from that city for the present.

Having politely received his *congé*, his Grace took ship to Barcelona, at which city he heard that the trenches before Gibraltar were then being thrown up. This resolved, another addition was made to his Grace’s already long list of contumely to his liege King and Government. In fact, this was the last “straw” that broke the back of his moral and political salvation, and one that few of his friends at home or abroad suspected he would be so foolish as to enter upon. This was nothing less than addressing a letter to the King of Spain, in which he said that “he designed to take arms in his Majesty’s service, and

apprehending that his forces were going to reduce the town of Gibraltar under his obedience, he hoped he should have his permission to assist in the siege as a volunteer." His Grace having despatched his letter, evidently considered his services accepted, as he forthwith departed for the Spanish camp, with his Duchess.

A few days after his arrival, the Spanish commander, Comte de los Torres, handed his Grace a dispatch from his royal master, in which his Majesty thanked his Grace "for the honour he intended, by serving under his colours during the siege of Gibraltar," and appointed him his aide-de-camp, a position that involved the duty of rendering an account of all transactions during the siege direct to the King of Spain.

This appointment necessitated Wharton being frequently in the trenches before the fortress, in fact anywhere and everywhere, to obtain exact details of any movements going on. In the performance of this duty his Grace was constantly exposed to the fire of the defenders. This gives me the opportunity to allude to the want of personal courage attributed to his Grace by several writers, a trait of character which, if true, he certainly did not inherit from his father. I fear that a couplet, or the part of some lines, which sets forth some midnight brawl by Wharton and his fellow-roysterers, or "Mohawks," has much to do with the formation of this opinion; the words used are to this effect:—

“His Grace drew out—half his sword—  
The guard drew out the rest.”

An implication that asserts he was not courageous enough to draw and use his weapon—at least this is the way in which many have read it. On the other hand, a different version can be given: that the guard seized Wharton before he could draw out the remainder of his “pinking steel,” a construction as feasible and as possible as the first. But some assert that Wharton himself acknowledges his deficiency in “fighting” courage. Those, however, who have even thus far followed these pages, will be judicious enough not to attach too much importance to any too pronounced expressions of this aristocratic eighteenth-century eccentric.

To resume: his Grace does not appear to have shown any want of courage in his new *rôle*, nay, he carried his idiosyncrasies so far as to expose himself to the fire of the pickets of the beleaguered garrison.

An instance is on record which shows that in war or politics his Grace was nothing without being eccentric. One evening he approached, by the trenches, the walls on the Spanish side of the fortress; he then got out and proceeded to within speaking distance of the English lines, and called to and defied, or threatened, his fellow countrymen; one of whom, presumably an officer, asked who he was, what he wanted? etc. To the first interrogatory he replied, “The Duke of Wharton;” and then coolly walked back to the Spanish trenches.

That the officer commanding the British outpost knew that Wharton's foolhardiness—like poverty—knew no law, is clearly evidenced by his Grace being allowed to depart without even a parting shot being taken at him.

This act of bravado, however, does not prove that his Grace was really a "fire-eater," however quixotic he may have felt for the moment.

At last an opportunity occurred that might have given his Grace some claim to military prowess and courage, had it been successful.

On the side of the bay occupied by the besieging forces was a fort, that greatly assisted them by covering vessels laden with the usual materials necessary to conduct a siege; without this fort, the besiegers would have been put to great straits for necessaries of war, as the British cruisers were constantly on the alert to capture the vessels containing these supplies. The commander of the British squadron, having noticed how frequently the smaller Spanish feluccas escaped capture by running under cover of the guns in the fort, called a maritime council of war, at which it was resolved to capture or blow up the sheltering fort. Two of the smallest vessels under the commodore's command were then ordered to make the necessary attack, and for that purpose stood in towards the fort. This movement was observed by the Spanish commander, who at once ordered the garrison of the fort to be reinforced; and his Grace, out of compliment to his rank, was given the command. Fate, however,

resolved that his Grace should not wear the laurels of victory (could they have been achieved) at the cost of the lives of his own countrymen; as before either ships or fort could get within range of each other it fell a calm, which retarded the sailing of the vessels either to windward or leeward, while a strong current setting off the shore, made the efforts of the English seamen to reach their haven useless.

It was destined, nevertheless, that his Grace should receive his "baptism of fire," and bear personal marks of that ceremony having been performed. This was a wound in his foot, caused through the bursting of a shell, which invalidated him for a time. Upon his recovery, the affairs of the beleaguerment not making progress, his Grace returned to Madrid, where he received the congratulations of the Court.

The King of Spain, as a solace to his Grace's wounds, conferred on him a commission of—"colonel aggregate" (so called, whatever this encompassing term may imply) to one of his Irish regiments, which bore the appropriate name of "Hibernia," selected no doubt as his Grace was an Irish peer; also, possibly, as there was no English regiment in his Majesty's service that he could attach his Grace to as a fellow countryman.

This Irish regiment was then under the command of a grandee of Spain, the Marquise de Castelar; so that the favour conferred on Wharton may be considered very great indeed,



and explains in a measure the necessity for the "aggregate" suffix.

It is said that the emoluments of this appointment, together with his Grace's allowance from his estate, provided an income that would have supported him in proper comfort, more particularly as he was not expected to keep up the dignity of a Duke at the Spanish Court. But Wharton's inconsistent, inconstant, profligate, and prodigal habits had now become a second nature with him. Therefore, he no sooner found himself in tolerable comfort than he commenced to regulate his expenses out of all proportion to his means; which was attended with the usual inconveniences and vexations consequent thereto. Nor was this all his erratic disposition did for his Grace's further undoing. He lacked employment, that is, employment of mind; as one who had baited the whole constitution of his country by his brilliant wit and satire must have found even the aggregate coloneley of a Spanish-Irish regiment but a poor whetstone for those "goose-quill shafts" that had vibrated the British nation; even supposing that his Grace, with that characteristic official moral purity which marks his father, had found in his coloneley some of those curious perversions of public money that existed then in the English service. These would scarce have given a day's employment a week to his Grace's scathing quill.

Fearful, nevertheless, to set the Spanish Ministry "by the ears" as he had done that of his own

country, he found employment, if not fame, by so marked an inconsistency and inconstancy of conduct and expression, that he soon found a host of calumnious "friends," or enemies, around, who were embittered not only by national characteristics, but by attributing this natural fault of his Grace's to malice.

## CHAPTER XXV.

The Duke of Wharton solicits the Pretender—The Pretender's reply—Wharton departs from Madrid—Writes Mr. Walpole, the English Ambassador at Paris—His Grace's desire to be reconciled to the English Government—Walpole seeks instructions from home—Ordered not to show his Grace any compassion—A detailed account by Walpole of his interview, etc., with Wharton in a letter to the Duke of Newcastle.

THE conclusion of the last chapter foreshadows that his Grace was making Madrid as unbearable as those other cities where he had overstepped the bounds of prudence. He therefore in his dilemma turned, as he had oftentimes done before, to the Pretender, or as he was pleased to call him, "his Royal master, King James III."—to whom he always outwardly showed much attachment; in fact, this prince is one of few, very few persons that received unequivocal praise and devotion from his Grace, though many doubted its sincerity.

The Pretender was at this time in Rome, a city it will be recollected that had hastened his Grace's departure some little time before. This circumstance Wharton appears to have remembered, for, instead of departing post haste from Madrid for the Holy City, to commiserate with his "dear prince," he diplomatically approached the Pretender by a

well drawn letter, asking permission to attend that Prince's Court.

The answer his Grace received shows that the Pretender was well acquainted with Wharton's foibles, as well as having some doubts as to his sincerity, for—strange as it may appear—he expressed disapproval at his Grace's conduct, and reprimanded him for appearing in arms against his country in the service of Spain—a *faux pas* of his Grace's he thought should be remedied without delay. Indeed, the concluding remarks the Pretender is said to have used show that he at least did not desire his Grace's company, as he advocated Wharton's return to England to settle his private affairs (which implies the purging of his contumely), and to husband his estate, etc., which he considered should present themselves to his thoughts before a journey to Rome.

Whether Wharton thought this a polite dismissal for the present from the favour of the Pretender I will not endeavour to avow, but he had sufficient diplomacy left to at least accept, or pretend, the good advice gratuitously offered—which may have borne fruit had it been left to any other but himself to formulate its manner of execution.

Though his Grace was politely forbidden Rome, the Pretender's reply gave him what he desired—a good pretext to leave the Spanish capital. This he did either at the end of April or early in May 1728, and with his Duchess travelled by road *viâ* Lyons to Paris.

That Wharton set out from Madrid replete with

those intentions said to be the favourite paving material of his Satanic majesty's kingdom, is shown by his letter to the English Ambassador, Mr. Walpole, from Lyons, "that he purposed visiting him," almost as soon as he found himself in Paris.

"Lyons, June 28th, 1728.

"SIR,—Your Excellency will be surprised to receive a letter from me, but as the clemency with which the Government has treated me is in a great measure owing to your brother's regard to my father's memory, it makes me hope that you will give me leave to express my gratitude for it.

"Since his present<sup>1</sup> Majesty's accession to the throne, I have absolutely refused to be concerned with the Pretender or any of his affairs, and during my stay in Italy have behaved myself in a manner that Docter Peters, Mr. Godolphin and Mr. Mills can declare to be consistent with my duty to the present King. I was forced to go to Italy to get out of Spain, where if my true design had been known I should have been treated a little severely.

"I am coming to Paris, to put myself entirely under your Excellency's protection, and hope that Sir Robert Walpole's good nature will prompt him to save a family which his generosity induced him to spare. If your Excellency would permit me to wait upon you for an hour, I am certain

<sup>1</sup> A nice distinction. Wharton refers to the accession of his Majesty King George II., who succeeded his father the year previous.

you would be convinced of the sincerity of my repentance for my former madness, and would become an advocate with his Majesty to grant me his most gracious pardon, which, it is my comfort, I shall never be required to purchase by any step unworthy of a man of honour. I do not intend, in case of the King allowing me to pass the evening of my days under the shadow of his royal protection, to see England for some years, but shall remain in France or Germany, as my friends advise, and enjoy country sports, till all former stories are buried in oblivion. I beg of your Excellency to let me receive your orders at Paris, which I will send to your hostel to receive. The Duchess of Wharton, who is with me, desires leave to wait on Mrs. Walpole, if you think proper," etc.

Horace Walpole, on receipt of this missive, did what was perhaps best under the circumstances—remitted it to his brother, Sir Robert. By this means he was sure of finding out what course to pursue when his Grace presented himself, which would be easily apparent by the assent of his brother to intercede for the penitent Wharton or not.

Sir Robert received the Duke's letter, which his brother Horace had forwarded, at Hockrel, from which place he addresses Lord Townshend,<sup>1</sup> between June 29th and July 10th; the date cannot be definitely fixed; indeed, it may have been after the date his Grace waited on his brother<sup>2</sup> at

<sup>1</sup> Weston MSS.

<sup>2</sup> Horace.

Paris (July 6th), who appears not to have been in receipt of any answer from Sir Robert, "his brother," on that occasion, as will appear.

"Hockrel, June 29 (June 6), 1728.

"MY LORD,—I send your lordship a letter from the Duke of Wharton to my brother at Paris, which the messenger brought hither to me this morning. I beg you will lay it before the King, and take his Majesty's orders upon the subject, and transmit them to my brother, which he is very desirous to receive without loss of time, that he may know in what manner to behave himself when the Duke of Wharton is at Paris. I am sorry the Duke of Wharton mentions me in particular, which puts me under some difficulty, but I cannot forbear saying, I see no reason for his Majesty's altering the orders he has already given about the Duke of Wharton, but think it necessary that my brother should be acquainted in form by a Secretary of State with the King's pleasure upon this subject, without loss of time.

"If his Majesty should ever be induced to think of pardoning the Duke of Wharton, 'tis surely now advisable to carry on the prosecution, when there are legal and full evidences, which may be afterwards hard to come at ; and mercy is no less in the King's power after conviction," etc.

This communication proves that his Grace would not receive any consideration or mercy from the hands of one whom he had so ruthlessly portrayed and condemned in his satirical

writings. Indeed, in resource to this person, he had accomplished the old motto—*pour y parvenir*—although it may have subjected him to an almost implacable hostility, which proves as much as anything I have adduced to stamp Wharton's eccentricity.

The delay in Horace Walpole receiving his brother's wishes through an official source, does not appear to have led him, at the interview with his Grace, to buoy himself with any false hopes, if with any at all. On the other hand, had Walpole been prepared to give a decided answer to Wharton on his first visit, then that impetuous person might have feared that his reconciliation was so utterly lost, as to have determined his immediately proceeding to London to throw himself at his Majesty's feet. I am, however, anticipating the course of events.

To resume: to his Grace's messenger at Paris Walpole returned a befitting answer, that he should be pleased to see his Grace, at his own time, if he purposed an official visit; or if a private one, he should be glad to name any time convenient to his Grace.

In the frame of mind Wharton was in, he naturally wished as much publicity to his attempt at conciliation as possible; he therefore returned a reply to the obliging ambassador: "that he would visit his Excellency publicly," which he did the next day, and approached the ambassador, it is said, with his usual gaiety of temper.

The result of the interview must be an *ex parte*

account of the



one, as I cannot find any authentic version by his Grace. I do not imply that Walpole's account is incorrect or coloured, but its being in the form of an official dispatch to his Grace of Newcastle, it is robbed, or toned down, of many details. To start with, the reader will notice the different tone of his writing, which is a diplomatic style.

“Horace Walpole to

“His Grace the Duke of Newcastle.<sup>1</sup>

“Paris, July 6th, 1728.

“My LORD,—Yesterday about noon, while I was engaged with some company in my own house, my page brought me word that there was a servant at the door, who desired to know when a gentleman, who was lately arrived from Lyons, and had something in particular to say to me, might see me. I appointed him to come this morning at 8 o'clock, at which time the Duke of Wharton made me a visit, and introduced himself by telling me that he could not sufficiently express his gratitude for the great goodness and clemency of the Government of England in not proceeding against him with that severity which his behaviour had deserved; which he was persuaded proceeded from a regard to his father's memory. That he could sincerely assure me that he had not been concerned in the interest or service of the Pretender, nor with any person that belonged to him, for some months before the death of his late Majesty or ever since his present Majesty's succession to the crown.

<sup>1</sup> Walpole Papers, in Cox's "Life of Walpole."

That he had indeed lately passed through Parma, where the Pretender and several of his adherents were with him, but that he had industriously avoided to speak with any of them, keeping constantly company with those English that are known to be well affected to his Majesty's Government. That he was now determined to fling himself at the King's feet, to implore his mercy, pardon, and protection, having taken a fixed resolution to behave himself as a faithful subject to his Majesty for the remainder of his life, and should retire to such place, and continue there for such time as his Majesty should think fit, without being at all concerned in any affairs ; with much more to the same effect, which he expressed with that eloquence which is so natural to him ; accompanying the declaration with the most solemn protestations of a constant fidelity to his Majesty's person and Government, and desiring that I would lay before the King what he had said, and support it with my interest and credit for obtaining his Majesty's grace and forgiveness ; intimating to me that he was ready to make his submission to his Majesty in a letter that he would write himself to the King for that purpose.

“ I told the Duke of Wharton that I could make him no other answer to his solemn declaration, considering the notoriety of his actions, than that if he expected I should as a Minister say anything to the King about him, I must desire he would give it me in writing, and I would not fail, on account of his great quality, and of his being still

a peer of Great Britain, to transmit to your Grace, for his Majesty's commands upon it. But I could not help asking him what security he could give for a more settled and regular behaviour, considering the constant variety of contradictions in his life, both in religion and politics, for so many years. To which indeed he had little to say, besides the assurances of becoming entirely a new man, and of proving it by his future behaviour; that he was ready to let me know anything with regard to the Pretender, as far as was consistent with his honour, in not betraying or doing the least harm to any person that had been concerned with him; and spoke of the late Bishop of Rochester on this occasion with some regard, to whom he was resolved to return some original papers, that he might be convinced that he would not have it even in his power to hurt him.

“He then gave me by fits, and in a rambling way that was entertaining enough, an account of several of his late motives and actions while he was in the Pretender's service, and particularly in Spain, with which it is unnecessary and of no service to trouble your Grace at present. And he concluded with telling me that he would go to his lodgings, which were in a garret, where the Duchess of Wharton was likewise with him, and would write me a letter; and immediately without making the least stay or appearance here retire to Rouen in Normandy, and there expect my answer, after I shall have sent an account of him to England. But before he left me he asked me my opinion as a friend, whether he

should immediately resign the King of Spain's commission as an officer in his army. I civilly declined to give him any advice one way or another on it. Upon my return this evening from Versailles I found a letter from his Grace, of which enclosed is a copy.<sup>1</sup>

“The Duke of Wharton told me, in confirmation of what Mr. Allen wrote lately about the Pretender at Parma, that the Duke of Parma, upon the Pretender's arrival there, sent him his own guard to attend him, visited him both at the place where he was lodged as well as in the boxes at the Opera, gave him the rank, and publicly treated him in every respect as King of Great Britain; and particularly, that when the Duke of Wharton took his leave of the Duke of Parma at the Opera, having first let him know that he could not come into the box where his Highness was, on account of a certain person being there, meaning the Pretender, the Duke of Parma came out of the box to him, and took occasion to say, that he did not fear the English, for their fleet could not come to him at Parma.”

The following is his Grace's letter to Horace Walpole.<sup>2</sup>

“July 6th, 1728.

“SIR,—The friendship which your Excellency has always had for my family makes me hope that you will not decline to become an advocate in my

<sup>1</sup> Appended as a continuation.

<sup>2</sup> Newcastle MSS.

favour with the King, that his Majesty may be graciously pleased to allow me the honour of imploring his royal pardon for my past conduct, and that in order to it his Majesty will permit me to make him an humble tender of my duty in a letter, in which I may have an opportunity of expressing the real sentiments of my heart, and my unalterable resolution to pass the remainder of my days as it becomes a dutiful subject, who has already received the strongest proofs of his Majesty's great clemency, and who is consequently tied to his duty by gratitude as well as inclination. I shall esteem this as the greatest mark of your Excellency's good nature, for really your transmitting of my humble request to the King will be an act of generosity that shall be always acknowledged.

“P.S.—If your Excellency favours me with an answer of (*sic*) this letter, directed to me at Rouen, it will as surely reach me as it will charm me.”

The result of this application, together with the explanation of some references made by both his Grace and Walpole, I shall deal with in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Addenda to the references in the last chapter—The Duke of Newcastle's reply to Horace Walpole—Wharton becomes desperate on finding his overtures ignored—Horace Walpole informs the Duke of Newcastle of the activity of the Jacobites—Brief account of Mr. Mist and *Mist's Journal*.

His Grace's remark that he was forced to go to Italy to get out of Spain is somewhat difficult to explain. I think he must refer to his visit before the accession of his Majesty King George II., as he commences the paragraph by alluding to his *bonâ fides* since his Majesty's accession, though he diplomatically omits allusion to his correspondence with that *bête noir* of the Hanoverian succession the Pretender, whose desire, had he expressed it, to see his Grace would most certainly have prevented Walpole receiving the honour of Wharton's visit at this period.

The allusion made by Walpole as to his Grace's desire to see the late Bishop of Rochester is not expressed, as a contemporary records it, who affirms that Wharton at parting from Walpole intimated he was going to dine with the Bishop of Rochester; a divulgence that caused Walpole to smile, and willy say: "If he purposed doing so, there was no need to tell him," who I presume

could scarce associate his Grace's recently expressed repentance in dining with a person with whom correspondence was a felony. This nevertheless speaks well for Walpole's diplomatic skill, for though he scouted the information vouchsafed by his Grace, he made use of it; for had his instructions been to hold out some hope of conciliation to Wharton, and it had afterwards been found that that presumably penitent peer had been spending his time with one already exiled for treasonable practices, then Walpole's solicitations would have been shorn of their *bonâ fides* by his Grace's after conduct, but by referring to his Grace's possible visit to the banished prelate, his conduct in so doing was robbed of half its terror.

But, unfortunately, there was no need of Walpole exerting his art in "paving the way" to his Grace's absolution, as the official reply to the letter forwarded his brother, Sir Robert, announcing Wharton's purposed visit, as well as his own on his Grace's behalf, now came to hand.

"Whitehall.

"July 1/12, 1728.

"SIR,—Having laid before the King your Excellency's letter, giving an account of a visit you had received from the Duke of Wharton, and enclosing a copy of a letter he wrote to you afterwards upon the same occasion, I am commanded to let you know that his Majesty approves what you said to the Duke, and your behaviour towards him; but that the Duke of Wharton has conducted himself in so

extraordinary a manner since he left England, and has so openly declared his disaffection to the King and his Government, by joining with and serving under his Majesty's professed enemies, that his Majesty does not think fit to receive any application from him.

“NEWCASTLE.”

This letter shows that his Grace would receive no clemency at the hands of King George or his Ministers. It is safe, nevertheless, to assume that Walpole took the proper steps to acquaint the Duke of the ill success of his application, which was doubtless an epistolary communication, for it is said that Walpole and his Grace never met after their interview at Paris.

One matter appears to have been forgotten by Wharton during this attempt to reconcile himself with the King and Government of his country—their possession of copies of treasonable correspondence abstracted by Mr. Stanhope, ambassador to the Court of Spain. True he may not have thought this possible; but the fact remains as I have related.

The “pendulum” of his Grace's repentance had now reached its limit, and was swung back by a stronger counterforce, which did not unfortunately, as is sometimes the case with specimens of the horologic art, return convulsively, quiver, and then stop. Or in plainer language: Wharton repelled was not Wharton nonplussed, or Wharton bowed down with grief—as his Grace immediately forgot his professions “to lead a new



life" by throwing himself into the Jacobite cause with as much zeal as he had ever professed. This the following dispatch to the Duke of Newcastle by Horace Walpole confirms.<sup>1</sup>

"Paris, August 14th, 1728.

"MY LORD—Having already acquainted your Grace that the Jacobites had a design of printing a manifesto here in favour of the Pretender, by way of address to the several Powers assembled at the Congress, I have been since told by the Garde des Sceaux that he had seized the whole impression, and put an effectual stop to it. And Mr. Robinson, having been again at the prison of the Chatelet to see Mr. Arderhelm, has obtained of him a copy of the said manifesto, with the deductions designed to be annexed to it, which I have the honour to send your Grace enclosed. In the meanwhile, I am informed that the Duke of Wharton, having (upon what has passed with relation to him in England) renewed his commerce with the Jacobites, and publicly professed his attachment to the Pretender and the Catholic religion, is now at Dieppe, in company with Mist, the printer; and it is not impossible but they may be forming some design to print this piece, either there or at Rouen, in which last place at least there are presses."

This letter forms an important connecting link, one I long sought, between his Grace and Mist,

<sup>1</sup> Walpole MSS.

as regards a scandalous article which appeared during the month of August this year, in the paper which bears Mist's name. This makes it certain that whatever other business the Duke and Mist were engaged on, the latter gave the article (to which I shall presently allude) to Mist for insertion in his paper—for this was far too incriminating to trust either by post or messenger.

This article (which for the sake of argument we will suppose to be now on its way for insertion in the paper that bore its owner's name—Mist) had so great an influence on the fortunes of both author and publisher, that some notice should be accorded of the rise and fall of Mr. Mist and his journal.

*Mist's Journal* was started in the Tory interest August 1717, though the name of so trenchant a Whig as Daniel Defoe is found on its staff, who may have been led to think that its owner being one Mist, was a very "foggy" sort of person, for the politic Defoe, under the "shadow of the wings" of a certain noble lord<sup>1</sup> in the Government, committed a sort of "pious fraud" upon Mist, in short got himself on the staff of the new journal to translate the foreign correspondence, and pen it up into articles—letters I believe they were then called. This the celebrated author of "Robinson Crusoe" did in so masterly a manner that (so he affirms) no one suspected his *bonâ fides*. At last the belated Mist thought

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Sunderland.

something was wrong with the political tone of his paper, though by what means Defoe came to divulge his double dealing cannot be satisfactorily explained. It is agreed, however, that the proprietor of this "wolf in sheep's clothing" journal should be let into the secret of his own false doctrines, a condescension one scarcely knows how to admire, whether for its addition of insult to injury or for barefaced effrontery. Nor can I help thinking but that there must have been some—Mi(y)stic influence used to palliate the feelings of this wounded "wraith," as he (Mist) is recorded to have agreed on the divulgence being made (possibly, as they say in sporting parlance, with "something added")—that his journal should for the future amuse the Tories, but not affront the Government. One reservation, however, he made, which was that the paper should appear to be on the same side as before! In short, his paper was to be conducted as hitherto, before he surmised anything was wrong with its politics. This resolve tends to confirm my assertion that Mr. Mist was mollified—with gold. All went well for a while, till Mist thought the "amusement" of the Tories savoured too much of the *Æsopian* fable of "the boys and the frogs." Therefore the doughty Defoe and the publisher with the wraithless cognomen quarrelled, and the result—exeunt Defoe. This circumstance stands out as one of the mysteries of journalism, to show that even thus early in its journalistic career the British public was as gullible as it is now—nor has the astute Carlyle's

remark concerning its dementiveness in any way improved its understanding. For, strange to relate, the Tory subscribers to *Mist's Journal*, who had been brought up as it were on milk-and-water Whiggism, tenderly administered by the cunning hand of Defoe, now found that the tone and character of their dearly beloved Tory paper was wanting. The usual result followed—a decrease in its circulation. Mist now sought Defoe; after trying to please his subscribers with various staunch Tory articles by himself and others, but to no use, they found their Toryism ill administered in comparison to the former tone of their admired journal. A truce was then made by Mist, who re-engaged Defoe, after an absence of some two months from his paper, which would not “go” without its Whig writer!

Defoe wrote for *Mist's Journal* regularly for over eighteen months after this, to July, 1720, and occasionally after till the close of 1724, though other periodicals claimed his pen, one of which was the Tory weekly journal known as *Applebee's*.

To follow Defoe's journalistic career is not my present province, though I could not forbear allusion to so cunning a “wile” as that just mentioned, which brings me back to an old truism, one oft alluded to:—

“A Tory's a Whig, sir!  
A Whig is a Tory,” etc.

Nor is my reference altogether unwarrantable, when

Mist's paper is under review, which had so much to do with the crowning of the Duke of Wharton's contumely to his King and Government.

But why was Mist's paper selected by his Grace, more than any one of the Tory journals? If any reason can be vouchsafed—it may be found in the instance just given of Defoe's ministering Whig articles to Tory readers, who relished their piquancy from other dull party scribbles. *Wm.*

Wharton, as has been shown, was born, bred and commenced his political career as a Whig; therefore when he turned Tory he (no doubt, unknowingly) found better political food to his mind in *Mist's Journal* than in the other Tory organs, particularly as when that paper was in the height of its popularity, his Grace was then beginning his political transformation, 1720—1724. On the other hand, Mist, who had been pilloried and fined as well as imprisoned in 1720, no doubt thought himself a martyr to his cause. Nor did a vote of the House of Commons denouncing an article in his paper of May 28th in the same year as libellous and treasonable, add to Mist's loyalty, who was again committed to Newgate. These strictures on his publication, though still pandering to the Whigs by Defoe's articles, seem to have made him develop a fellow feeling for his Grace. But perhaps it was Mist's trial and amercement for the last or another libel on his Majesty, in *circa* 1723, that made Mist think that after prostituting his paper to the Government he was being made a sort of political scapegoat, as

his paper was looked upon as Tory, though as shown diluted with Whiggism. The judgment passed on the recalcitrant Mist was to find security for good behaviour during life, to pay a fine of 100*l.*, and to stand committed to the Marshalsea till the sentence was fulfilled.

Mist considered this sentence so unjust, that he determined (at that time) not to fulfil any part of it, so fled the country. This circumstance has been seldom, if ever, referred to by writers of the present day, or journalistic history, nor the amusing incident of his attempted arrest, when he visited these shores again in 1727. The omission of these particulars may not be due to any neglect on the part of latter-day writers, but to the scarcity of the record, as the only reference thereto is to be found in Nos. 3 and 4 of *The Citizen*, in the Hope collection of early English newspapers, now located in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, of which I believe no other copies exist. The footnote<sup>1</sup> appended gives the

<sup>1</sup> *The Citizen*, No. 3, Monday, September 25th, 1727.

“To *The Citizen*.

“Fleet Street, Sept. 22, 1727.

“SIR,—This scroll will convey to you my thanks, and I think you deserve the thanks of the candid part of your readers, for your reasonable apology for citizens in your paper of this day. Indeed, I am so well satisfied of the worth and excellence of that character, that I wish I could find an excuse for some great men who bear it, and yet behave at such a rate as if they had no reputation to lose. Perhaps you can furnish me with some reasons in their justification; and therefore I send you the charge against them, as it goes current in this part of the town, and is not, as I hear, contradicted in any other.

“You cannot be ignorant, that the famous Mr. Mist was,

chief features in the incident mentioned. Enough has been shown of Mist's career to resume my

about four years ago, for publishing an infamous libel against his late Majesty, sentenced by the Court of King's Bench to pay a fine of one hundred pounds, and give security for his good behaviour during life ; and further, to stand committed to the prison of that Court till the sentence was fulfilled ; no part of which is yet done ; notwithstanding Mr. Mist has taken the liberty to ramble over half the globe, since the time of his commitment.

"Information of this being given upon oath, an escape warrant was granted for the apprehending this fugitive, in order to satisfy the law ; and on Friday the 15th instant the person who had the warrant in his hands received intelligence that Mr. Mist was to spend that evening at the " King's Arms," on Ludgate Hill, with some certain candidates and their managers, on a consultation, as it is supposed, how to secure the votes and interest of some unfortunate gentlemen within the limits of the Fleet for an unfortunate party at the ensuing elections.

"Whereupon he took a constable with him to execute the warrant, and found means to get into the room where they were assembled. The good company, consisting of some city candidates for members, an eminent candidate for the office of Chamberlain, Mr. Mist, and several others of little note, were in some consternation at the sight of these bold intruders, especially upon their declaring they had a warrant to execute. At length an eminent Alderman recollecting the courtesy which, no doubt, he learned at Versailles, in a very affable manner desired the officer to sit down, and demanded a sight of his warrant. Some little time was spent in adjusting ceremonies between them on this occasion, the officer not caring to part with his order, nor the company caring to read them in his hand ; when all of a sudden the candles were blown out, and the officer jostled from man to man, through the company, till he was shoved out of doors ; and when lights were called, it appeared that Mr. Mist was used as ill, for he was shoved out before him, which it seems he so resented that he went off without taking leave of the company.

"I am, sir,

"Your admirer and servant,

"CIVICOLA."

No. 4 of the same, September 29th, 1727 :—

"As to Mr. Mist's being now in prison, it is true that he

subject—as it appears Mist had satisfied the sentence, and was conducting his paper.

did the next day after the rescue surrender himself, in hopes to avoid the bad consequences of that night's irregular proceedings," etc., etc.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

Mist and Wharton—His Grace not thought beyond hope—Prevents the desired leniency by a libellous letter in *Mist's Journal*—Allusions thereon—Wharton sets up an "establishment" at Rouen—Well received by the French nobility in the department of the Seine—Indicted by the English Government for high treason—Singular efforts made to win his Grace back to England, etc.

It was no doubt Mist's treatment by the Government, after being made by them more or less a tool, which induced him to seek comfort in the arms of the Jacobites, whose emissary he would have become by inserting covert articles in his paper relative to their cause. If this was the reason of his visit to France, then his falling in or meeting with the Duke of Wharton soon deprived Jacobitism of his assistance. A man of Mist's mediocre abilities, being brought in contact with the learned, brilliant, but dissolute Wharton, who smarting under a similar ban to that which perturbed Mist, led him, after listening to his Grace's plans for reprisals, which were no doubt unfolded with all the fire and fervour of his imagination, to think that Fate had been propitious in placing his Grace in his way as a means to revenge his own ills. Visions of what he might become did James III. have his own again, floated

before him, if he now assisted "the cause." That some feelings of this kind carried away Mist's more sober reflections seems certain, as the article brought to London by Mist, written by Wharton, was so libellous on his Majesty, that it is evident Mist, who had only a few months previous made his peace with the law, by obeying its judgments, must have known that his career as a publisher and newspaper proprietor would cease with its insertion; but he was so inebriated with his Grace's hopes, that his fears were banished.

Wharton at this time, though officially refused reconciliation by his King and country, was not then, as I shall show, looked upon by the English Government as beyond redemption; nor do I think did he in his inmost heart consider his desire for grace a "forlorn hope." This acknowledged, his conduct in accentuating his former rôle as the editor of the *True Briton* by composing an article against his Majesty King George II., which equals the most scurrilous published in that periodical, and using the most seductive powers of satire in his writings, which he got printed in a paper then under suspicion, appears to me the action of an irresponsible being. Indeed, I think with every justice his Grace's conduct in many respects may be looked upon as devoid of mental equilibrium.

Therefore, on August 24th, 1728, the article which was for ever to undo both author and publisher appeared in *Mist's Journal*,<sup>1</sup> which is too

<sup>1</sup> Appendix J.



KING GEORGE II.

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long, if not unnecessary, for insertion here, though it fully supports his Grace's claim as one of the best satirical writers of his day. But unfortunately, it is destitute of that small fraction or veneer of truth, which exists in many of his former effusions in the *True Briton*. The style adopted by his Grace is the epistolary one, and changes the venue of his comparisons from his favourite Greece, Rome, and Spain to Persia, a country he states he had lived in for some years, and witnessed all the miseries usurpation had introduced into that unfortunate empire. In alluding to its chief features, I omit mention of the reference his Grace makes to Sir Robert Walpole, as the allusion is too palpable to need any explanation.

To continue my brief exposition. Persia is intended to represent England, while the usurper, whom he later terms Meryweis, was meant for his then late Majesty, King George the First. Esreff is undoubtedly King George the Second, whom his Grace charges with being the illegitimate son of the former usurper, Meryweis. How he attempts to substantiate this fallacious charge, is best shown by reference to the copy of the original document in the Appendix. The Pretender is now set forth by his calumnious Grace in the person of the young Sophi, "the unfortunate," who is kept out of his rights by the tyrant Esreff. A comparison between the usurped and usurper is then given which as regards the first is a repetition of that accorded him in his Grace's semi-proclamation on

leaving his country. He however affords him another panegyric which was not called forth by the nature of his then avowals, that "this prince has no Seraglio"—implying that the "tyrant Esreff" possessed that oriental appanage, whom his Grace portrays as the reverse in character to his beloved Sophi.

The Duke then adverts to changes made in the customs of the Persians by the usurper and his followers ; while the "Chief Scribe" (Walpole) is put forth as the "great director of public affairs." Then follows another tribute to the long-suffering Sophi, coupled with the reasons why it was so difficult for him to strike the blow necessary to recover his inheritance.

Lord Walpole<sup>1</sup> Wharton next makes a vehicle to further insult the Prime Minister, or "Chief Scribe," who is now flagellated by his Grace's goose-quill. He compares him as the "Aga" that Esreff's ministers (whom he states "were ignorant of all foreign affairs") sent as their agent to Constantinople, who "had previously travelled about Persia to divert the nobility of that country as a buffoon, which character both his person and his parts entitled him to perform."

This singular epistle is concluded with the hope that the "Sophi" will be supported by the "Grand Mogul" (the King of France) and the Czar of Muscovy to gain his own again!

Though subscribed "Amos Dudge," it soon

<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 129.

became known who its author was, who, having as he thought set the English Government by the ears, was revelling his time at Rouen, where the receipt of two quarters of his annuity (1200*l.*) enabled him to once more assume the rôle of the *grand gentilhomme*.

At Rouen he commenced housekeeping, sent for some of his recent Spanish menials to resume their former positions in his household; in fact, ordered all things appertaining to his residence here—not according to his means, but according to his rank, an almost immeasurable difference at this period. Nor could the most careful argument, or the simplest arithmetical problem, convince him of his fallacious deductions.

The complications which naturally resulted from this course are the more to be deplored, as his Grace had been so well received by persons of the highest rank in the department, who were not only well acquainted with his means, but professed a certain amount of sympathy for his position. Therefore he need not have incurred expenses that may have been in accordance with his rank, but quite beyond his income from all sources. Indeed an offer he received from the Duc de Harcourt, of his noble residence on the Seine, during the period he was absent in waiting on his royal master King Louis, shows that Wharton's position was fully understood by the French nobles. Why this kind offer was rejected I am not able to authentically affirm, perhaps because he was too independent to accept it, or

that it would too much interfere with his other diversions, one of which was a sudden passion for hunting, a pursuit he gratified three or four days out of the seven, on the various estates of his newly made Gallic friends.

Alas, the distinction he met with did not reclaim his Grace from his erratic proclivities. Charmed as his new made friends were at his wit, address, conversation, and linguistic ability, they were shocked to see these fine parts dissipated by a carouse in an *estaminet*, when the brilliancy that emanated from him in his more staid and sober moments descended into querulous personalities or insipid humour.

Thus Wharton passed his time during the furore his libellous and scandalous letter in *Mist's* paper accentuated and hastened the proceedings foreshadowed in Sir Robert Walpole's letter to Lord Townshend—a bill of indictment for high treason against the Duke, for appearing in arms before his Majesty's fortress of Gibraltar. This was the specific charge, though numerous others could have been laid at his Grace's door. But this drastic measure to prevent his return did not alter his demeanour or way of living.

Shortly after the indictment for high treason was preferred against his Grace the Long Vacation ensued, before the *exigent* was awarded, necessary to obtain an outlawry. This period may have been selected to allow of submission by his Grace. Perhaps some hope was entertained by the Ministry that this *dernier ressort* of the law to



compel a person to answer for his contumely might have the effect desired. Now, if the following assertions are true, in substance or in fact, then it must be admitted that never was an individual so temporized with, after being guilty of almost every seditious crime, as Philip, Duke of Wharton ; for which leniency only one plea is admissible, the faithful services of his father to the Hanoverian succession.

The semi-official means said to have been used by Sir Robert Walpole to bring the son of his old friend, Thomas Marquis of Wharton, to a proper sense of feeling and duty—was the dispatching from his seat in Norfolk, during the recess, two gentlemen. One was or had been an intimate friend of the Duke's, the other a Member of Parliament, and high in Court favour. These gentlemen journeyed unostentatiously to Rouen, where they interviewed his Grace, and besought him to submit himself to the mercy of the King. They even went so far as to promise that, if he would write a letter to the King or Ministry, and return to his native country he should be re-established, and his estate (which then had been so carefully managed as to be worth 6000*l.* a year, after providing for charges in the shape of mortgage interests, etc.) enjoyed by him, provided he would lead a retired life.

This is the substance of the overtures the Government went out of their way to inform Wharton of, which their emissaries spent day after day in soliciting the Duke to accept. In this almost abject solicitation they doubtlessly erred, as the more they

urged the more absolute Wharton was in his refusal to make his peace, either by personal appearance and submission, or by dictating a letter praying for pardon. Nor would he accept grace at the price of his estate and a retired life.

It is possible that Wharton's fickle nature would have prompted him in one of his lucid intervals to do gratuitously that which the promptings of others failed to obtain; but he was as deaf as the proverbial adder to the arguments adduced by his interviewers, that it was beyond all order or custom for the King or the Government to grant that which is never prayed or desired by one in his Grace's position. Nor could he be brought to assent even to his valet addressing the Ministry in his name. In short, he refused to make overtures, or treat in any manner whatsoever. Therefore but one lot remained for the indicted Wharton—outlawry and poverty.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Wharton refuses to submit himself to King George's mercy—His trustees forbidden to remit his Grace his annuity—A disputed point—His Grace purposes entering a monastery—Mist again proceeded against—His *Journal* turns to *Fog's*—Letter assumed to be written by Wolfe, the printer of *Mist's Journal*, to Sir Robert Walpole—Its real author—His Grace in difficulties at Ronen—His flight to Paris—Poverty—Appeals again to the Pretender—A friend in need, etc.

THE leniency hitherto shown his Grace is, I repeat, without parallel in the history of the eighteenth century. But his refusal to submit himself to King George's mercy, after pleading for reconciliation through that sovereign's representative at the French Court, Horace Walpole, called for the full sentence of the law so soon as the Courts met.

If one thing more than another proves the estimation of the Government for the memory of his Grace's father, it was the patience with which the son's erratic conduct had been borne. True, he had commenced his political career by following the party his father had adhered to through all vicissitudes for sixty years. But, having been rewarded by his Sovereign with the honour of a dukedom while yet a "legal infant," what does he do but almost immediately enter on that

career which in a less favoured individual would have found a "short shrift" indeed. Even while conducting his paper, others were fined and imprisoned for articles nothing like so outrageous as his Grace's, who appears to have been looked upon as a mere eccentric amusing himself for a time, till his writings became so outrageous on the Prime Minister and others that for decency's sake alone they had to be stopped.

Wharton was now doomed to feel what the sentence of the law meant; as one of the unofficial commission<sup>1</sup> previous to his re-embarking at Dieppe, after ten days' pleading with his Grace, received a letter, in which was enclosed one addressed to the Duke of Wharton. This was from the trustees of his estates, who were sorry to acquaint his Grace that by reason of the indictment preferred against him, they were estopped from remitting him any money on account of his annuity; therefore begged him to use his utmost endeavours to get the proceedings quashed, etc.

But again I have to record that, even with the prospect of destitution staring him in the face, his Grace was obdurate. What appears to have made his Grace so stubborn was the indictment for treason being preferred against him after making overtures for conciliation. This he thought a most vigorous measure, which so humbled his pride that he could not bring himself to make, as

<sup>1</sup> Stated to be so; but it is hard to believe they exerted themselves as they did out of friendship, or without some secret authority.

it were, a public confession of his guilt, by throwing himself on the mercy of the Crown, which would be tacitly admitting the justice of the measures adopted against him, though he had previously admitted the errors of his conduct in addressing the Government through Horace Walpole.

It is said that the interview between Wharton and the Commission occurred prior to the article or letter in *Mist's Journal* of August 24th, 1728. Whether this was so or not is a disputed point, but I have good grounds to believe that the sequence of events was as I have recorded them.

Wharton knew he had placed himself beyond all hope when he dismissed those who, armed with no direct authority to treat with him, had so conducted themselves as to show their report would be acted upon. At their departure this unfortunate and unhappy eccentric began to form plans to do himself that which he would not do (in a similar sense) to regain his Sovereign's goodwill, his position, and estates—to retire from active political life. This he purposed doing by entering a monastery and applying his time to the study of some congenial subject; a course he would no doubt have adopted, could he have prevailed on an intimate to accompany him. But this person, not having the same necessity for worldly or social burial as his Grace, declined the proffered “skull and gown.”

Mist quickly received the attentions of the law

officers of the Crown, which he evaded by another flight across the Channel, though two members of his staff were captured and pilloried. This number of *Mist's Journal* was almost its last under that title, but fortunately for its proprietor it bore a name that required but a slight alteration to convey its old title under a new appellation. Thus, early in October, *Mist's Journal* became *Fog's Weekly Journal*—in other and plainer terms, Mist became a Fog! nothing very unusual.

Further it is unnecessary for me to follow its fortunes, though a letter dated from Boulogne, addressed to Sir Robert Walpole, supposed to be written by J. Wolfe, the printer of *Mist's Journal*, to Sir Robert, which explains the letter of the 24th of August, as well as imploring mercy, requires comment. This epistle is dated from Paris, though in its published form it bears the imprint of "J. Wolfe, at the Duke of Wharton's Head, Boulogne," where presumably he had commenced business as a printer. On the other hand, it is possible that this is only a subterfuge to conceal the name of the real printer here, as it is priced at two shillings, though this is scarcely good grounds for the supposition. On the other hand, the letter,<sup>1</sup> though supposed to emanate from Wolfe, was written by his Grace, which gives it a very different character, for read in conjunction with the one signed "Amos Dudge" it really more accentuates than palliates the libellous and treasonable matter therein.

<sup>1</sup> Appendix K.

Nor will it be necessary to traverse its contents, as the mere fact of its authorship shows that only further contumacy was purposed, in fact the very explanations offered only make the assertions of "Amos Dudge" (which Wolfe tries to explain) commit further libel. The letter should nevertheless be carefully perused with the one it is intended to qualify, for the reasons adduced, as well as others, with those which no doubt will come to the reader's mind when comparing the significance of each.

The false deductions upon which his Grace had set up his establishment at Rouën now made themselves felt by his various creditors clamouring for their money. Each morning quite a levee of these importunate persons waited upon his Grace, who at last found their attentions so irksome, that he sought relief by flight to Paris, leaving orders for his chattels, horses, etc., to be sold, and the proceeds to be paid his creditors.

Before departing in the diligence (or what appears to have been a kind of covered van), his Grace addressed himself again to the Pretender, as a *dernier ressort*. In this he depicted the necessity to which he was reduced by the loss of his estates and annuity consequent on his outlawry *for his sake*; and soliciting what assistance he could bestow, and imploring his protection.

That Wharton was in dire distress for money, if not the necessaries of life, at this time, is beyond dispute, as he slept in the diligence at night to save the cost of a bed and supper, while his

matutinal meal was *une petite verre de cognac*, which in those days answered in that country for the pipeful-of-tobacco breakfast in this.

Though his Grace's supply of spirituous liquors suffered curtailment by his necessitous condition, as may be expected from so evanescent an individual, his animal spirits rose in proportion to his distress; in fact, he seemed to find a fund of almost inexhaustible humour in being unable to satisfy his thirst and hunger. It is thought that he expected substantial results from his appeal to the Pretender, so that his then present sufferings gave some sort of a relish to his anticipated indulgence when the answer to his letter should be received at Paris.

On arriving in Paris, his Grace did not overrate his means, as he had in Rouen, by starting an establishment, but was prudent enough to become a *pensionnaire* in a private family, while the Duchess accepted the hospitality of a relative at St. Germain.

The expected reply to his Grace's solicitations was at last received, which it is only just to state chastised his Grace again for his follies, but the Pretender did not hold out hopes that his Grace's levities would be ministered to. In short, he distinctly gave the suppliant Duke to understand that as "his past conduct had not merited favour, it must be his future behaviour only that could recommend him"—gentle but firm remonstrance from one whom his Grace had charged with his undoing by devotion to his cause. Nevertheless,



though nothing was promised, his Grace concluded that though his salvation was lost in England, it still had hopes in Rome. This afforded sufficient consolation.

Had his Grace possessed sufficient stability to have put his desire for reform into practice, all might have gone well, but unfortunately he had so oft rehearsed, in his mind only, the precepts and rules he had formed for self-government, that he became so wearied with the thinking, that he never put one of his much thought reforms into practice.

It will not be out of place here to state that his Grace, so soon as he found himself with funds, returned step by step to his former vices. Money to him in any form melted in his pocket like snow. To put him, at this period, in possession of this "dross" was a mistaken kindness, which it would have been well for his benefactors to have bestowed through a third person, so as to put some check on his squandering a remittance almost as soon as received.

That the Pretender was more than generous to his Grace is substantiated by his remitting some two thousand pounds during the time he stayed in Paris. This must be regarded as an unwonted bounty to one who had certainly not furthered his cause to the extent promised.

Nor does the Duke's behaviour in the French capital warrant that his presence there was any benefit in advancing the cause of "his Majesty, King James III."

In fact, his actions while in receipt of his new master's bounty partake of those of the Court and times of the "Merry Monarch," a few instances of which will be given in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

“Light come, light go” with the Duke of Wharton—A freak at St. Germain—His Grace restores his habiliments at the expense of a friend.

THOUGH his Grace received sufficient eleemosynary support to have kept both himself and Duchess in respectable, if not ducal, affluence during his stay at Paris, it appears all these remittances for their mutual benefit were squandered on himself; therefore I find her Grace still residing with her friends at St. Germain. But even when the Duke tore himself away from his boon companions in the capital to spend a brief period with her whose possession, as has been shown, was of more importance (so labially expressed) than life, he could not leave his *mauvais mœur* or eccentricity behind him for even that short time, as the following testifies.

While at St. Germain on one of his flying visits, an Irish peer of his acquaintance happened to be sojourning there with his friends. As this nobleman was young, and of a good-natured, sociable disposition, Wharton looked upon him as “hail fellow well met,” if not as one who was enjoying his “salad days.” Whichever it was,

his Grace had made up his mind to use his friend, and use him he did.

Therefore with true "Hamletic" philosophy he waited for the "witching hour of night" (9 o'clock) before he ventured to business—like the ghost; when, putting on the most diplomatic look his repertoire could call up, or his facial features enact, he proceeded to his brother Irish peer's residence, whom he informed "important business called him to Paris," in fact, it was so pressing that "not a moment could be lost," and to support his statement begged the loan of his friend's coach, which his obliging brother peer granted. As he was about to set forth his Grace foreshadowed a latter-day creation of Dickens, "Oliver Twist," by asking more—another request—the company of his lordship. Why the Duke's being about to start on a journey alone should be advanced as a reason for his consenting, is strange. The situation, however, must be accepted as found, as I will not premise another. Thus, the business pressed—the Duke and his affable young lordship journeyed together to Paris, where they arrived at midnight. As his Grace's "business" seemed to be pressing, his lordship offered to leave him while he attended to it. The Duke replied that was not necessary. They then went about this serious affair in company.

The first step taken by his Grace in this presumably important affair was to go and engage a coach and four horses; he then hastened to the

stage door of the Opera House, and hired some six of the orchestra, to get in the coach and return with him and his friend to St. Germain.

His Grace's companion was at a loss to know where the Duke's important business in Paris lay, and was the more surprised when informed by the eccentric Wharton that thus far his business was concluded, also that he should now return to St. Germain, where the two coaches arrived at 5 a.m.; when his Grace marshalled his musical forces and led them to the palace. Admittance having been gained, he led them to a staircase leading to the apartments of some ladies, when he bid his band strike up those airs which the fair love to hear.

This, then, was the sum and substance of his Grace's "serious affair"—the serenading of some ladies!

As his Grace could not command every day a contingent from the orchestra of the Opera House, he made up his mind to use them to their utmost. Having inveigled his brother peer so far, he wiled him to accompany him to a neighbouring hamlet, Poissy, to charm with music a friend, an English gentleman, who resided there. His lordship acquiesced, perhaps being desirous to see the end of his eccentric friend's vagaries.

But his Grace's musical force not being, as he thought, sufficiently noisy, he sought about and increased its sonorous character with a pair of cornets and kettledrums, thus giving it a more

martial air. The members of the orchestra now objected to going further, urging that they might be unable to get back to their duties at the Opera in time, which would entail a fine of half a louis d'or each. "Half a louis d'or!" exclaimed his Grace; "then follow the Duke of Wharton, and all your forfeitures shall be paid." Their fears being allayed, they followed. The Duke and band now entered Poissy, playing the most spirited airs their repertoire possessed. The hamlet was alarmed at this small and early display of martial music. The gentleman who was the object of his Grace's attention was as fearful as any at this noisy intrusion, which he evidently thought was some conscripting force, as it is alleged he hardly knew whether to fly or bar himself up. But Wharton came forward, and making an apropos speech, calmed both his fears and fright; when "John Bull-like," to show there was no ill-feeling, he regaled his noble friend and musical body-guard with a sumptuous repast. This concluded the Duke's "special business." But now the piper had to be paid, a way or vogue in France, as in this plain, matter-of-fact country. Here his Grace's good-natured Irish noble was to be further imposed upon, as on the "score" being mentally calculated by the Duke, he took his brother peer aside and communicated or presented the following "petition" against himself:—"I have not, my lord, one livre in my pocket, therefore I must entreat you to pay these fellows, and I'll do as

much for you when I am able." His lordship appears to have been as much struck with the Duke's audacity as he was tickled with the ludicrous nature of what his friend called business, and like a good fellow paid the bill for the night's entertainment, which amounted to about twenty-five louis d'or.

Although the Duke, in receipt of remittances which, carefully applied to the purposes they were intended, would have kept both his Grace and Duchess in tolerable comfort, nevertheless his Grace's "familiar" demon, drink, no more respects the wearer of a ducal coronet than the wearer of a fustian cap in its demoralizing and degrading effects. Thus it was that Wharton, who had once been the Brummel almost of a period when the differences between the habiliments of the classes were more marked and respected than in these days of cheap dress-suits, a husk which may contain a peer of the realm, a millionaire—or a waiter! Therefore his Grace in the hey-day of his career could and, no doubt, did attire himself in a flowered satin sky-blue coat and vest, trimmed with silver braid, and lace ruffles at his neck and wrists, which would now-a-days make a countess's "mouth water." But the enslaving power of his ruthless master, soon made him forget that respect which most sober persons, peers or peasants, defer to—personal appearance. Thus, it is recorded that his Grace, since his arrival in Paris from Rouen, had worn his old Spanish regimental suit—

indeed it is questionable if at this period he had any other. This had no doubt fared the same fate that the clothing of most inebriates suffer, when accustomed to roll home at all hours of the night—or morning. Nevertheless, that his Grace did not purpose detracting from his self-indulgence by the expenditure of that medium—gold, which ministered to his cravings—I shall now proceed to show.

His Grace had met in Paris an Irish gentleman, a coincidence which, if coupled with that of the paymaster of his Grace's already recited frolic, proves that Irish noblemen and gentlemen had more means at command than their descendants have to-day—why, it is unnecessary to dilate on.

To resume: his Grace's Hibernian friend had received during his travels in Portugal—been invested with—the Order of Christ by his Portuguese Majesty. The doughty knight, with true Catholic devotion, determined to give a banquet in commemoration of the anniversary of the Order bestowed on him. Anxious to impart all the wit and talent he could muster into his company, he approached his Grace, but as he had never before seen that nobleman other than wearing a much worn Spanish military dress, he with consummate tact ventured to start a conversation concerning attire, clothes and fashions with his Grace, when he found by carefully plied suggestions the “nakedness” of his Grace's wardrobe. As he had made up his mind that the Duke should grace his feast, he suggested that his Grace should



aid him to entertain his company, but desired he would come attired in the dress usually worn by those celebrating the foundation of his Order—a black velvet suit. The Duke, who now saw a means to “become himself again” in the matter of dress, if only for a while, expressed a desire to comply with his friend’s wish—but alas! he did not know of a tailor whom he could intrust with his order, who would do him justice.

“I will send you mine,” urged his friend; “he is a very honest fellow, and will use you well”—a proposition his Grace at once agreed to.

Whereon the tailor came, measured, and made his Grace an elaborate suit of black velvet, which he donned and wore at the feast, *à la* Portuguese.

Some little time after, Monsieur le Snip waited on his Grace with his “leetle bill.”

“Honest man,” said his Grace, on inspecting the account—“you mistake the matter very much; you are to carry the bill to Sir Peter R——; for be pleased to know, that whenever I put on another man’s *livery*, my master always pays for the clothes!” Which his Grace’s introducer had to do, if only for the little seen latter-day bill endorsement—“Accepted for honour!”

Nor do I think I shall err in saying that the newly bought “sable” plumage of his Grace obtained him increased credit during the “inter-regnum” of his Jacobite remittances.

But it may be doubted whether the reasons advanced by his Grace, though accurate in a menial sense, were tenable in his case.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Wharton's power to accomplish weal or woe to these kingdoms much discounted—His Grace in funds again—Gives a ball—Singular conduct of his Grace during its progress—Challenges a Scotch peer—The result—Letter thereon by his Grace.

THAT many who then dwelt in these islands were inclined to underrate the Duke's power to do his country harm, or, to be more correct, placed the proper value on his then seditious leaning, is evidenced by a book published during this year (1728), entitled "A Trip through London." This is humorously written, and at page 7 records that "by private letter from Spain it is said that the Duke of Wharton is constituted corn-cutter in ordinary to his Catholic Majesty." Again: "that a certain honest Protestant Alderman proposed to insure the Church, State, Trade of Three Kingdoms—against the utmost efforts of Spain, Rome, Hell, the Devil, and the Duke of Wharton—for half-a-crown!" Which, assuming the security to be good, must ever stand forth as one of the lowest insurance premiums ever quoted. By this it may be supposed that certain "ostrich headed" citizens were determined to use the Jacobite literature as lullabies; that they were nearly successful the times of '45 prove.

While the press in England were passing various encomiums on his Grace's conduct, satirical and otherwise, the object of their attentions was still pursuing his career of folly and vice, at the place best suited for those bent on that course—Paris. It was here or at St. Germain that he gave a ball early in 1729, no doubt soon after a more than usual large remittance from his supporter, the Pretender. To this entertainment his Grace invited a large company, among whom was a certain Scotch peer, reputed to have been a nobleman of worth, distinction, and honour. During the progress of the ball his Grace was missed, and all efforts to find him proved futile. The next day, however, revealed how his Grace's departure had been effected, but did not reveal the primary cause.

It appears that the Duke left the ball-room, and took a coach to some distant part of Paris, from whence he addressed a challenge to his noble Scotch guest, and then posted to Flanders, there to await his adversary.

By some means, through the inquisitiveness of the messenger, or French politeness, the contents of his Grace's missive was made known to the authorities, who (with a care that has not been handed down to their descendants) placed the Scotch peer<sup>1</sup> under arrest, to prevent his accepting the Duke's challenge.

This affair, in its why and wherefore, is so shrouded in mystery, that any attempt to find a general or unbiassed record of it is futile. There-

<sup>1</sup> Lord C——.

fore an *ex parte* account must suffice. This is the Duke's, contained in a letter dictated and written to a friend by his order :—

“ Paris, April 6th, 1729.

“ SIR,—His Grace yesterday received a letter from you which he takes as a most sensible mark of that esteem and friendship which you always professed, and has kindly prevented him from consulting you first, as he designed, how to redress the injustice of so scandalous a lie, both injurious to his honour and false in every circumstance. His Grace writes to you by next post, to acknowledge the kindness of your letter, with full power to you to proceed as you think most proper, and has left it to me to give the true state of the fact, as it really was, and not as it is barely and maliciously represented ; which was thus :—

“ Lord C—, a Scotch peer, with whom you may remember to have heard both the Duke and Duchess say that they had lived in great intimacy in Italy : when he came here, some months ago, they renewed their acquaintance and friendship together, and for some time continued it with mutual freedom, till my lord Duke had reason to believe by what he had heard from others, that the said lord had vainly boasted how much he was in her Grace's favour ; which though his Grace often affirmed since the quarrel that he had not the least suspicion of the Duchess's conduct and honour ; but the vanity of that lord he would correct without bringing her name in question,

and accordingly grounded his challenge from a circumstance that happened some time before his Grace gave the ball at St. Germain, which was this: his Grace and my Lord C—— accidentally met at a Spanish Baroness's where they mutually visited, and where at that time was very good company, and a great deal of raillery passed. Amongst the rest, his Grace dropped one of his gloves, by chance. Lord C—— happened to take it up; upon which his Grace asked if he would take it up in all its forms? and the lord replied, 'Yes, my lord; in all its forms.'

"At the ball, not long after, which his Grace gave at St. Germain, and to which he invited Lord C——, somebody indiscreetly asked the Duke if he had forbid the Duchess to dance with Lord C——. This gave his Grace fresh reason to believe the Scotch peer had been administering new occasion for his resentment by a liberty of talking. However, his Grace contented himself for the present; and with a very agreeable address, and a polite manner of behaviour, entertained the company the whole night; but at five in the morning he slipped, unknown to anybody, to Paris, from whence he sent a challenge to the lord to follow him to Flanders. The challenge was delivered by his servant on Wednesday, about one o'clock, and was in substance: that 'his lordship might remember his saying, that he took up his glove in all its forms; which, on reflection, he looked upon to be such an affront that he could not put up with it,' therefore desired him

to meet him at Valenciennes, where he would expect him, with a friend and a case of pistols; and if he failed, he should post him, etc.

“This challenge, as I have said, was delivered on Wednesday at one o’clock, and his lordship came to Paris, and was not taken into custody till Thursday, about five o’clock in the afternoon. His Grace did not see any person till he came to town but Captain Brierly, whom he pitched upon to accompany him on that expedition; he even avoided me, lest I might have known something of the matter. As soon as Michael was dispatched with the above letter [challenge] his Grace and Brierly went post with only twenty louis d’or, poor provision for such a journey; but which proves, as every part of his Grace’s behaviour since the ball, that there was not wanting on his side the least resolution. Upon Lord C——being some time in custody, and the Duke no money left, he returned, and was also put under arrest, and ever since great endeavours have been used to bring the Duke to dishonourable terms, and even threatening to show the challenge to the Marshal in case he did not comply. However, after several messages backwards and forwards, and several proposals on both sides rejected, one of the Duke of Berwick’s was accepted, which was little more than a declaration on the Duke’s part that ‘there was no challenge nor difference between them.’ The words were written down by the Marshal, and expressed by the Duke, and then both the exempts of the guards were taken off, and the gentlemen set at liberty.

“My lord Duke is now in a religious retreat [in a convent ?] to make his Easter. If this works in him a reformation, as may be reasonably expected, he may yet be a comfort to himself and friends, which I hope and sincerely wish for.

“I am,” etc.

None of the statements contained in this missive can be challenged or traversed, for the reasons given. But it must be admitted that the last paragraph qualifies somewhat the tone of the whole, which, as stated, was dictated by his Grace. For why does he seek consolation, as well as desire reformation, if his conduct had not been reproachable?

The Marshal mentioned as having “patched up a truce” between these would-be combatants, was his Grace the Duke of Berwick, whose military rank gave him cognizance of all questions of honour. This affair, however, affords evidence in favour of my assertion that his Grace was not the poltroon some would have him to be. On the other hand, there was absolutely no cause for the affair other than the fictitious one concerning the glove, as her Grace was quite beyond reproach. Nevertheless, certain imputations appear to have been made by the London press on this affair, which were brought to Wharton’s notice, who wrote in answer to a friend who had acquainted him with these facts, the following :—

“Paris, April 7th, 1729.

“DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the

29th of March, which shows the continuation of that friendship, of which you have given me such repeated proofs. I am now in a religious retreat, where I am so engaged in the duties of the place, that you must excuse the shortness of this epistle.

“Mr. —— has sent you the particulars of my affair with Lord C——. I shall not trouble you with a repetition of them, but only in general say, that if he had been inclined to meet me, as I was to see him, he would not have remained thirty hours at Paris, but would immediately have come to the rendezvous in Flanders, where I and Mr. Brierly waited for him. He had my challenge in his pocket thirty hours before he was seized. I beg of you to clear up my reputation, and my wife’s, who had nothing to do in the affair.

“I give you full authority, and require it of you as my friend, to prosecute the authors of the *London Evening Post*, and *London Journal*, and any other paper wherein my reputation is touched, and empower you to act for me in that affair, promising to confirm everything which you shall do in my name.

“Don’t lose any time, and believe me,

“Dear ——

“Your sincere friend and humble servant,

“WHARTON.”

The request to vindicate his Grace’s reputation was an action quite beyond his friend’s power to accomplish, though willing to make the outlay



consequent upon a prosecution or action for libel, as his Grace forgets the ban of outlawry he was under, which depriving him of all civil rights, made him, as they well knew, food for every libellous scribbler or scandalmonger.

With respect to the allegation of cowardice inferred by his Grace on Lord C——, that does not appear warranted. The peer of that country which adorns its coat-of-arms with the scarce “give and take” (in its wordy sense) motto, “*Nemo me impune lacessit*,” made the delay, with commendable Scotch prudence, to save time and “siller,” as he was about to return home; made that departure from military or duelling promptness to pack his “goods and chattels,” so as to proceed homewards, *viâ* Flanders, during which process he was arrested, as recorded. But immediately Wallace’s countryman found himself in durance, he sent a gentleman to Wharton, in Flanders, acquainting him of his arrest. On this ambassador waiting on the Duke, he was at first overjoyed, thinking him his lordship’s second, and requested as follows:—“Sir, I hope my lord will favour me so far as to let us use pistols, because the wound I received at Gibraltar, in my foot, in some measure prevents me using a sword to advantage.”

Whereupon the Scotch peer’s emissary answered, “My lord Duke, you might choose any weapon you please; my Lord C—— would fight you with any, from a small pin to a great cannon; but

that is not the case. My lord has an exempt of the guards put upon him by order of the Marshal Berwick."

With this explanation I think the courage of both would-be combatants will be "proven."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Wharton retires, for a time, to a monastery—Goes to Paris and re-enters on his career of folly—Letter thereon by one of Wharton's friends—Wharton again in debt and difficulties—His flight by stealth to Spain—Joins his regiment in Catalonia—Gets into trouble with the governor of that province—Its results.

WHARTON'S conduct as a devotee charmed the pious but austere Fathers of the Order with whom he had sought consolation. Here his learning stood him in good stead, for he expounded the teachings of the old writers with so much genius and fluency that the good Fathers almost looked upon him as a saint. Whether his record prevented these good men from proceeding further in their attempts towards adding another page to the Book of Saints, I will not undertake to assert. On the other hand, while not shutting their eyes to the past excesses of their would-be neophyte, they consoled themselves that the "outward and visible signs" of repentance shown by their noble probationer was little short of an act of Providence, as well as a blessing bestowed upon their community.

Alas! the best laid plans—hopes and wishes of rodents and men, secular or lay—oft gang wrong. It has been shown that no power, fear

or favour could hold the unhappy tendencies of his Grace in check for long.

It is therefore too much to expect that the Fathers of the retreat where he had installed himself would accomplish that alteration in his Grace's character which even his most bitter enemy desired. In short, he got tired of the cold comfort of a religious cell, and pined for that worldly career which his kindly patrons had hoped would be forgotten in the studies of the Church.

By some pretext or another Wharton, with a companion, who had voluntarily immured himself with him, left the House of Penance, and rushed at once into a vortex of vice and folly of a worse character than heretofore.

Remonstrance from the friend who accompanied him was as powerless as the attempts of the Fathers to restrain his evil courses. In fact, his Grace's treatment of this platonic companion is best shown by a letter that unfortunate person wrote to a friend, which amply sets forth what he suffered for his noble friend, as well as the return Wharton made him for his services.

“Paris, June 1st, 1729.

“DEAR SIR,—I am just returned from the Gates of Death to return you thanks for your last kind letter of accusations, which I am persuaded was intended as a seasonable help to my recollection, at a time that it was necessary for me to send an inquisitor general into my conscience, to examine and settle all the abuses

that ever were committed in that little Court of Equity; but I assure you, your long letter did not lay so much my faults as my misfortunes before me, which believe me, dear —, have fallen as heavy and as thick upon me as the shower of hail upon us two in E—— Forest, and has left me as much at loss which way to turn myself. The pilot<sup>1</sup> of the ship I embarked in, who industriously ran upon every rock, has at last split the vessel, and so much of a sudden, that the whole crew (I mean his domestics) are all left to swim for their lives, without one friendly plank to assist them to shore. In short, he left me sick, in debt, and without a penny; but as I begin to recover, and have a little time to think, I cannot help considering myself as one whisked up behind a witch upon a broomstick, and hurried over mountains and dales, through confused woods and thorny thickets; and when the charm is ended, and the poor wretch dropped in a desert, he can give no other account of his enchanted travels, but that he is much fatigued in body and mind, his clothes torn, and worse in all other circumstances, without being of the least service to himself or anybody else. But I will follow your advice, with an active resolution to retrieve my bad fortune and almost a year miserably misspent.

"But notwithstanding what I have suffered, and what my brother madman has done to undo himself and everybody who was so unlucky to have the least concern with him, I could not but

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Wharton.

be movingly touched at so extraordinary a vicissitude of fortune, to see a great man fallen from that shining light in which I beheld him in the House of Lords to such a degree of obscurity, that I have observed the meanest commoner here decline, and the few he would sometimes fasten on, to be tired of his company; for you know he is but a bad orator in his cups, and of late he has been but seldom sober.

“A week before he left Paris, he was so reduced, that he had not one single crown at command, and was forced to thrust in with any acquaintance for a lodging. Walsh and I have had him by turns, all to avoid a crowd of ‘duns,’ which he had of all sizes, from fourteen hundred livres to four, who hunted him so close that he was forced to retire to some of the neighbouring villages for safety. I, sick as I was, hurried about Paris to raise money, and to St. Germain to get him linen: I brought him one shirt and a cravat, with which and 500 livres, his whole stock, he and his Duchess, attended by one servant, set out for Spain. All the news I have heard of them since, is that a day or two after he sent for Captain Brierly and two or three of his domestics to follow him; but none but the Captain obeyed the summons. Where they are now I cannot tell, but fear they must be in great distress by this time, if he has had no other supplies; and so ends my melancholy story.

“I am,” etc.

This letter not only shows the depths to which

his Grace had fallen, but shows the callousness with which he (in common with most dipsomaniacs) treated those who had any solicitude for him. It also confirms a former premise, that the brilliant Duke of Wharton was but a mere driveller when in his cups.

Hunted by a "pack of wolves" in the shape of importunate creditors, the last male descendant of the Whartons in the direct line, dodged his pursuers like a fox, running from cover to cover, by departing from the direct route, to the haven of his hopes—Spain. This he so far lapsed from, as to journey by stealth to Orleans, where he embarked *via* the Loire for Nantes; where he waited, with true "Micawber" irresolution, for "something" in the shape of money "to turn up." It was here his "Falstaffian" retinue joined him, who was more or less under the master's bond of duty to a menial to send or take back to their point of departure and native country, Spain.

The "something" at last arrived in the form of a remittance from Paris.

His Grace thereupon shipped, with his Duchess and retainers, for Bilbao, where, on arrival, he wrote to a friend an account of his wanderings, and adventures to reach Spain. This he is said to have couched in a "happy vein," and related how he had fared, and passed his time with his new "henchman" Bob B—— (Brierly). Though he makes light of his unhappy position, his Grace seems to have felt some remorse, as he begs

his correspondent:—"Notwithstanding what the world may say of me—

"Be kind to my remains, and O defend,  
Against your judgment, your departed friend!"

Unfortunately the remittance which his Grace had received at Nantes was not a letter of credit which would provide for his continuing his journey Spainwards, and would have further replenished his purse on putting foot on Spanish territory—as it only enabled him to reach his haven, where he found himself, on arrival, scarce worth a "groat," as well as without the anticipation of the relief hitherto afforded him by the Pretender.

Fortunately, in a sense, his Grace still retained his rank in the Spanish army, which carried sufficient *éclat* to gain for his Duchess and servants shelter and support, while he went to join his regiment in Catalonia, where his military command produced him the handsome (?) pay of eighteen pistoles a month. That this sum was barely sufficient for the Duke's wants need not be asserted.

But what was the poor Duchess to subsist on, let alone her attendants? Bad would she have fared, but for the kindness of the exiled Duke of Ormonde, then sojourning at Madrid, who heard of her Grace's unfortunate position, and generously sent her one hundred pistoles. With this she discharged her debts in Bilbao, then journeyed with her attendants to Madrid, where she obtained the shelter of her mother's roof.



Wharton, who had galled the jade Fortune so unmercifully, now felt what it was to have that much besought damsel for an enemy. Vex him she did at every turn, piqued at the abuse of her favours; as not only did the need of money trouble the Duke, but an incident occurred while he was in garrison at Barcelona which sorely chafed his Grace's estimation of his worth and rank. As he was escorting some ladies from a masked ball, he received an insult from a "mask" whom he later discovered to be the masquerading valet of his Excellency the Marquis of Risburgh, governor of Catalonia.

An affront from a lacquey was more than his Grace could submit to; he therefore sought the fellow, whom he found, and with more zeal than prudence caned severely. Naturally the "whipped" valet complained to his master, who with characteristic Spanish dilatoriness neglected his servant's complaint for a few days. Perhaps his Excellency expected the Duke to offer some bald apology for thrashing his servant. That something of this sort was expected is proved by the Marquis's after action. In the meantime, his Grace thought the fellow's impudence deserved the castigation, and certainly did not think of approaching his master with an apology, in fact thought the lacquey would not dare to inform the Marquis of his own indiscretion. These thoughts of his Grace were English ones, and would be deemed to some extent justified by any Englishman. In this the Duke erred, as he should have

recollected whose country and service he was in—the King of Spain's.

The Marquis, reminded by his domestic of the Duke's conduct, then thought that as a Spanish grandee he was entitled to some apology from his Grace for assaulting one who was in his service. He then waited a little longer for Wharton's note or messenger, which not arriving, he exercised his powers of office by ordering his Grace to consider himself under arrest, which he obeyed by retiring to a fortress<sup>1</sup> in the province. A short time afterwards his Excellency commanded his appearance at Barcelona, taking off the order of arrest. This his Grace refused compliance with, thinking the Marquis had exceeded his powers, and returned an answer that "he would not break his durance without express orders from the Court at Madrid." By this move Wharton believed he should call down a reprimand on the Marquis; but again he was mistaken as to Spanish etiquette and procedure—as his Excellency had sufficient friends and power at Court to obtain an explicit command for his Grace to return to his duty in the garrison, Barcelona, and not to enter the town on any pretext: a direct confirmation of the Marquis's action. This "ban" sorely vexed the spirit as well as further humbled the pride of the haughty Wharton, though for the time he affected to be glad of the opportunity this would give him to enter upon a much-thought-of literary undertaking.

<sup>1</sup> Montjuich.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Wharton suffers admonishment—Seeks aid from a relative in England—Letter thereon—Further misfortunes pursue his Grace—Becomes a little more regular in his conduct—Purposes making a translation of *Telemachus*—Talks of writing a tragedy—Overtaken by sickness—His death—Remarks on his Grace's career, family, etc.—Conclusion.

It is said that the disgrace of being forbidden the town chafed Wharton's proud spirit sorely ; though probably the order may have had a double meaning, as the King of Spain had formed some plan to settle Don Carlos in Italy ; he therefore kept a large body of troops ready for embarkation at a moment's notice. An order of the character mentioned can be made burthensome or not according to the disposition of the person against whom it is made ; that it suited his Grace at this time to consider himself a martyr is beyond dispute. On the other hand, he knew of the proposed campaign, in fact looked upon it in quite a martial spirit, going so far as to approach by letter a relative in England for assistance to regulate his military equipage according to his rank ; a request which was granted, though in a roundabout way which is said to have been adopted to place the desired funds in his hands, which for a wonder were applied

to their proper use. I am unable to give the name of his Grace's kind relative, or the letter he wrote asking his aid, though one which accompanied it, to a friend in Paris, whose offices were sought to forward the Duke's letter to England, has been preserved. This is couched in an easy, familiar strain, and humorously portrays the characters of two of his friends or dependents then with him in Catalonia.

“Belaguer, May 10th, 1730.

“DEAR ———,

“I am overjoyed to find by yours of the 24th of April, which I received yesterday, that Mrs. ——— has entirely recovered. The Duchess of Wharton described her illness to me, in a letter I received from Madrid, and I own it gave me a great deal of concern. I knew that your innate good nature, prompted by the tenderness of a husband, would make a deep impression upon your spirits; for though my misfortunes have deprived me of the means of serving my friends, yet I shall always continue to take a share in whatever can affect them. All that I can do at present to answer the calls of friendship, is to rejoice at the prosperity of my friend, and to feel his calamities.

“As for Miss Polly<sup>1</sup> [Peachum], I thought she

<sup>1</sup> As to whom this allusion is intended I have not been able to trace; the sobriquet given is that of one of the characters in Gay's *Beggars' Opera*, produced in 1728, which caused so great a furore, as it was supposed to satirize the Government of the day and the Italian school of music. Wharton's after allusions in this letter appear written in a similar strain, satirizing

was established with crook-fingered Jack of Rouen. I am sorry she is disobedient to her parents, but I'll answer for her that she loves the trade too well ever to turn honest, which ought to be a comfort to you.

"No man ever deserved hanging more than the Prime Minister. I am of opinion, he ought to live some time longer. I suppose the locker being empty, he wrote his vindication to get a little money, and by being thought honest, he intends to cheat the world a second time. That being the fact, I think he ought to be commended for his industry.

"Nimming Ned prays daily, but his reason for that uncommon devotion is that he finds the Church a good convenient place to exercise his old trade of picking pockets. He has 'filed' a great many 'wipes' this year.

"Bob Booty,<sup>1</sup> since he is made a captain, has changed his manner of serving the gang; he is turned a clever sharper at cards, and does now and then pick up pence enough to subsist the gang for a month without other business.

"This is all I know of your disciples in these parts. As for news, I can only tell you that we are preparing with great alacrity for a 'red hot' war. An embargo is laid on all the barques and vessels that are in any port between Cadiz and Barcelona,

his dependents as well as his own impecuniousness, by showing to what straits his adherents were supposed to be driven to live.

<sup>1</sup> Brierly.

for the transport of troops ; and the Marquis de Torremayor, Inspector General of the infantry of Catalonia, is now upon his review, with full power to reform all officers that are judged unfit for service, and fill up their posts with others. He is to pass my regiment the 23rd of this month, and I am preparing for his reception. I will show him two battalions that are as fine as any troops in Europe.

“I must beg the favour of you to find some way of having the enclosed letter delivered to ——; I do not know where to address it myself. I send it open that you may read it ; and I desire you will be so kind as to take up what letters may come for me, and forward them as usual.

“I am, dear ——,

“Your obliged friend

“And humble and obedient servant,

“WHARTON.”

His Grace now received news of a further misfortune, the death of his wife's mother, by which a pension from the Spanish Government was lost to her family, thus placing her two unmarried daughters, as well as the Duchess of Wharton, in dependent circumstances. Fortunately the family had still a little influence left at the Spanish Court, by which one of the officials was induced by their exigencies to place the names of her Grace's sisters down for maids-of-honour to her Most Catholic Majesty when vacancies should occur. This would have been but poor solace to these

indigent ladies, had not the nomination been accompanied with an order—scarcely Spanish as to promptness—that the salary appertaining to the appointment should be drawn immediately by the nominees. This kept “the wolf from the door.” Nor was her Grace forgotten by her former mistress, who made or gave her some employment about her person.

Now, whether it was the powers with which the Marquis de Torremayor was armed, which his Grace’s detention premised might be still further inflicted on him, or a desire to conduct himself in a manner worthy of rank and education, no one has left on record, though several authorities allege that at this period he lived more regularly, perhaps, than he had ever done.

It was in one of these interregnums between the succession of those acts of folly and vice which dominated the career of this unfortunate, that he at this time made an attempt to re-woo the Muse, though he did but little more towards it than a resolution he had attempted a year or so before, when he was in red-hot haste to give to the world a translation of *Telemachus*, which he, with the fire and impatience of genius, completed as far as the first book; here he left his task, nor was anything more heard of it, except a reference made in a letter to a friend a few months later, which proves that the “thief of time” was in close companionship with him:—thus, that he was “conversing with *Telemachus* and *Mentor*, in order to persuade them to

open campaign against all enemies of common sense." But the spirits of Telemachus and Mentor were laid by that ill genius procrastination, and the world thus deprived of a translation to which Wharton's learning would have done ample justice.

In much the same spirit was his second attempt to regain the suffrages of his oft-jilted Muse. To one whose career had been all but a melodrama, it is not surprising to find his next attempt at composition was a tragedy, founded on the career of Mary Queen of Scots,<sup>1</sup> a time-worn subject then as now, in fact a literary evergreen. This his Grace worked steadily at, as might be expected from the then regular tenour of his life, till several scenes were finished. But now Wharton was doomed to experience the truth of the saying that "a man should work while he can"—as he was now stricken by a return of the malady which had laid him low early in 1728—fits, combined with stomachic derangements, the results of his former excesses, which almost prevented him rising from bed, being unable to take proper sustenance, so weak had he now become.

So serious was his Grace's condition that his

<sup>1</sup> The only lines known of this tragedy are :—

"Sure, were I free, and Norfolk were a prisoner,  
I'd fly with more impatience to his arms  
Than the poor Israelite gazed on the serpent—  
While life was the reward of every look."

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu engaged to write the epilogue, which is extant.



life was despaired of in his quarters at Lerida, where he had been lying for two months, at the beginning of the year 1731. By careful attention he became sufficiently convalescent to be removed to a little village in Catalonia celebrated for its medicinal springs; but his constitution was too shattered to permit of any permanent benefit being effected. After a short stay he rejoined his regiment in Tarragona, the "shadow of his former self." But he was obliged to have recourse again to his "mineral spring," which he thought effected some good while he partook of its assumed restorative properties. For this he left his command early in May, and journeyed to his mountain watering-place; but sad to relate, his Grace had both over-estimated his own strength, as well as the virtues of the waters he had partaken of medicinally, as before he arrived at his haven, he was seized with a fit while passing through a small village, on horseback, where he would have been destitute of both medical skill and care but for the Fathers of a Benedictine convent there, who had his Grace conveyed to their house, where he was tended not only with attention, but monastic skill. Cordials were administered, which revived the unconscious Duke, but the shock his constitution had received by these constant fits, made each one more difficult to recover from. This last was fated to be Wharton's *coup-de-grâce*, for after languishing a week on a pallet in a cell of this religious house, he passed away May 31st, 1731, in the thirty-second year of his age, remote from wife or

and out  
relative, ~~or~~ with one acquaintance to close his eyes. True, he was surrounded by those whose religion he had adopted, who have left on record that "he made a very penitent and Christian exit"<sup>1</sup>—which is perhaps all that their Order called on them to do. They buried him the next day after the manner of their brethren, and in the same coarse way. Thus in one of the aisles of the church appertaining to the monastery of the Franciscans de la Puebla at Reus, nine miles west of Tarragona, Spain, were the remains of the last male descendant of the noble house of Wharton interred. At the close of the last century, the traveller could dimly trace the name of the Duke inscribed on a small slab, which possibly is now entirely effaced.

with  
To add anything but regret for a career such as the Duke's would be fulsome after so exhaustive a record. Nor can anything but pity be expressed when the life of this unfortunate peer is compared ~~to~~ that of his patriotic father, whose lifelong devotion to the cause of constitutional liberty and Protestantism was so sullied by a son he had made the hope of his life. To the present and latter day student and reader these two lives must stand forth boldly as the Philip and Alexander of each other. To be brief, the father added rank, fortune and political lustre to an already famous name. His son truly culminated the first at the outset of his career, by being raised to the highest grade

<sup>1</sup> It is said his Grace desired that his jewels should be handed to Mrs. Higgins, wife of Dr. Higgins, physician in ordinary to his Catholic Majesty.

of the peerage, but nothing more, for he squandered the all but princely fortune left him, and cast disgrace on his father's reputation by becoming an adherent to the cause his parent had so strenuously opposed, as well as becoming a convert to a religion only second in that parent's abhorrence to the Stuarts.

In the career of these two noblemen may be found the quintessence of the aims of "party" in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—the Protestant or Stuart succession—to settle which was the end and aim of Whigs and Tories.

Fortunately for these realms the good cause so ably supported by his Grace's father triumphed, while he who strove to undo what his father had so ardently strove to create, perished a ruined outcast in a foreign land.

Soon after her husband's death the Duchess of Wharton came to London, for what purpose it is difficult to say, though inference points to some claim to recognition by the Government, as the late Duke's estates were then producing an income in excess of their obligations. If this was her purpose it does not appear to have been successful, as she is recorded as living here in obscurity on a small pension allowed her by the Spanish Government till 1777, in which year she died, her remains being interred in the burial ground attached to the old Parish church of St. Pancras, London.

With his Grace's death all his honours became extinct, except the barony of Wharton, though

no descendant of the female line claimed the title till 1844, when Col. Kenneys-Tynte, of Haslewell, Somerset, claimed it by descent from Mary, third daughter of the fourth lord, by Jane Goodwyn, his second wife, which barony, after mature deliberation by a Committee of the Lords, was held to be in abeyance between the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, C. J. K. Kenneys-Tynte, Esq., A. D. R. Wishart-Baillie-Cochrane, Esq., and Anthony Aufrere, Esq., representatives of the issue of the female descendants of the fourth and fifth lords.

FINIS.

## APPENDIX A.

“Friday, November 15th, 1717.

“MAY it please your Majesty :

“We, your Majesty’s most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, being entirely sensible that the Happiness and Welfare of these Kingdoms depend (next under God) on your Majesty and your Royal Family, and being desirous on all occasions to express our unfeigned zeal for your Majesty’s sacred person and Government, beg leave in the most humble manner to congratulate your Majesty on her Royal Highness the Princess’s safe delivery, and on the happy increase of the Royal Family by the Birth of a Prince !”

## APPENDIX B.

### THE DRINKING MATCH.

In imitation of "Chevy Chase."

I.

GOD prosper long our noble King,  
And likewise Eden Hall;  
A doleful drinking bout I sing,  
There lately did befall.

II.

To chase the spleen with cup and can,  
Duke Philip<sup>1</sup> took his way;  
Babes yet unborn shall never see  
Such drinking as that day.

III.

The stout and ever thirsty Duke  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure within Cumberland  
Three livelong nights to take.

IV.

Sir Musgrave, too, of Martindale,  
A true and worthy knight,  
Eftsoons with him a bargain made  
In drinking to delight.

V.

The bumper swiftly passed about,  
Six in a hand went round,  
And with their calling for more wine  
They made the hall resound.

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<sup>1</sup> Philip, Duke of Wharton.

## VI.

Now when these merry tidings reached  
The Earl of Harold's <sup>1</sup> ears,  
"Am I," quoth he, with a great oath,  
"So slighted by my peers?"

## VII.

"Saddle my horse! bring me my boots!  
I'll with them be right quick:  
And, Master Sheriff, come you too,  
We'll fit them for this trick."

## VIII.

"Lo! yonder doth Earl Harold come!  
Did one at table say.  
"Tis well," replied the mettled Duke:  
"How will he get away?"

## IX.

When thus the Earl began: "Great Duke,  
I'll know how this did chance,  
Without inviting me; sure this  
You did not learn in France.

## X.

"One of us two under the board  
For this affront shall lie.  
I know thee well, a Duke thou art,  
So some years hence may I.

## XI.

"And trust me, Wharton, pity 'twere,  
So much good wine to spill,  
As these companions all may drink  
Ere they have had their fill.

## XII.

"Let thou and I in bumpers full  
This great affair decide."  
"Accursed be he," Duke Wharton said,  
"By whom it is denied!"

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<sup>1</sup> Probably the Earl of Thanet.

## XIII.

To Andrews, and to Hotham fair,  
 Many a pint went round ;  
 And many a gallant gentleman  
 Lay spewing on the ground.

## XIV.

When at the last, the Duke espied  
 He had the Earl secure,  
 And plied him with a full pint glass  
 Which laid him on the floor.

## XV.

Who never spoke more words than these,  
 After he downward sunk :  
 " My worthy friends, revenge my fall,  
 Duke Wharton sees me drunk ! "

## XVI.

Then with a groan, Duke Philip held  
 The sick man by the joint ;  
 And said, " Earl Harold, 'stead of thee,  
 Would I had drank that pint.

## XVII.

" Oh —— ! my very heart does bleed,  
 And does within me sink ;  
 For surely a more sober Earl  
 Did never swallow drink ! "

## XVIII.

With that the Sheriff, in a rage,  
 To see the Earl so smit,  
 Vowed to avenge the dead-drunk peer  
 Upon renowned Sir Kit.<sup>1</sup>

## XIX.

Then stepped a gallant squire forth  
 Of visage thin and pale,  
 Lloyd <sup>2</sup> was his name, and of Ganghall,  
 Fast by the river Swale.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Christopher Musgrave.

<sup>2</sup> By some said to be the author of these verses, which I fear cannot be substantiated, as they are credited to his Grace



## XX.

Who said, he would not have it told  
Where Eden river ran,  
That unconcerned he should sit by,  
“So, Sheriff, I’m your man!”

## XXI.

Full lustily and long they swilled,  
Many a tedious hour;  
Till, like a vessel over-filled,  
It ran upon the floor.

## XXII.

Then news was brought into the room,  
Where the Duke lay in bed,  
How that his squire so suddenly  
Upon the floor was laid.

## XXIII.

“Oh! heavy news!” Duke Philip said:  
“Cumberland, witness be,  
I have not any toper more  
Of such account as he.”

## XXIV.

Like tidings to Earl Harold came  
Within as short a space,  
How that his doughty Sheriff, too,  
Was tumbled from his place.

## XXV.

“Now God be with him,” said the Earl,  
“Since ’twill no better be;  
I trust I have within my town  
As drunken knights as he.”

## XXVI.

Of all the number that were there,  
Sir Baynes, he scorned to yield,  
But with a bumper in his hand  
He staggered o’er the field.

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in all notices of his works. However, Lloyd was a boon companion of both Sir Christopher Musgrave and the Duke of Wharton.

## XXVII.

Thus did the dire engagement end,  
And each man of the slain  
Was quickly carried off to bed,  
His senses to regain.

## XXVIII.

God save the King, the Church and State,  
And bless the land with peace ;  
And grant henceforth that drunkenness  
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

## XXIX.

And also bless our royal Prince,  
The kingdom's other hope :  
And grant us grace for to defy  
The Devil and the Pope.

## APPENDIX C.

HIS Grace the Duke of Wharton's speech in the Lords on the third reading of the Bill to inflict pains and penalties on Francis (late) Bishop of Rochester, May 15th, 1723.

"MY LORDS,—Some words which have fallen from the Reverend prelate who spoke last have made it in some measure necessary for me to trouble your Lordships with the reasons that induced me to differ with him in opinion, and to give my negative to the Bill now depending before us.

"If I do not misunderstand his Lordship (and if I should mistake his meaning I hope he will set me right), he was pleased to say :—That persons without doors would be apt to cast different reflections on the particular behaviour of every Lord this day : that those who were for the passing of this Bill would be accused of malice and partiality ; and those who were of contrary sentiments would be branded with disaffection to the present happy Establishment.

"For my part, I am far from thinking that considerations of this nature will have the least weight with any of your Lordships ; and am very certain that everyone who gives his vote on this important occasion has attended with the greatest care to the evidence that has been given at your Bar, which is the foundation of this day's debate.

"The proofs that have been brought to support the charge, and the Bishop's defence, are to be thoroughly considered ; and when your Lordships proceed according to the rules of justice, you will not fear nor value any consequences which may attend the discharging of your duty.

"So far I will venture to affirm : that the best way to show our zeal to his Majesty and the present Government, is to act in all cases, both in our judicial and legislative capacities, with that honour and impartiality as ought to flourish in this great Council of the nation.

"I could have wished the noble Lords who have given their reasons for the passing this extraordinary Law would have entered into the particular circumstances of this case, and considered it singly on its own merits ; but, instead of speaking

on that head, I cannot but take notice that they have wandered from that which ought to have been their only consideration into learned discourses on Bills of this nature in general.

“I shall not trouble this House with any arguments against attainders. Many Lords, of greater weight and abilities than myself, have already spoke fully to this point in the preceding debates. I shall only so far agree with the Reverend prelate who spoke before me :—That it is proper that such a power of punishing by Bill should be vested in the Legislature, to be exercised in extraordinary emergencies. But, then, I must add —if ever that power is abused, if ever it is employed to destroy innocent persons, it is evident that the lives, liberties and fortunes of every subject in Britain are in the utmost danger, and liable to be sacrificed to the fury of a Party.

“It has been admitted that every Bill of Pains and Penalties is to stand upon its bottom, and that the passing of one Act of this nature is not to be brought as a precedent for the supporting of another, unless there be convincing evidence to enforce each case. And therefore the proper consideration now before us is, whether the evidence offered against the unfortunate prelate is sufficient to induce your Lordships to believe him guilty of the heavy crimes of which he stands accused.

“My Lords, I shall take the liberty of considering the whole proofs that have been brought on this occasion, both by way of Charge, Defence, Reply and Rejoinder ; and though I own myself very unequal to this task, yet, since no other Lord, who could do it much better, has undertaken it, I think it my duty, as a peer and as an Englishman, to lay it before your Lordships in the best manner I am able. The method I shall observe for the more clear stating of the case shall be, to lay every particular branch of evidence before you, and to distinguish the several parts of the accusation, and consider them separately, to avoid confusion, and to be the more exact in what I have to offer.

“I hope I shall have your Lordships’ indulgence for taking up so much of your time as this will require ; but I assure you I shall endeavour to be as brief as the nature of the thing will admit, and will intrude on your patience as little as possible.

“I must also desire your Lordships will pardon me if I repeat several arguments that have been used by (the) Counsel at the Bar, and if I even mention some things which fell from me in the debate on Mr. Kelly’s Bill, whose case is very much interwoven with the present, so that it is almost impossible to avoid it.

“Before I go any further, I cannot but say, that were these

crimes plainly proved against the Bishop of Rochester, his sacred function and station in the Church would be aggravations of his guilt; but, as this is certain on the one hand, so on the other your Lordships will require very clear demonstration before you can think it possible for a Bishop of the Protestant Church (who has signalized himself in defence of the Reformation, and the only one of that Bench, where he had lately the honour of sitting, that ever wrote in favour of Martin Luther) to engage in a conspiracy for introducing Popery and arbitrary power amongst us.

“My Lords, the Counsel for the Bill opened the charge by acquainting the House that it was only to be supported by producing decyphered letters, full of “cant” words and fictitious names; they were so very fair as to confess they had not one living witness that could charge the Bishop with anything, not even so much as a letter under his own hand; therefore, on the first view, this manner of condemning, on such kind of evidence, ought to require our utmost caution, lest we should establish a method which our enemies may hereafter take to destroy the greatest and most innocent subject in the kingdom.

“Mr. Wearg cites two cases, which he would willingly have us receive as precedents to justify the admitting of circumstantial evidence. The one was the case of Ashton, who was condemned on circumstances only. But, my Lords, this was before the Treason Act was passed, which requires two positive witnesses; and nothing could induce the Legislature to pass that Law but a thorough conviction of the danger that might attend the admitting of any proof which were not positive or certain.

“The second case he cited was that of Harrison for the murder of Dr. Clinch, and the learned gentleman tells you that it was the pulling out a handkerchief that led to the discovery of that murder. It is very certain circumstances may lead to the discovery of evidence, but must be well supported before they can be converted into proof.

“The first piece of evidence that was offered at the Bar, was the extracts of letters from abroad, which this House seems, in some measure, to have declared to be immaterial; when they did not so much as desire to see copies of the whole letters nor the originals, and even admitted one to be read which was anonymous! But, it will not be improper to observe that through this whole correspondence the Bishop of Rochester is not named. And, therefore, I cannot see why they took up our time with reading papers quite foreign from this case; especially since everybody allows there has been a conspiracy, which is the only fact to be gathered from this correspondence.

"The next point which was attempted to be proved, was, that Captain Halstead went to fetch the late Duke of Ormonde, and was at the deanery before he embarked. There are also two letters found in the Bishop's . . . from this gentleman to his Lordship, which were read, and are only appointments for visits, but mention nothing of this design; and, I think, there was a coachman that proved Halstead was an hour with him some days before he left London. This, my Lords, was opened as a matter of great importance, but your Lordships must remember that the supposed design of Halstead's bringing the late Duke of Ormonde into England is only proved by hearsay. One of the crew belonging to the ship in which he went has deposed that it was the common report at Bilbao that Halstead came there on that errand!

"I submit, how far is common fame to prevail: But, if this hearsay were true, is every person who was an hour with this gentleman before his departure supposed to be privy to this project? And what a strained construction is it to insinuate the Bishop of Rochester knew of his intention, because he received a visit from Halstead, who was a tenant under his Bishoprick? And, this is the more, since it has not been so much as pretended that any correspondence has passed between the Reverend prelate and the late Duke.

"They then produced letters directed to one Dumvill, which were decyphered. And Mr. Wills was examined to prove that they were rightly and justly explained.

"My Lords, it very well deserves your Lordships' consideration how far this kind of evidence is to be admitted. It has appeared to your Lordships, by the oath of Mr. Wills himself, that it is an act which depends upon conjecture; for this gentleman has confessed that every man is liable to a mistake in this as well as in other sciences. He tells you that he and his brother decyphers varied in one or two instances; he allows that the 'chasms' they were forced to leave in those letters might alter the sense of them. And, therefore, I cannot but think, that an accusation grounded on such proofs is uncertain and precarious.

"The person who is the decypherer is not to be confuted, and what he says must be taken for granted, because the key cannot be produced with safety to the public; and consequently (if his conjectures be admitted to be evidence) our lives and fortunes must depend on the skill and honesty of decyphers, who may with safety impose on the Legislature, when there are not means of contradicting them for want of seeing their key.

"My Lords, in the case of Coleman the key was printed, as

has been well observed by the Counsel at the Bar, and I am very much surprised that gentlemen of such abilities and integrity as the members of the Secret Committee, in another place (who were so exact as to print the French originals to the translated letters, that the world might see how just and candid the prosecutors of the plot were), did not, for the satisfaction of the public, permit us to see the key in print, on the truth of which depends such a chain of consequences.

"I am, myself, entirely ignorant of this Act, but as I should be very far from condemning a man on my own conjecture, I should much less do it on the conjectures of others.

"The greatest certainty human reason knows is a mathematical demonstration; and were I brought to your Lordships' Bar to be tried upon a proposition of Sir Isaac Newton's, which he upon oath should swear to be true, I would appeal to your Lordships whether I should not be unjustly condemned, unless he produced his demonstration, that I might have the liberty of inquiring into the truth of it, from men of equal skill?

"I cannot think any man will allow evidence of this nature to be good; but, if in this case relating to the decyphered letters to Dumvill, your Lordships should admit it, there is nothing mentioned in them that can affect the Bishop. neither is he at all named in them, but they are only brought to prove the conspiracy in general.

"The examinations of Mr. Neyno are the next points that are laid before your Lordships; and indeed, I must do the gentlemen at the Bar the justice of saying, that they forbore mentioning anything of them when they opened the charge.

"They were so sensible that such proofs could not have the least weight to affect the Bishop, that though in the case of Mr. Kelly they were produced against him, as very material to support that Bill, yet they did not think proper to name them against the Bishop, which, I am thoroughly persuaded, is owing to what appeared at your Bar, by the examination of Mr. Bingley, and the universal opinion which every person seemed to have of the villainy of Mr. Neyno's transactions.

"My Lords, these examinations were never signed by the person, neither was he ever examined to them upon oath. So that, were they of consequence, and he a person of credit, they could not be admitted to affect any person whatsoever in any Court of Justice or Equity. I don't mean that they could not be read according to the strict rules of Westminster Hall, which is admitted on all sides they could not; but I dare affirm, that no credit can be given to them on any account whatsoever.

“The person was closely confined, and consequently in the hands of the Government, so that he was at that time under the greatest apprehensions, which might, in some measure, prevent him from speaking truth with that sincerity and candour of which every person ought to be master when he is examined on matters of such nice nature.

“Though these papers were entirely given up by the Counsel for the Bill, yet the extract of them was read, and they are the visible foundation of this charge, and if they are insignificant, the whole accusation falls to the ground; for the whole proof of the Bishop’s dictating to Mr. Kelly depends on Mr. Neyno’s bare affirmation.

“The whole of what Neyno says, or is supposed to say, is, that Mr. Kelly told him he wrote the Bishop’s letters for him. Mr. Kelly denies it, and Mr. Neyno was so conscious that he had been guilty of many crimes, that he endeavoured to withdraw from justice; and the providence of God, it is said, intercepted him.

“My Lords, if you will consider the improbabilities of the evidence, although it were upon oath, and signed by him, it cannot be supported. He tells you that he was intrusted to draw up Memorials to the Regent, yet none of those have been produced; and yet it is apparent the copies of them might with ease have been obtained, if he had been as thoroughly pressed to deliver them as he was to declare he wrote them.

“These Memorials, he says, were wrote by the order of Mr. Henry Watson, whom he takes to be the late Earl Marshal, and I am certain your Lordships don’t think that fact material, when you came to a Resolution:—‘That the Bishop of Rochester should not be at liberty to ask if inquiry was made of the said Neyno, or if he gave any satisfaction to the Lords of Council touching that important fact of Watson’s, whom he took to be Earl Marshal, lying with him several nights.’

“It was very well observed by a learned gentleman at the Bar, that nobody can believe the late Earl Marshal would have reposed so great a confidence in a person who was entirely a stranger to him and of such little note; and the Jacobite Party must be in a low condition when they make use of such a creature to write papers of that importance.

“There is so much improbability in this and other points, and so much contradiction in several parts of his examinations, that they appear to me, and must to all reasonable men, as the dictates of fear, and not agreeable to truth.

“He mentions that the Reverend prelate (for such I still may call him) had some favours offered him by the Court;



but that cannot be true, and must be added to the rest of these absurdities.

"But, my Lords, what in my opinion clears up all these matters, and makes it impossible for me to give the least credit to this, or any other part of the charge, are the several testimonies of Bingley, Skeen, and Stewart.

"I must observe to your Lordships, that the two first persons, Bingley and Skeen, are actually now in separate custody, and consequently could have no communication one with the other. The third is at liberty, but his testimony is so thoroughly supported by Mr. Gordon and Mr. Kynaston, that no doubt can arise as to the veracity of it.

"These gentlemen, who are in the hands of the Government, are under hopes and fears; and therefore it is certain, when they speak a language which perhaps may be disagreeable to those on whom they at present chiefly depend, it must be the spirit of truth that prevails.

"Mr. Bingley was before us in the case of Kelly, and was also examined at the Bar of the House of Commons, though not upon oath, and though he had been more severely treated (as he told your Lordships) and more strictly confined since his first examination, yet he has persisted in his story; and though he was so long at your Bar, and so many questions put to him, yet he never varied in any one circumstance, but appeared consistent through the whole course of his behaviour.

"I shall not detain your Lordships with recapitulating his whole evidence, for I did it very fully on a former occasion. But your Lordships will remember, he told you, Neyno abounded in money, which Neyno said (after he was apprehended at Deal) an honourable person (and on this occasion I may name him), Mr. Walpole, gave him. And more particularly he mentions fifty pounds, which Neyno said he received the night before he went to France.

"Bingley told your Lordships that Neyno had assured him he used to meet the honourable person in the stable-yard at Chelsea.

"And, my Lords, the errand on which he was going to France was, to discover some secrets relating to cyphers, which he would have engaged Bingley to have done for him; and particularly to get them, if possible, out of Mr. Kelly; which, he said, could he obtain would be of great advantage to him.

"That Neyno had declared to him:—He would be even with Mr. Kelly before he was aware of it, or words to that effect, and that Mr. Kelly always seemed adverse to any acquaintance with Mr. Neyno, of whom he entertained a mean opinion.

"That Neyno's father refused him money, which makes it

highly probable that his poverty was the occasion of his villainy; and that when he was taken at Deal, he had declared to him Mr. Walpole expected to find the plot about him, and since Mr. Walpole could not, he must make one for him.

"Neyno told Bingley that this honourable person had vowed destruction to the Bishop of Rochester, by saying:— he would pull down the pride of this haughty prelate; which is sufficient to convince your Lordships how little regard ought to be had to the hearsay evidence of so false a wretch.

"Mr. Bingley says that part of this account he had given to the Lords of the Council; and I could have wished that his examination (as well as some others to the same purpose, which were taken about the same time) had been laid before Parliament.

"Mr. Skeen, who is also in custody, has deposed that he lay in the same house with Neyno, and had some conversations with him.

"That Neyno had told him what he had said of the Bishop of Rochester was entirely false! That Mr. Walpole had offered him a considerable annuity to turn evidence, and had given him instructions before he was called into the Lords, what questions would be asked him, and what answers he should make, and threatened him with Newgate if he would not comply.

"Skeen further says that Neyno swore (and I hope the Reverend Bench will, in such a case, permit me to repeat the words) by God there were two plots: one of Mr. Walpole's, against the protesting Lords, and one of his, to bite Mr. Walpole of money. And this seems to be the only time that ever Mr. Neyno averred anything upon oath.

"To convince the world what a creature this Neyno was, he tells Skeen further that once at Lord Townshend's office he had a great inclination to have stabbed the Chancellor of the Exchequer! He tells you—that Neyno had wrote a paper to declare that all he had said of Lord Orrery was false.

"My Lords, the next witness was Mr. Stewart, who was unfortunately in custody when Neyno was brought to town from Deal.

"Stewart says: that he slept the second night with Neyno. That Neyno had told him what he said of the Bishop was false; and that Mr. Walpole had offered him a great sum of money if he would swear to what he said, and turn evidence, which he declared he could not do.

"That Mr. Walpole had taken him into another room before he was examined, and told him what questions he would probably be asked, and what answers he should give. He

says that Neyno told him also that he would like to kill Mr. Walpole, and so put an end to the plot. And that Mr. Walpole had given him a paper of directions, which he was to answer, in order to be a witness against the protesting Lords.

"As a confirmation of his testimony, Stewart says he told this to Mr. Gordon before Mr. Neyno was drowned, and to Mr. Kynaston before the meeting of Parliament.

"Mr. Gordon confirms this part of his evidence, and assures your Lordships that he had heard it from Stewart before the death of Neyno. And Mr. Kynaston, a gentleman of an undoubted character, lately a member of Parliament for Shrewsbury, has assured your Lordships that he was acquainted with Stewart's account of Neyno before the meeting of the Parliament; and adds this circumstance, that when in the Appendix he saw those 'six questions' printed, he showed them to Stewart, who seemed rejoiced, and said, 'You see, sir, what I told you is true.'

"Such concurring testimonies from persons kept so separate, and who are speaking against their own private interest, must have the greatest weight, and must at least prevent any rational and impartial person from giving the least credit to the bare hearsay of this Philip Neyno.

"If any doubt could remain as to the validity of this testimony, it is sufficiently confirmed by the persons brought to disprove it.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer himself does not pretend to deny that Neyno told these things, but only adds other circumstances to convince you of Neyno's villainy; and assures you: that at the time he was receiving favours from him, he was thoroughly convinced he intended to cheat him, which was the occasion of his being apprehended.

"He owned the transactions between them before Neyno went to France, and particularly the money mentioned by Bingley, which are proofs that Neyno must have disclosed these secrets, since they could not come from Mr. Walpole, and he and Neyno only were privy to it.

"Mr. Walpole has shown your Lordships the foul (*sic*) draught of the questions mentioned by Stewart, and when he denies that part of Neyno's declaration relating to the instructions given him before the examinations, he owns he was twice alone with him; once the first night of his being brought to town, and the second time, when he gave him the paper of directions, which might be foundation enough for Neyno to frame so notorious a falsehood.

"The witnesses brought by the Counsel for the Bill to the character of Mr. Bingley, seem rather to confirm it than other-

wise; and all agree they never heard anything against his morality. They indeed have said he bore the character of a Jacobite, and suffered for having dispersed a libel. But Mr. Baron Gilbert, who was his judge when that punishment was inflicted on him, has told your Lordships, that his private life was not vilified at his trial, and that neither perjury nor forgery was ever laid at his door.

"Though the punishment he suffered was the pillory, yet it is the crime, and not the punishment, that makes the ignominy; and for this I can appeal to the learned Judges.

"In order to destroy the evidence of Mr. Skeen, they produced one Pancier, who tells you that Skeen had revealed many secrets to him relating to the plot, and particularly of a military chest which was collected to carry on these supposed designs, and support the Jacobites. But I presume everybody who heard the two persons at the Bar could not but remark the steadiness with which Mr. Skeen denied these asseverations, and the confusion with which the other affirmed them.

"Mr. Pancier seemed to drop something which entirely destroys any credit that could be given to him, by saying that he had owned to Mr. Skeen that he was a friend to the Administration; and yet has sworn that, after such a declaration, Skeen had still persisted in his story, and revealed some part of this intelligence to him. How far this is possible your Lordships are the best judges. Mr. Pancier goes farther, and tells you that part of this conversation happened in St. James's Park, in the presence of one Dufour. This Dufour was in the hands of the Government, and I can't conceive why we have never seen him or his depositions, when it would have been so easy to have brought this corroborating witness to Mr. Pancier's testimony. I can't but think that the not producing this man's evidence is a strong circumstance to convince your Lordships he did not agree in the same story with Mr. Pancier.

"They also produced Mr. Skeen's attainder for the Preston rebellion, but there have been many acts of grace since, so that he is capable of being an evidence; and there has nothing appeared to traduce his character as a man of morals.

"In order to show your Lordships that Neyno could not possibly make these confessions to Mr. Skeen and Mr. Stewart, the Counsel for the Bill maintain that they will prove Neyno and the prisoners were not together after the first night.

"This, my Lords, would be very material, but I think it appears by the proofs brought to support this assertion, that they frequently have conversed one with another.

"The first witness they called was Mr. Crawford, the messen-

ger in whose house the prisoners were in custody ; and, my Lords, I can't but say it seems very odd they should bring a man to swear he had done his duty. He has told your Lordships that Lord Townshend had given him orders that Neyno should be close confined, and if, after that, it should appear that he had neglected such directions, there is no question but that he instantly and deservedly would have been removed out of his employment.

"This messenger, in this situation, tells you, that after the first night they never conversed, to the best of his knowledge. That Mr. Skeen called Neyno a rogue of an informer, and spoke in very hard terms of him, which I indeed think it appears the fellow well deserved.

"Crawford says his mother swears that, to the best of her knowledge, the prisoners were never together. That she kept the keys of the room herself, but used to send up the maid, Hannah Wright, with the dinner. Your Lordships will observe that both this woman and her son swear to the best of their knowledge only, and are <sup>1</sup> from positive witnesses.

"Hannah Wright, when she was first called, spoke in the same language with them, though she afterwards recollected herself better.

"When the Bishop came to rejoin Francis Wood, Thomas Wood and Mr. Russell severally say that this Hannah Wright had declared to them, that she used to let the prisoners converse together whenever she had an opportunity, which was when Mr. Crawford and his mother were out of the way ; and that she used to stand upon the stairs and give notice when any person came, that they might retire into their several rooms. And the other maid, whose name is Christian, has deposed, that Hannah gave the key of Neyno's room to Stewart, and several times desired Stewart to go up to him, and that they were together an hour or more. And when Hannah was called a second time she owned she was turned away for suspicion of having helped Neyno in his escape. That she has left Skeen's door open, who lay near Neyno ; and that there was a large hole in Neyno's door, through which they might converse.

"She said :—that Neyno gave her a paper, which she was to convey for him, but that it was taken out of her bosom and burnt by one of the prisoners.

"When Mr. Stewart said—that he sat upon Neyno's bed the second night, and lay in the garret, where there was a partition, but a communication between them ; Hannah said she could not be positive to that, but believes it true.

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<sup>1</sup> No doubt the word "far" is intended here.

“Mr. Crawford, when he was called to that point, according to his usual custom, denies it to the best of his knowledge.

“Your Lordships will now judge, whether the greatest credit is to be given to the belief of a messenger and his mother, who are swearing that they did their duty, or to the positive oaths of Skeen, Stewart, Gordon, Kynaston, Francis Wood, Thomas Wood, Russell and Christian, confirmed by the confession of Hannah Wright, when she came to be cross-examined and confronted.

“This, my Lords, concludes what has appeared at the Bar relating to Mr. Neyno and his transactions, and I am pretty certain every impartial body must agree with me, that, so far from giving the least credit to what he says, there have appeared such circumstances in the transactions which are now come to light, that must make the greatest caution necessary before we believe any other part of the charge.

“Your Lordships will take notice that Mr. Crawford confesses Mr. Neyno had the use of paper, and found two sheets missing; and Hannah Wright owns she had a paper from him, which was burnt by one of the prisoners. This, my Lords, undoubtedly was the paper relating to Lord Orrery mentioned by Skeen in his evidence.

“My Lords, I am now coming to the great and only foundation remaining to support this Bill: if Neyno's hearsay is not to be believed, which is the proof that was proffered to show that Mr. Kelly was the Bishop's secretary, and used to write for him; and particularly, that the Bishop dictated these letters, which were wrote in Kelly's hand, and transmitted to France, under cover to M. Gordon le fils. Everybody must agree, that unless the dictating of these letters be clearly proved the Bishop ought to be acquitted; and when, hereafter, this great affair comes to be canvassed by posterity, it will stand or fall as this fact shall be strongly made appear.

“They first read Plunket's cypher, and Mr. Vanradike attests it to be his handwriting.

“When this piece of evidence was offered, people were at a loss to know what they intended to make of it, and little thought that they should be drove to make use of Jackson standing for the Pretender in this cypher, to show that the letter directed to Jackson (one of the three before mentioned affirmed to be dictated by the Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Kelly) was to the Pretender.

“I shall take notice of this extraordinary proceeding when I come to consider those letters. I shall only say now that, were Mr. Plunket's correspondence to be regarded, the plot is of a very deep nature; for he has had the impudence to

insinuate the most ridiculous aspersions against the greatest men amongst us.

“Three of his letters were read out of cypher, in two of which Mr. Johnson is named—that is, Mr. Kelly, or the Bishop of Rochester, are allowed places in his cypher, and consequently were not in an association with him. Johnson is only spoke of by Plunket when he is mentioning domestic news, and in no other manner than might be in every news-letter that went by the general post.

“My Lords, in order to show that the three letters sent under cover to M. Gordon le fils were Mr. Kelly’s handwriting (which they very justly thought was necessary to be made appear before they proved that the Bishop was concerned in them) they produced a letter of the 20th of August, which a clerk of the Post Office swears was stopped at the General Post Office.

“To convince us this letter is Mr. Kelly’s writing—Hutchins the messenger says, to the best of his knowledge it is Mr. Kelly’s hand; and at the same time owns he never saw him write till after his commitment, and then he stood by him while he wrote two letters, one to Lord Townshend, the other to Mr. Delafaye; those letters were produced at the Bar, and therefore every Lord in the House is as good a judge of the similitude as the messenger, who has lately been restored into favour, on what account I cannot tell.

“If Mr. Kelly, during his confinement, counterfeited and disguised his hand, then the messenger’s evidence can’t be of any weight. And if he wrote as usual, then every person is equally capable of framing an opinion of it who sees the three letters.

“The next witness is Malone, who swears she has seen him direct letters, but can’t tell how long since she saw him write, nor how often.

“The persons who contradict this evidence are so positive, so clear, and so concurring in their testimony, that no doubt can arise upon it.

“Mr. Bingley, when he was shown this letter, swears it is not like his handwriting.

“Mr. Brown, a peruke maker, well versed and acquainted with his writing, when he was shown the letter of the 20th of August, and the date of it, hid by the Counsel for the Bill (so that he could not know what paper it was before him), swears it is not his handwriting. When the letter to Delafaye was produced, he declared that was his handwriting. When another paper was shown (I think it was the marriage articles), he said that was more like his handwriting than

that of the 20th of August; but he did not believe it was wrote by him. And when they questioned him upon the letter to Lord Townshend, he swore it was Mr. Kelly's handwriting.

"Mr. Pickering, who had occasion to know Mr. Kelly's hand, having lent him some money, and received several notes and letters from him during that transaction, does agree with Mr. Brown in every particular and most minute circumstance; which is a clear and evident proof that this letter of the 20th August was not wrote by Mr. Kelly.

"The difference which they tell your Lordships they observe between the cut of the letters, in that of the 20th of August and the others is, that one is longer and straighter, the other wider and shorter, which is obvious to anybody that will look on both, and is a confirmation of their veracity.

"The prosecutors of the plot might have proved this letter, and not have been driven to the testimony of a messenger to support this great foundation of their charge. It is notorious what search they have made for evidence of all kinds; and as Mr. Kelly was educated in a college, they might easily have found creditable witnesses to that point, if those letters had been written by him. In the case of similitude of hands, when it has been the most clearly and positively proved, as on the trial of Colonel Sydney, it has been esteemed to be cruel that a man should be convicted on such kind of evidence; and the attainer of that unfortunate gentleman was reversed for that reason.

"In Sydney's trial, his bankers swore they used to pay bills drawn by him in the handwriting they were shown, and no persons could contradict them; and yet the sentence against him was a great blemish to that reign. The great Lord Chief Justice Holt, in the case of Crosby, refused to admit it; and the Lord Chief Justice Bury, on Francis's trial, followed that example.

"At present, give me leave to say, there is no evidence that it is Mr. Kelly's hand, and there is positive proof that it is not. Therefore, we who live under so equitable, just, and happy a Government, can never convict a man in these days of liberty on such insufficient conjectures.

"They next produced the three letters, which they would insinuate were wr te by Kelly and dictated by the Bishop, which were mentioned by me before, and which were sworn by the clerks of the Post Office to have been stopped going to France.

"The Bishop desired to examine them relating to these letters being detained, and would fain have known who took them out of the mail. This he thought was proper for him to demand, since he seemed to insinuate that he questioned



their ever having been in the Post Office. But your Lordships would not suffer any inquiry to be made on this head, and voted it inconsistent with the public safety, and unnecessary for the defence of the prisoner, to permit any further questions to be asked in relation to this important affair.

"These honest gentlemen! the clerks of the Post Office, have deposed further, that the papers produced are true copies of the originals detained by them; though at the same time they confess they never examined them after they had copied them.

"They positively swore further that the originals were of the same hand with the letter of the 20th of August; though they affirm this barely upon memorandum, never having marked any letter, in order to know it again; and one of them declared upon oath:—That he did not believe there could be such an imitation of Kelly's hand as could deceive him; though the whole House agrees that hands may be counterfeited so as to deceive the men that wrote them.

"They own they never compared two original letters between the 24th August and 20th of April, though they might have stopped a letter one post without prejudice to the Government in order to be more certain in their evidence.

"Thus, my Lords, should this Bill pass, this great man must fall by the dependence this House must have on the memory of these clerks.

"Mr. Lewis, who has long served in the Secretary's Office, tells us, that frequently letters and seals used to be counterfeited, and in a more particular manner by one Brocket, who excelled so much in this art that he has cheated many persons, and has so far deceived them, that they have not known his copy from their originals.

"When these letters, thus attested, came to be read, they are in cypher (*sic*). So it must again depend on the honesty of a decypherer, before they can possibly be made treasonable.

"Mr. Wills declares they were truly decyphered, according to the best of his judgment and skill; and, more particularly, that the number 1378, which is subscribed to the third letter directed to Jackson, stands for the letter 'R.' But when some Lords asked him a question which, perhaps, had he answered might have proved him to be under a mistake, he refuses to give an answer, either in the affirmative or negative, for fear of revealing his art. Your Lordships thought proper to prevent any further cross-examinations of this—by a resolution.

"Mr. Wills says he showed these letters decyphered to my Lord Townshend, before he communicated them to Mr. Corbire,

who is a clerk in the Secretary's Office ; and then he says that Mr. Corbire and he agreed.

"Before these letters can yet prejudice the Bishop, the cant names in them must be explained according to the 'key' which the prosecutors of the plot have made. And in order to it, we must believe that Jackson stands for the Pretender, because Mr. Plunket gave him that title in his cypher! Can there be a greater absurdity than to imagine a person of the Bishop of Rochester's capacity should borrow a name of that consequence from so insignificant a wretch as Plunket, who it does not appear ever saw him?

"Indeed, the Counsel for the Bill did not read these letters against the Bishop, since they had no proof of his dictating them; and they were only read on account of the general conspiracy.

"I must observe, it was a great artifice of these learned gentlemen, whenever there was a piece of evidence to which the Bishop objected, they constantly pretended they produced it 'to the plot in general;' for they knew it could not be admitted against the Reverend prelate; but yet, when they came to sum up, they applied them to this particular case! which is not agreeable to that candour that is necessary on such occasions.

"If your Lordships should be of opinion that Kelly wrote them; that they were stopped at the Post Office; that they were truly decyphered, and the 'cant' names explained, yet this cannot affect the Bishop unless it be fixed upon him that he dictated them. Two of them were signed 'Jones' and 'Illington,' and to induce your Lordships to believe the Bishop was guilty, as they affirmed, they endeavour to prove those names must denote him. And in order to it, they read some letters affirmed in the same manner (as before mentioned) by the clerks of the Post Office to be his handwriting; but first they read a cypher taken upon Mr. Dennis Kelly, and sworn by the messenger and Hutchins to be wrote by George Kelly.

"I can observe nothing upon this cypher but that the Bishop of Rochester is not mentioned, which seems very extraordinary, and is not a proof of the Reverend prelate's being engaged in a conspiracy.

"The letters they read of Mr. Kelly are of no moment, and are only calculated to fix the names of 'Jones' and 'Illington' upon the Bishop.

"They give an account of his lady's death, the Bishop's own illness, his going to and from Bromley; and in some of them the dog 'Harlequin' is mentioned.

"It seems repugnant to reason, that, in a treasonable corre-

spoudence of this importance, a gentleman should venture his life to give an account of the state of one person's private affair, and entertain his friends abroad with no other business, in such a tract of time.

"In the letters directed to Mr Andrews at the 'Dog and Duck,' which are proved to have been received by Mr. Kelly, Jones and Illington are not named, and those in which we find them were such as passed through the Post Office, and were attested, like those under cover to Gordon le fils.

"It is not likely that in a transaction of so secret a nature, Mr. Kelly should take such pains to give such a description as might give the least room for a suspicion that the Bishop was concerned; much less to have mentioned so many particulars as may be suggested he has done, if there could be any possibility of wresting the meaning of Jones and Illington, and interpreting of them to mean the Bishop.

"William Wood, the Bishop's coachman, is brought to prove the particular times of the Bishop's being in or out of town, in order to show that they agree with the times mentioned of Jones and Illington in the intercepted correspondence; and he refreshes his memory by a book of memorandums, which might have been destroyed, if it had been apprehended by the Bishop's friends that such evidence could affect him.

"What they next attempt, is to show that the dog brought over by Kelly from France, and which Mrs. Barnes swears that he once told her was for the Bishop of Rochester, was a strong circumstance to fix the name of Illington on the Bishop.

"My Lords, Mrs. Barnes, who is under the custody of a messenger, is the only witness to this point, and what she says is only hearsay from Kelly. She owns that Kelly never told her so but once, and that was when she thought to have kept it for herself. And, indeed, it might be barely an excuse to prevent his parting with it, for he had promised to bring her such a present before he went to France.

"She owns that, to her knowledge, the Bishop never saw the dog, nor sent any message about it, which seems to be very extraordinary, that if this present was of such great consequence, he should not have had curiosity enough at least to see it. An affidavit was read from Bermingham, a surgeon in Paris, which says:—That he gave this dog to Mr. Kelly for Mrs. Barnes.

"Before I leave this circumstance of the dog, it is proper to observe another great improbability, which is in a letter wrote a few days after the death of the Bishop's lady. It is said

Mr. Illington was in great tribulation for the loss of poor Harlequin; and can it be supposed, that, at a time when the Bishop was in affliction for the death of his wife, he should indecently discover so much grief for such a trifle?

"I think this is sufficient to convince any person whatsoever that this correspondence is of a very extraordinary nature. Mrs. Barnes has told your Lordships that Mr. Kelly came from France the 11th of April.

"My Lords, I am now come to the only piece of evidence that seems particularly levelled at the Bishop: which is the proof that has been given of dictating those letters; and unless this be clearly and plainly made appear, I cannot conceive that anything can be laid to this prelate's charge.

"Unless it is evident that the Bishop did dictate, as alleged, I cannot think any of your Lordships can vote him guilty according to the rules of justice; for no man is safe, either in his life, liberty or fortune, if he may be deprived of either on account of a correspondence in which it does not appear he was concerned. Though your Lordships should so far credit the precarious evidence at your Bar as to believe that Jones and Illington stood for the Bishop of Rochester; yet, unless it is plain that it was his privy, it is certainly impossible this Bill should pass; and if it should, it will hereafter be in the power of any two men, one at home and one abroad, to ruin the most innocent person, by entering, without his knowledge, into a correspondence of this nature.

"If the being named in treasonable letters be a crime, though it does not appear it was with the privy of such persons, I will submit to your Lordships how far men of the greatest zeal to the present Establishment are to be affected by Mr. Plunket's imaginations. No man ought to suffer for the suggestions of another person, unless it appears he has given great foundation for them. And, in this case, would it not be most extraordinary and most unjust to punish this Reverend prelate for a crime which there is no proof he ever committed? I mean, the dictating of these letters. And if, on the other hand, the unfortunate circumstances of his affairs has furnished him with the means of showing beyond contradiction, that he could not be concerned in the letters of the 20th April; that for a considerable time before, he could not see Mr. Kelly, and that there never was an intimacy between them. Then my Lords: I hope every man who gives his vote for the rejection of this Bill has the strongest evidence on his side to support his opinion, and need not be afraid or ashamed to own it here or anywhere else.

"This part of the evidence being of great consequence, I

must beg your Lordships' attention while I recapitulate the heads of it, as clearly and distinctly as I possibly can.

"The first witness they called was Flower, a chairman, who swears :—That he carried Kelly twice or thrice to the Deanery, but that the Bishop was never at home, and consequently did not see him. His partner swore he had carried him, with Flower, one of those times.

"The next person produced was a porter, one Vanlear, who deposed :—That he went, about Christmas twelvemonth, twice with messages from Kelly to the Bishop ; the last of which times he carried some beaver stockings. That the Bishop sent for him upstairs, gave him service to Mr. Johnson, and thanked him for his present.

"Mrs. Kilburne, at whose house Mr. Kelly lodged, says that once a servant came from the Bishop to know how Mr. Johnson did, and was sorry he could not have his company to dinner.

"William Wood, the Bishop's coachman, says :—He once stopped in Bury Street, but does not know for what ; and that the Bishop sent a servant somewhere, who presently returned. And Lloyd, who keeps the 'Star and Garter,' in Palace Yard, has told us that Neyno once came to his house, and told him he stayed for an ingenious gentleman, who was gone to the Bishop of Rochester's house.

"This, my Lords, is all the proof they offered of this intimacy, from which they would infer that the Bishop dictated these letters, and is consequently guilty of the crimes laid to his charge.

"If your Lordships consider what was produced on the other side, I am sure you must agree there is no foundation for this assertion.

"Mrs. Kilburne denies, to the best of her knowledge, that the Bishop ever came to her house, or that his coach ever stopped there, or ever was sent for Kelly.

"That Kelly did not go out of town from the time he came from France till he was taken up, the 19th of May, and never lay out of her house one night. This, my Lords, was confirmed by her maid, Anne Ellis.

"Mrs. Barnes says she never heard of any message from the Bishop to Kelly, nor ever had any conversation with him about the Bishop.

"William Wood, the coachman, who lived with the Bishop four years, has declared—That the Bishop of Rochester never sent him with his coach to Bury Street, to fetch any person from thence ; that there was no stranger at Bromley for a fortnight before his lady died, which was the 26th of April ;

that nobody could come, in a coach or on horseback, but he must know it; that he never saw such a person as Mr. Kelly till he was showed him at the Tower; and that the Bishop went ill of the gout to Bromley the 12th of April, and did not return to London till the 7th of May.

“Malony, Mrs. Barnes’s servant, says that she never saw the Bishop or any of his servants with Mr. Kelly.

“Thomas Grant, who has been the Bishop’s servant nine years, has declared—That the Bishop went to Bromley the 12th of April very ill of the gout, and that no stranger could come to him from the time he went to Bromley till after his wife’s death; that one or other of the servants always sat up with him, and that no person could visit him but they must know it, for they were in the same room, or the next room to him; and that no stranger except Dr. Aldrige and the apothecary came near him. Grant says, that he was forced to go to town to attend at the Westminster Election of Scholars on the 21st of April, but left Beauchamp there, who came down for that purpose on the 18th.

“Beauchamp and Skeen, who were the two servants that attended with Grant, swear the same thing.

“Susannah Harvey, Sarah Jones, Thomas Farnden, Elizabeth Higginson, and all the servants agree—That they never heard of any person by the name of Kelly or Johnson being with the Bishop.

“Mrs. English, who took the names of the Bishop’s visitors for many years, does not remember that she ever heard of such a person as Kelly or Johnson. And I doubt not but that every Lord must allow that it is not possible to have a more clear, a more strong or legal proof to a negative than this is.

“I must observe to your Lordships, that most of these servants have been in strict custody, and severely used, particularly Farnden, and yet your Lordships see how unanimous they are in their evidence: and their testimony is so positive, that I cannot conceive any person can suggest there was the least intimacy between this Reverend prelate and Mr. Kelly, and much less that he could be with him to write the letters that are dated the 19th of April. Mr. Reeves did, indeed, so far agree, as to be of opinion that they might have been written the 11th of April, which was the day Kelly came from France. But, my Lords, Mrs. Barnes has deposed he went to bed the minute he came home, and lay there for a considerable time. Besides, it is improbable that letters wrote the 11th should not be sent till the 19th. But if any further argument was necessary to confute this absurd supposition, the Earl of

Sunderland's death is mentioned in the letter to Chivers, and that noble Lord died the 19th, by which it has been proved Mr. Kelly was not with the Bishop.

"The Bishop of St. Asaph did at first peremptorily contradict one part of Mr. Grant's evidence, by saying he had received a letter from the Bishop of Rochester at the time when Grant has sworn he was so ill of the gout that he could not write.

"His Lordship positively affirmed:—That he received this letter on Saturday the 21st of April, in the morning, and saw Grant in London between twelve and two. But when it was proved that Grant did not leave Bromley till the evening of that day, and that another person officiated for him as butler in the deanery by reason of his absence, then the Bishop seemed to think himself under a mistake, and allowed it might have been some time before.

"His Lordship owned he never received a letter from the Bishop of Rochester before nor since, and therefore was a stranger to his hand.

"I could have wished this Reverend prelate had recollected himself more fully, before he had given his testimony in a matter of this great importance to one of his brethren.

"There was another witness examined, which was Crofton, the shoemaker, to prove that Talbot (who was said to have received the three letters directed to Gordon le fils) was at that time in London, when he was supposed to have been in Boulogne. Crofton swears he saw him in town the 29th of April, and proved it by his book.

"There was another person called whose name was Donner, who deposed, Gordon owned to him the receiving of this packet, but an affidavit was produced from Gordon in which he denies it. Donner's evidence is only hearsay, the other is positive.

"My Lords, the Counsel for the Bill produced some papers which were taken in the Bishop's custody when he was apprehended, and endeavoured to draw very ill-natured and forced constructions from them.

"The first was a letter from the Duchess of Ormonde, in which she acquaints him that she had something to send him which she could not trust to a better hand, or words to that effect. And this they would pretend to insinuate was some treasonable papers.

"I appeal to all mankind, whether it is not very extraordinary to suppose that the Bishop should be presumed to convey a traitorous correspondence through that channel. Everybody knows the friendship which was between the

Reverend prelate and that family; and it is not surprising that this unfortunate lady should think him a proper person to consult, and entrust with her own affairs. Therefore I cannot think that these general expressions can at all affect him.

“The next they read is a paper found, or pretended, at the deanery, subscribed to Dubois, but without date. In this the person who writes it says: he ‘received a letter by Mr. Johnson, to which he returned an answer in his hand.’

“The Secret Committee at first apprehended that this was received by the Bishop, and thus it passed, till upon seizing a letter wrote in the Tower by his lordship, they found a similitude in the seals, which immediately enlightened them, and then it was presently said to have been wrote by the Bishop.

“Then they wanted to fix this to be the Bishop’s own handwriting, and they could find no other way of doing it but pretending there was a similitude between the E’s in this letter and those which the Bishop generally used. I believe it is the first time that ever such an argument was brought to prove that the whole letter has been written by a person; much less was it ever pretended to be offered to a court of justice against any prisoner whatsoever. But I believe there is no man acquainted with the Bishop’s hand but sees it is not written by him.

“They would also affirm, that when in this letter the Bishop is supposed to say that he returned an answer in Mr. Johnson’s hand, it must be understood to be his handwriting; which, I must confess, does not at all appear to be a necessary conclusion; for he might deliver his answer into Mr. Johnson’s hand, which I think is more natural to suppose than the other.

“Your Lordships must judge how improbable it is that the Bishop should keep such a letter by him, which he wrote himself, or that, when such care is taken, as the prosecutors of the plot themselves say, for preventing any persons discovering the intimacy between Mr. Kelly and him, such a secret should be trusted in writing, and even without a cypher. The two seals which gave this turn are *Cicero’s* heads, which are very common, and are to be found everywhere. They are one broke, the other whole, which must make it very difficult to judge of them; and it is allowed that at best it is but precarious evidence.

“If Mr. Neyno speaks truth, when he said the Bishop had notice of the storm that threatened him, I am certain that this paper, if it could have been apprehended of consequence, would have been destroyed; but I believe it was impossible



for him, or anybody else, to think it should meet with such an explanation.

“The next letter they produced, which they seem to think material, was that which was seized on his servant going to Mr. Morrice. In this he says that the evidence of Plunket and those people could not affect him; but as he does not mention Mr. Kelly, they would have it presumed that this is a proof that Kelly could have said something of him. But I think this must appear to be a very ill-natured assertion.

“Your Lordships will consider, he was then writing to his son-in-law; and therefore no great accuracy was necessary.

“In another place he says, that if they impeached him, he should remain in prison for some time; and this they would decypher to be an implication of his guilt. But in my poor opinion it is the reverse. He seems to say, that if the Commons should be induced to send us an impeachment against him, he was so satisfied of his own innocence, and your Lordships’ justice, that he thought the confinement till his trial would be the only misfortune that could attend him. The example of the Earl of Oxford was recent in his memory, and might justly create in him a fear of undergoing a long imprisonment.

“It is objected, that he, in this letter, makes no protestations of his innocence. But if you will consider he writes to Mr. Morrice, I believe everybody will agree that such declarations were not necessary.

“Mr. Layer’s attainder was read; but it does not appear that the Bishop had any correspondence with him; therefore I cannot conceive why we troubled with it.

“My Lords, I have now gone through the whole evidence that is brought to justify this extraordinary proceeding, and must observe the steps that have been taken to procure all the possible means to work the destruction of this great man.

“You have seen his very servants confined, who it does not appear were guilty of the least glimpse of treason.

“Lawson, a baker of Bromley, who appeared at your Bar, has been employed to examine the persons in the Bishop’s neighbourhood, in order to find the least particular that could amount to the shadow of a proof; and went so far as to offer Wood, the coachman, the wages that were due to him, if he would have gone the lengths that were required.

“Mr. Bingley told us in the case of Kelly (and as it has not been disproved it has to be taken for granted) that a warrant was shown by the messenger, signed by a Secretary of State, to carry him to Newgate which he was told was unavoidable unless he would own the letter of the 20th of August to be

Kelly's handwriting. But it appeared the next day to be nothing but in order to terrify him.

"Mr. Kelly himself has told your Lordships that Mr. Delafaye offered him his own terms if he would have turned evidence. And this was done to destroy the Bishop of Rochester; or to speak in the language mentioned at your Bar:—'to pull down the pride of this haughty prelate.'

"Your Lordships may remember that Mr. Wearg objects to the Bishop's servants, because two of them had employment, as appears by his Lordship's own letter. But, my Lords, when they were examined, they acquainted the House that it was upon reading of the report that they recollected the Bishop's circumstances before the death of his wife. And if every man who has a place under the Bishop is not to be esteemed a free agent when he is upon oath, I hope it will be allowed, on the other hand, that those who have employment under the Government ought not to be admitted: then all the witnesses that have been brought to support the Bill, from the decypherer to the messenger, will be discredited, and the whole prosecution must fall to the ground.

"My Lords, it has been a hardship which has attended the Bishop that he has been forced to prove a negative; and the difficulty has been the stronger upon him, that your Lordships have not permitted Mr. Kelly to be examined, as was moved by a learned Lord, in my eye; and if the gentleman had sworn what he so solemnly affirmed at your Bar relating to this affair, I cannot conceive we could have had the least debate.

"The noble Lords who appear the most zealous in this prosecution, were those who opposed the examination of Mr. Kelly, which, in my poor opinion, is a strong argument that, if he had been brought before us, he would have persisted in his declarations of the Bishop's innocence.

"The Reverend prelate has desired of any Lord in the Administration, and even the honourable person who appeared at your Bar, to declare:—Whether any one single person had charged him (on their own knowledge) of being guilty of any treasonable practice? and it has appeared to the contrary. Therefore, this whole charge is founded upon the slight circumstances and improbable innuendoes before mentioned.

"Another objection that was raised is that Mr. Kelly made resistance when he was seized till he had burnt some of his papers. But, my Lords, I do not see any reason to lay this to the charge of the Bishop.

"Kelly is to answer for his own actions, and is unfortunately like to suffer for them. A person of his age might have many

letters in his custody which he did not care should be seen, and yet of a different nature from a traitorous correspondence.

"After this evidence is considered, I cannot think your Lordships will establish such a precedent, which hereafter may be employed to ruin the greatest amongst you ; and, if ever hereafter pains and penalties are unjustly inflicted on any person, posterity will derive the original of such Bills from the proceedings of this Parliament ; and what opinion will be formed of us, should this be passed into a Law, I submit to every impartial person.

"It must be left to your Lordships' consideration which will be of most fatal consequence to the public : the leaving this precedent (of condemning on such kind of evidence) like a sword which your enemies may take up when they please, or the banishing the Bishop of Rochester, in the evening of his days, who alone could do in his single person no prejudice to the Constitution. If he were inclined to overturn it, as his enemies suggest, he is in a better situation abroad than at home to execute that design, and direct the counsels of the disaffected. The ruin of one man will not heal the wound that the passing of this Bill seems to make in the government of this kingdom.

"It has been said in the debate, that the Bishop ought to have made protestations of his zeal for his Majesty and his family. But I think he took the most ready way of performing his duty, when he showed himself innocent of the crimes laid to his charge.

"If he had made use of any expressions which those Lords blame him for omitting, the same good nature would have called it hypocrisy ; and those who are displeased with his silence would have accused him of insincerity.

"My Lords, this Bill seems as irregular in the punishment it inflicts as it is in its foundation, and carries with it an unnatural degree of hardship.

"It is felony for his children to correspond with him. And in this circumstance it is different from the only Bill that carries with it the least resemblance of this, I mean that for the banishment of the Earl of Clarendon.

"The Earl had flown from the prosecution and retired beyond sea. The charges against him were, principally :— For advising a standing army ; and another article exhibited was, that he had advised and procured divers of his Majesty's subjects to be imprisoned against law, in remote islands, garrisons, and other places, thereby to prevent them of the benefit of the law, and to produce precedents for the imprisoning any other of his Majesty's subjects in like manner.

“The seventh article against him was:—That he had in a short time gained to himself a greater estate than can be imagined to be gained lawfully in so short a time; and, contrary to his oath, he hath procured several grants under the Great Seal from his Majesty, for himself and his relations, of several of his Majesty’s lands, hereditaments, and leases, to the disprofit of his Majesty.

“There needed (*sic*) not have been any witnesses of these crimes, for they were apparent, and everybody knew that he was Prime Minister; yet Sir Francis Goodyer, upon that debate in the House of Commons, declared the sentiments which I expressed at the beginning:—That he was not against proceeding, but unsatisfied to do it without witness, it being like swearing in *verba magistri*.

“Another great man upon the same question, and an ancestor to a noble lord near me, said:—That if the Parliament set aside law in this case, we should be happy to see law declaring the power of Parliament.

“The punishment for corresponding with the Earl was high treason, and then two positive witnesses were necessary to convict; but, in this case, one corrupt, terrified, and perjured person may take away the life of the most innocent man.

“There is another great misfortune which this Bill brings upon the Bishop, which is, that he is incapable of receiving his Majesty’s pardon. This, my Lords, is an entrenchment upon the prerogative. And, what must make it the more severe in this case, is, that his Majesty’s inclinations to mercy (which are the distinguishing characteristics of his life) are stopped by law, which the unfortunate prelate might have hopes of receiving, when he had merited it, by a dutiful behaviour to the country that had sent him to wander abroad in exile, and by his future conduct have confirmed, if possible, the evidence he has given of his innocence.

“My Lords, in the case of the Earl of Danby, your Lordships have declared, that his banishment should be no precedent, nor draw into example (*sic*) for the time to come, and have so entered it in your journals.

“It has been proved that this Reverend prelate was, at the time that he was suspected to be acting in treason, engaged in studies of the most high nature, which is a circumstance that ought to have some weight.

“If this Bill pass into law, such evidence is established, and such a method of proceeding introduced, as must effectually render all that is dear to us precarious; and if ever, hereafter, we should see a wicked Administration, supported by a corrupt majority in Parliament, this step, taken in these times of

liberty, will be a sufficient precedent to give a colour of justice to the actions of those who should be wanton in tyranny.

“The Reverend prelate who spoke before me mentions some cases relating to Bills of Attainder, which, in my poor opinion, differ very much from our present question.

“The Attainder of Sir John Fenwick was only to supply the want of a witness, who had deposed against him upon oath before the grand jury, and who was spirited away by the prisoner’s friends. But, at present, your Lordships are to supply the defect of evidence, by condemning on improbable conjecture. There was a noble Lord in this House the other day, I do not see him now, who made the greatest figure in opposition to that Bill. I wish we could have his assistance on this occasion.

“My Lords, since that Reverend prelate has quoted some cases, he will permit me to remind him what has been formerly said upon Acts of Attainder. That, such Bills, like *Sisyphus*’ stone, have frequently rolled back upon those that were the chief promoters of them.

“This prudential argument should refrain us from being too forward with them at this time of day.

“The Act for the Attainder of the Earl of March passed because he had been instrumental in procuring the Attainder of another lord, under pretence of a letter which the recorder says was no evidence.

“The Lord Cromwell is another known instance of this observation. He was the first who advised this violent proceeding in Henry the VIIIth’s time; and it is remarkable that the advice he gave to the ruin of others proved, long after, fatal to himself. I have now given your Lordships the reasons why I am against the Bill. I fear I have tired your patience, and shall therefore conclude with the words of the great man I before mentioned, I mean, Sir Heneage Finch, in the case of the Earl of Clarendon—‘We have an accusation upon hearsay, and if it is not made good, the blackest scandal hell can invent lies at our doors.’”

## APPENDIX D.

THE Duke of Wharton's letter to Francis, Lord Bishop of Rochester, in the Tower, May 1723 :—

“ MY LORD,—It is not possible to express what I think and what I feel ! Only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but for you for some time past ; and shall think of nothing so long, for the time to come. The greatest comfort I had was, an intention which I would have made practicable, to have attended you in your journey ; to which I had brought that person to consent, who only could have hindered me by a tye (*sic*), which though it may be more tender, I do not think can be more strong than that of friendship. But now I find that malice, which could be no more foreseen than one would think it could be contrived, by any human creature, has rendered every friendly, nay, every grateful thought towards you impracticable. I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth : That I remember you ! That I love you ! That I am grateful to you. That I entirely esteem and value you ! No way, but that one which I will find, even though it were death to correspond with you ! A way which needs no open warrant to authorize it, or secret conveyance to secure it ; which no Bills can preclude, nor no Kirgs prevent. A way which may reach to any part of the world where you may be ; where the very whisper, or even the wish of a friend must not be heard, or even suspected. By the way, I dare tell my esteem and affection for you to your enemies in the gates ; and you, and they, and their sons shall hear it.

“ You prove yourself, my lord, to know me for the zealous friend I am, in judging that the manner of your defence, and your glory in it, is a point of the highest concern to me ; and assuring me that it will be, that it shall be, such that none of your friends shall blush for you. Let me, further, prompt you to do yourself the best and most lasting justice ; the instruments of your fame to posterity will be in your own hands. May it not be Providence has appointed you to some great and useful work, and calls you to it this severe

way; you may more eminently and more effectually serve the public even now than in the stations you have so honourably filled. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon; is not the latter the most disgraced part of their lives, which you must envy and which you would choose to have had?

“I am tenderly sensible of the wish you express, that no part of your misfortune may pursue me; but God knows how short a time we may be suffered to live in this country. I am every day less and less fond of it, and begin seriously to consider: a friend in exile, a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where, however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be, I cannot but entertain a pleasing hope that we may meet again! This I faithfully assure you, that, in the meantime, there is no one living or dead of whom I shall think oftener or better than of you. I shall look upon you as in a state between both, in which you will have for me all the passions, all the warm wishes, that can attend the living, and all the respect and tender sense of loss that we feel for the dead! and I shall always depend upon your friendship, kind memory, and good offices though I were never to hear or see the effects of them; like the trust we have in benevolent spirits, who, though we never see nor hear them, we think to be constantly serving us and praying for us.

“Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude that you are in intent doing so to me; and every time I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I shall never suffer to be forgotten (nay, to be faintly remembered) the honour, the pleasure, the pride I must ever have in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me! how kindly you have distinguished me! how cordially you have advised me, in conversation, in study! in which I shall want you, and wish for you; in my most lively, in my most thoughtful hours, I shall equally bear about me the impressions of you; and perhaps it will not be in this life only that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester! Be assured, that I wish for any occasion of publicly bearing testimony to the truth on your behalf, and shall be glad to be called upon, and so will the friend you mention. Would to God we could act for you, but if not that, at least let us appear for you.

“My Lord, while yet I can write to you, I must, I will correspond with you till the very moment that it is felony. And when I can no longer write to you, I will write of you. To tell you that my heart is full of your defence, is no more than, I believe, the worst enemy you have must own of his; you have

really, without a figure, had all the triumph that ancient eloquence boasts of ; their passions and consciences have done you right, though their votes will not ; you have met with the fate frequent to great and good men, to gain applause where you are denied justice. Let me take the only occasion I have had in the whole series of your misfortunes, to congratulate you, not you only, but posterity on this noble defence ; I already see in what lustre your innocence is to appear to other ages, which this has overborne and oppressed ; I know perfectly well what a share of credit it will be to have appeared on your side, or being called your friend. I am far prouder of that word you publicly spoke of me, than of anything I have yet heard of myself in my whole life. Thanks be to God ! that I, a private man, concerned in no judicature, and employed in no public cause, have had the honour in this great and shining incident, which will make the first figure in the history of this time, to enter, as it were, my protest for your innocence, and my declaration for your friendship.

“ Be assured, my Lord, no time shall ever efface the memory of that from my heart, should I be denied the power of expressing it evermore with my pen, in this manner ; but could the permission be obtained, which you had once the extreme goodness to think of asking, even of those from whom you could ask nothing, I believe, but what lies very near your heart, could the permission of corresponding with you be obtained, I do assure you, I would leave off all other writing, and apply it wholly to you, where it would please me best, and to the amusement, or if I could be so happy as to say, comfort of your exile, till God, and your innocence, which will support you in it, restore you from it ; than which there is not a sincerer or warmer prayer, my Lord, in the breast of your ever obliged and affectionate friend,

“ WHARTON.”



## APPENDIX E.

PREFACE to the *True Briton* :—

“The reason which induces me to publish the following papers at this juncture, is that posterity as well as the present age, may be able to judge, whether they were wrote with an intent to serve or prejudice this country.

“No person can prevent the misrepresentations of mankind ; and we have frequently seen that the greatest heroes and most able ministers that have ever adorned the kingdom could not escape the virulency of scandal. It is therefore no wonder that the malice of the world should decypher a desire of doing good into a petulant humour of doing mischief, and according to their usual language, proclaim an uncorrupt and unbiassed behaviour to be the effect of passion and disappointments. Such men judge of others by their own maxims, and because they have not themselves the courage and resolution of following the dictates of honour and conscience, esteem it impossible to find that great, moral and particular virtue in other men.

“All these terrible effects of our intestine divisions should animate every honest mind to lay aside those party resentments, which in time must end in the ruin of this island.

“If we consider the manner in which old Rome lost her liberties, it will show every patriot how incumbent a duty it is upon him to allay those heats and animosities which at present reign amongst us.

“The civil wars which at length overwhelmed the liberties of that famed republic, began by the eagerness which great men showed for power and employment ; several considerable families appearing divided, and spending vast sums of money in elections, grew at length to be personally animated against each other ; and when the most bitter reflections, which they vented on all occasions, had made a reconciliation between them impracticable, they mutually endeavoured by force and violence to support their pretensions, which occasioned the civil wars.

“The train of cruelties which continued so many years among them, and consumed the greatest and most daring spirits

of the commonwealth, at length so wearied the people of Rome, that they tamely submitted to the tyranny of one man. The spirit of serving their country was then exchanged for the baseness of flattering their tyrant, and then arose that idle and effeminate disposition of mind which at present prevails in Italy.

“Tacitus, in his first book of *Annals*, gives us so lively a description of the expiration of the Roman liberty, that I shall refer my readers to him, and trouble them no more on this subject. I only mention this to show that the first beginning of the calamities of Rome was the bribery that was introduced by ambitious men, and practised in all the elections of magistrates, and therefore I am sure my fellow countrymen will be very careful how they suffer so dangerous a practice, for certainly men who have a desire of serving their country in Parliament can have no view in being chose but the performing that great and commendable duty.

“In the different divisions that have distracted us for so many years, there have appeared men of great character and distinguished merit on both sides, and for my part I think we ought to judge as charitably of our contemporaries as we do of our ancestors, and believe that there are many men now living who have sincerely at heart the true interest of these kingdoms.

“I shall always make it my particular business to direct all my views to this great end, and if by that means I can enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that in my little sphere I have used my best endeavours, according to my capacity, for the advancement of the public good, I esteem it far beyond accumulated riches and immense treasures without it; and hope that as long as I continue to tread those paths with spirit and resolution, I shall not lose the character of a—TRUE BRITON.”

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## APPENDIX F.

“HAVING finished what I had to say on State affairs, I come now to the Churchmen of this reign, which I shall describe with that openness and freedom as becomes a candid historian; and the rather because none of my contemporaries, who wrote to publish, have dared to take notice of them in their writings.

“The doctrines of Martin Luther having made considerable progress in Germany and other parts, and perverted many well-meaning Christians from the Catholic faith, it was high time for the Spanish Ministry to take umbrage, and proceed in an extraordinary manner against the propagators of new opinions and unreceived tenets. There was at this time an eminent father of the Church, the Bishop of Tortosa, who publicly espoused several doctrines which were thought to favour the new heresy, and for which Don Ferdinando, who was at this time comptroller of the finances and Prime Minister of Spain, a mortal enemy of the Bishop's, resolved to summon him before the Inquisition. The Inquisition at this time consisted of such mean creatures, that most people thought Don Ferdinando had placed them there for no other reason but to make the *Sant Officio* appear contemptible and ridiculous to the whole world. 'Tis certain he had no manner of regard for them farther than they served his political purposes. Having ordered them one morning to attend him at his levee, he thus bespoke them :—

““You remember, venerable Fathers, and remember I hope with resentment and indignation, how some years ago that apostate doctor, the Bishop of Tortosa, broached that impious and absurd heresy that quadrupeds had four feet; and now of late again, to the great scandal of religion and his holy function, he has revived that damnable doctrine that two and two make four. For which abominable and antichristian tenets—if I don't crush him—if I don't squeeze him, even to destruction—may I never more count public money on a gridiron; or, which is the same thing, may not one kind pistole drop through when I do. May this arm be never more extended to receive

nor to give. In a word, may this right hand forget its cunning.

“‘It will appear to you likewise, venerable Fathers, as clear as the sun at noon-day, without any manner of proof, that a private correspondence has long been carried on between the Bishop and Martin Luther.

“‘You remember that you will be on this occasion in your Inquisitive, not Episcopal capacities, and that the Holy Inquisition does not follow precedents, but makes them. But enough—take notice, I have whistled—adieu.’

“‘Having deliberated on this matter among themselves very maturely, they returned him an answer next day by letter, in the following words:—

“‘To his Excellency, Don Ferdinando, real Bishop of nineteen Spanish dioceses.

“‘We, your Excellency’s Right Reverend drudges, the titular Cardinal Archbishop, and the rest of the Bishops commonly so-called, beg leave to assure you, that we are fully satisfied and convinced, *before we know anything of the matter*, that a private correspondence has long been carried on between the Bishop of Tortosa and Martin Luther. We beg leave likewise to express our hearty abhorrence and detestation of that damnable doctrine and position that quadrupeds have four feet. And we solemnly affirm to your Excellency that we believe, from the very bottom of our hearts, that two and two make fifteen; and, if ever we alter our opinion, ’til your Excellency does so too, the devil take us and our posterity to the nineteenth generation. So help us G—. We remain, ever obsequious to your Excellency’s whistle,

“‘The Archbishop and Bishops Inquisitors.’

“‘It ought to be observed, that before the Bishop had a hearing in the Inquisition, Don Ferdinando, to put a better gloss on the affair, and that it might not appear to be the sole act of the Inquisitors, had convened together some hundreds<sup>1</sup> of his creatures of a lower class, who, as soon as Don Ferdinando had courteously given each of them his hand, came to the following determinations.

“‘Determined that the Bishop of Tortosa has been long employed in carrying on an impious and heretical correspondence with Martin Luther; and this opinion we are firmly resolved to live and die in, in spite of truth, reason, evidence and demonstration.’

“‘Determined that the Bishop may have a day to defend himself against the said accusation.’

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<sup>1</sup> The House of Commons is implied.

"The Bishop smiled at the consistency of these determinations, but took no further notice of them, referring himself wholly to the Inquisitors.

"At length came the day appointed for his defence before the Inquisition. He began with observing to them how improper a season it was for any man, at that time of day, to publish his belief of that detested doctrine that two and two make four. 'But the question,' says he, 'does not turn on this point whether I believe it or not, but whether I have published such my belief. And, reverend brethren, I should be glad to be informed what evidence you have of this, viz. my having published that two and two make four?' 'Why,' said the Cardinal Archbishop, 'this is plainly proved, from your having corresponded with Martin Luther.' 'But how, reverend brother,' says the Bishop, 'does it appear I have corresponded with Martin Luther?' 'Why, this is plain enough,' replies the Archbishop, 'from your publishing that two and two make four. They are the corroborating and concurrent proofs of one another. Besides, you have here the opinion of several *Magi*, from whose unerring rules—because we don't understand them—we are fully persuaded of your guilt.'

"The *Magi* were then ordered to come in, and explain a certain paper which, it was pretended, the Bishop had formerly dropped out of his pocket; and though he had, it contained nothing but some rough schemes of geometry and mathematics. However, it was an easy matter to explain it into heresy. The *Magi* began with acquainting the Inquisitors, that having travelled quite through the moon and planets, their omniscience in sublunary affairs was not to be contested: 'and,' say they, 'our explanations of the hieroglyphics in this heretical paper you will certainly allow as soon as heard to be the most just and natural in the world, though you neither know why nor wherefore, nor ever shall. The first mark of any importance in this paper, holy Fathers, we find to be a figure of ten. Now, it being certain that Martin Luther has just ten fingers on his hands, no more nor no less, it amounts to a certainty that this figure of ten cannot possibly stand for anybody else but him—' 'Demonstration, by G—!' cries out the Cardinal Archbishop. 'The next figure that occurs is a triangle. Now, this triangle having just three corners, and being marked upon paper, must signify, according to the rules of our occult science, three thousand heretical pamphlets, which were doubtless remitted to the Bishop by Martin Luther, and intrusted to his disposal.' There was nothing heard now but a loud vociferation of, 'Away with him! away with him! Crucify him! crucify him!' And voted to crucifixion he had certainly been,

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if Don Ferdinando had not intimated that it would be sufficient for his resentment if he was only thrown into the sea ! While the poor Bishop was yet standing on the cliff, expecting his doom, the Little Ebony Doctor <sup>1</sup> came up to him, to take his last farewell. ‘Dear brother,’ says he, ‘I with all my soul commiserate your sufferings, which to the best of my poor abilities I have all along heartily promoted. But for this mitre, dear brother, this mitre will certainly incommode you in swimming ; give me leave to take it off, and wear it for your sake.’ Accordingly, he took it off from the departing Bishop’s head, and put it on his own. And wear it he long did, amidst the loud and universal acclamations of the Spanish nation ; such was his inviolable attachment to his king, his country, and his spelling book ! such his invariable affection for letters, and poached eggs !”

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<sup>1</sup> Vide note, p. 157.

## APPENDIX G.

FROM No. 55 of the *True Briton* :—

Page 9. “ At this time Don Carlos sat at the helm of Spanish affairs, a person of unshaken honour and unsuspected probity, an ample indication of which was that he died enriched by the plunder of his fellow-subjects. Don Ferdinando had for some time before this had pretensions to a considerable share of the Administration; but Don Carlos, however he might admire his eloquence, set a mean value on his actions, as conducted rather by the little paltry cunning and grovelling artifices of a rural attorney, than the fine genius and manly sagacity of a consummate statesman. There were several instances of Don Carlos’s generosity and gratitude, in the meridian of his power, to persons from whom, in the infancy of his good fortune, he had received signal obligations, and little thought they should one day have occasion to owe to him their lives and liberties.” . . . . .

[The remaining part of this leaf in the manuscript is mouldered away with age.<sup>1</sup>]

Page 11. “ Thus was Don Carlos snatched away, in the prime of his years, and fulness of his power, at once from the Ministry and the world. He was succeeded in the prime administration by another of the same name but of superior dignity. This was Count Carlos. He had the same contempt for Ferdinando and his creatures as his predecessor, and was equally uncorrupt as to money. In his ministry arrived a courier from Cadiz with the most fatal news that had ever yet afflicted Spain; namely, that by a vessel the day before arrived at that port the governor had received advice that the rich, the inestimable flotilla from the South Seas (not long before discovered), in which all the moneyed people of Spain had embarked their fortunes, was lost, irrecoverably lost, having foundered in a furious hurricane some hundred leagues from

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<sup>1</sup> An ingenious subterfuge of Wharton’s, to prevent incriminating himself further, as well as to give his quotations the appearance of truth.

shore, in an unfathomable abyss of waters. Never had there such a consternation overspread the face of the whole kingdom. The people of Madrid, and all the other towns of Spain, ran about the streets with eyes uplifted, hearts distracted, wrung hands and torn hair, crying out, 'We are lost! We are ruined, and undone! Our wives must beg their bread, our children starve, and ourselves seek our fortunes in foreign countries!' The only consolation of every man was, that not one of his neighbours or acquaintances was less miserable than himself. Ferdinando saw the opportunity, and was too subtle to neglect it. This was the time for regaining his ground, and, literally speaking, fishing in troubled waters. He publicly gave it out by his friends that he had an infallible project for weighing up the flotilla. He confessed, indeed, the place was unfathomable, but, however, that if he could not find a bottom, he could make one. This he gave out with so much assurance, that the despairing people, like sailors in a storm, willing to lay hold on anything to rescue them from imminent destruction, applauded his measures, and confided in the solidity of his scheme, though they knew nothing of the nature of it, but by reports fondly raised among themselves; each man, as he was imposed on himself, still imposing on the credulity of his neighbour. However, the generality of the nation was so prepossessed in favour of his measures, that Count Carlos, for this and other reasons, was obliged to reinstate him in the Ministry. Ferdinando, having thus accomplished all he aimed at, a little while after pulled off the mask. At length the day was come for the meeting of the Great Council, which his Catholic Majesty had convened on purpose to learn the result of Ferdinando's labours. The populace now, in a different kind of madness from that before, ran about with acclamations of: 'This day speaks the angelic Ferdinando!' 'This day shall we know the salutary project of the godlike Ferdinando!' And he, to convince them that their expectations of him were well grounded, got up, as soon as the Council was sitting, and made the following harangue. 'You must be all sensible, most illustrious Dons, that not the least tincture of ambition or self-interest ever induced me to concern myself in the Administration of Affairs. I have one ambition, indeed, and that is not to appear altogether unconcerned in matters of the last consequence to the welfare of my country. It is not now a time to tell you that the flotilla from the South Seas,<sup>1</sup> with its precious cargo, is sunk and lost. I know you expect far other

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<sup>1</sup> This reference is too patent to need much, if any, explanation, as its title obviously refers to the "South Sea Bubble."



things—you expect from me the expedient I have been long contriving for its recovery. To convince you, therefore, how justly you confided in me, I come now to inform you, that after reiterated labours and midnight studies I have at length discovered that I know nothing of the matter. Laurels, triumphs, ovations and civic crowns, were the rewards usually decreed the haughty aspiring Romans for deserving well of their country; but millions for himself, millions for his relations, honours for his posterity, and a prince's revenue for each of his family, are the little trifling acknowledgments expected for these eminent services to his country, by your modest as well as indefatigable Ferdinando.'

"Tis impossible to express the confusion this new disappointment stung the nation into. Those who knew from the beginning how impossible it was for Ferdinando or, indeed, any one else, to weigh up the flotilla, now ridiculed their deluded neighbours for their credulity. But however other people might be disappointed, Ferdinando certainly was not, for by this fallacy he accomplished his designs. Having by several artifices deferred the time of his being called upon to publish his pretended scheme, he in the meantime seated himself so firmly in the Ministry, that afterwards, upon discovery of the illusion, Count Carlos did not think it advisable to take measures for displacing him. What he would have done afterwards is uncertain, for he soon after died, to the great satisfaction of Ferdinando and his creatures, who disliked him for nothing more than he was always a professed admirer of the great abilities of the afterwards unfortunate Bishop of Tortosa, and wished he could have prevailed with him to come into his measures.

"Nothing could be more agreeable to Ferdinando than the situation he was now in. His power was unrivalled, and his measures unopposed. What measures those were, and how he exerted that power, will be transmitted to posterity by more prolix historians. For my own part, I mention only select instances. His method of supplying vacancies in the public posts of the kingdom was very extraordinary. When persons of uncontested merit were proposed to him to fill any station, his usual answer was—that it was promised to a half brother, or fifteenth cousin. For my own part, I am firmly persuaded that had there been a vacancy in the archbishopric of Seville, and the most venerable person in the kingdom recommended to adorn it, I should have been a very successful competitor, upon the sole merit of proving myself descended from Ferdinando's great-grandmother's nurse, or his grandfather's postilion."

[Pages 12—14 contain the extract I formerly published.]

Page 15.—"The exalted Ferdinando, grown mad at length

with pride and power, nothing would content him now but canonization after death. In order to procure this, he took a resolution that surprised all Spain; a resolution of acting that part he was of all others the most unqualified for, that of the saint. And to induce a belief that he really was such, his friends published the following account of a miracle wrought in his favour in the neighbourhood of Madrid; which I give entirely upon their credit, being somewhat scrupulous about the belief of it myself. It should seem by this as if he took for a pattern in his sanctified capacity that holy man St. Anthony of Padua, who once preached an eloquent sermon for the edification of an audience of fishes.

“Saint Ferdinando, having observed that all his pious labours to reform the gross immoralities of the inhabitants of Madrid were fruitless, and taking notice once, more particularly, that by his preaching he set all the people—swearing, he resolved to quit this generation of vipers, and seek the pleasing solitude of a neighbouring wood. He was no sooner retired hither, when behold a miracle! all the dogs of the neighbouring towns and villages, of that kind called Harlequins, came running to him leaping, dancing, caressing and fawning upon him. The good man could not forbear bursting into tears of pious joy; from which as soon as he had recovered himself, gently moving his right hand, he awed the little creatures into silence and order, who immediately, with tails composed and ears erect, listened to what St. Ferdinando spake to them, which was as follows:—

“ ‘The divine goodness, my dearly beloved Harlequins, is not more conspicuous in any one species of creatures than in you. Man, vain man, with all his boasted superiority of reason, were he removed from the sphere of action wherein his own species is conversant, how dully, how insipidly would he behave! Whilst any of you, when, by the friendly alliance of some propitious saint, you have been transformed to human form, with how surprising a dexterity have you not always acted your parts, most admirable Harlequins!

“ ‘My following little discourse to you shall be divided into two heads. The first shall regard those excellencies that are peculiarly yours, under your original form of dogs, in opposition to mankind. And herein I shall observe to you, that assuming man, fond of panegyrics on himself, proudly boasts that he has an erect countenance and looks upwards. But though we allow it to be true, what advantageous inference can be drawn from hence? What benefits accrue to him from this situation of his physiognomy? Did ever any man stumble over a star, or break his shins against the moon? Did ever any one sprain his

foot against a plant, or tumble into a ditch in the Milky Way? How much therefore are you, who having your countenances prone to earth, foresee and consequently avoid those ills that continually assail man? Envy him not an imaginary advantage, that far from being useful to him, is productive of numberless misfortunes.

“The exquisiteness of your olfactory nerves man himself will not dispute with you. Did ever any of human race pretend to scent a b—— like you? Ye dear inimitable creatures, could I ever have excommunicated the Bishop of Tortosa without you had deposed heresy against him? Without your assistance, how would he have triumphed over my important fulminations? This important conquest I must for ever own as the fruits of your good policy, your vigilance, your delicacy of conduct—most faithful Harlequins.

“Fidelity and gratitude are virtues that so eminently adorn all the actions of your lives, that man justly regards a dog as the emblem of both, and is proud of being compared to him for either. If it would not be a kind of injury to the rest, I would instance in one of you, and that is in Harlequin EBONY.<sup>1</sup> 'Tis well known how, a little while ago, I extended a charitable hand to feed him, and ever since the sportive little rogue has continually danced round me with a hooked stick in one paw, obsequious to my whistle, and attentive to my nod.

“I come now, in the second place, my beloved Harlequins, to consider you in your other capacity: that is, when by the propitious aid of some friendly saint you are transformed to human. And under this head I might again, without any impropriety, mention to you Harlequin EBONY, for his transformation having been imperfect, 'tis impossible to say whether he is most man or most Harlequin, being generally looked upon as half one and half the other. But omitting that, let me observe to you, with what distinguished reputation and applause you acquit yourselves in the most important stations of Human Life. How volubly do great numbers of you open in great assemblies, most eloquent Harlequins? How piously do many of you bark in the conventions of the devout, most venerable Harlequins? With what a grace does Harlequin CACOFONO extend the truncheon? With what exactness does Harlequin SIMONI count the quarterly pistoles? Nor can I help revering one happy singularity in you, and that is, that whatever human appearance you put on, you still retain every true canine quality.

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<sup>1</sup> See Note, p. 106.

“ ‘I shall conclude all with a fervent prayer, that a good saint may never want a good Harlequin!’ ”

“ St. Ferdinando, having finished his sermon, made a signal to his audience to withdraw who, after tokens of the most profound submission and reverence, ran barking away, each to his respective home.”

## APPENDIX G. A.

“TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS

“PHILIP, DUKE OF WHARTON.

“MAY it please your Grace: We authors are apt to complain of the abuse of Dedications, and yet we dedicate. Two motives induced me to address these papers to your Grace, than to any other patriot. The one because I stand in need of a patron; the other, to avoid the imputation of flattery.

“Your Grace’s character is so well known to the world, that I may freely indulge myself in panegyric; a task the most pleasing to a generous mind. But whoever attempts your Grace’s character will meet with one difficulty almost insuperable. Other worthies excel in this or that particular; and the biographer or the panegyrist is determined in his choice of praise by considering the most conspicuous virtues of his patron. Your Grace alone may claim an equal title to every perfection; and it would be difficult to point out, much more to ascertain, your most eminent good qualities.

“It would be a work of supererogation should your Grace (ambitious as you are of excelling) think of acquiring new virtues. Persevere only in the exercise of those which are habitual to you, and you will not only be the admiration of the present age, but continue likewise the wonder of posterity.

“‘And wonder is involuntary praise!’

*The Revenge, a Tragedy.*

“Methinks I foresee, with rapture, the actions of your Grace’s life transmitted to futurity by the pen of an able and impartial historian. But I fear lest that author’s works should undergo the same fate with those of Xenophon, and that our children will look upon the first Duke of Wharton’s character in the same light with (*sic*) the life of Cyrus—a well-drawn romance. They will hardly be able to believe

there ever existed in reality a person so abounding in virtue, and blessed with such an exuberance of good qualities. They will give no credit to a character which they cannot parallel in their days; and look upon the honest writer as one partial to the age he lived in, and willing to compliment his own times by describing an Inimitable.

"This is a misfortune your Grace must share in common with other patriots of more ordinary merits. Self-flattery makes us question the superior excellences of our predecessors; and a levelling principle, inherent in our nature, prompts us to reduce those virtues to our own standard which we despair of equalling.

"I should give myself a needless trouble, and you, my Lord, an uneasiness, should I proceed to enumerate those many accomplishments which so happily distinguish your Grace from the rest of the nobility. I shall pass over in silence numberless virtues, and repeated instances of a public spirit. Give me leave only to mention one, which your enemies (if you have any) must allow your Grace to enjoy without a rival.

"Your Grace has not only studied the writers of antiquity, with a view to improve your understanding, and furnish your mind with precepts of policy, but you seem resolved likewise to transplant the classic virtues into Great Britain, for the benefit and imitation of our countrymen. When your Grace lately condescended to enrol your illustrious name among the liverymen of the City, no question but you were prompted to it by the example of some patriot among the ancient Romans, who esteemed it a greater honour to be styled a citizen of Rome, than patrician, consul, or dictator. Rejoice, O ye citizens! and more particularly ye chandlers, who model wax into tapers! for Philip Duke of Wharton is a citizen, and a wax-chandler of the City of London.

"But I forbear. And if I was not persuaded that your Grace's good nature is as prevalent as your modesty, I should despair of forgiveness for having presumed so far in an attempt as pleasing to me as it is disagreeable to your Grace.

"I am,

"With the greatest respect and veneration,

"Your Grace's most humble,

"Most devoted, and

"Most obedient servant,

"THE BRITON."

## APPENDIX H.

HIS Grace the Duke of Wharton's reasons for leaving his native country, and espousing the cause of his Royal Master, King James III. In a letter to his friends in Great Britain and Ireland.

"Friends! Countrymen! and Fellow Citizens!—I esteem it a duty incumbent upon me, to acquaint you with the reasons that have induced me to espouse the cause of my Royal master King James III. and dedicate the remainder of my life to his service, and the prosperity of the Royal family. The proceedings begun against me in England, and the partial severity of those in whose hands I left the management of my estate, renders it necessary for me to publish the motives of my actions, in order to be justified from the scandalous aspersions of my enemies, who would cast the most odious and ridiculous colours upon every part of my conduct, and represent the dictates of honour and conscience as the effects of rashness and folly.

"I shall first begin with expressing the greatest regard for the memory of the best of fathers. I have endeavoured to mould my life according to the principles he gave me, as the unerring guides to direct my steps in every public as well as private action.

"He taught me those notions of government that tend to the preserving of liberty in its greatest purity, when he extolled the blessings of the unfortunate Revolution of 1688. He represented Triennial Parliaments as the greatest bulwark against tyranny and arbitrary power. The being freed from the danger of a standing army in the times of peace was by him esteemed as a blessing the Prince of Orange had introduced among us. The security of the Church of England, the liberty of the press, and the condemning the right of the dispensing power in the Crown, were other arguments that he used to employ, in order to justify the dethroning his late Majesty.

"With these principles I entered upon the stage of life,

when I soon beheld the Triennial Act repealed, standing armies and martial law established by authority of Parliament, the Convocation of the Clergy prevented from meeting; the orthodox members of the Church discouraged; schism, ignorance and atheism become the only recommendation to ecclesiastical benefices; both Houses filled with the corrupt tools of the Court; the nation overwhelmed with exorbitant taxes, the honour and treasure of England sacrificed to enlarge the dominions of Hanover; beggarly German favourites trampling on the ancient nobility; the Act of Limitations disregarded; the liberty of the press abolished; and the Constitution of England thrown into the mould of corruption to be modelled according to the arbitrary pleasure of usurpation.

“When I reflected on their dreadful scheme, I saw the reason which my father gave for the support of the Hanover succession fall to the ground; and those who follow the maxims of the old Whigs are obliged to resist such destructive tyranny, unless they forget their principles, and grow obdurate in guilt, and tenacious in iniquity. Fired with indignation, I resolved to follow my father’s example, and endeavour to stem this torrent of misery.

“I turned my thoughts to the King as the most natural deliverer from foreign tyranny. The great care that had been taken by my governors to terrify me from the idea of Restoration, by the most false and scandalous reflections that were cast on his Majesty’s person and intentions, determined me to wait upon the King before I would embark in the Royal cause. The King was just returned from his dangerous expedition into Scotland, which his Majesty had undertaken contrary to the advice of his subjects, who seeing the prospect of a Restoration destroyed at that time by the ill-success of Jacobites at Preston and Dunblane, and by other concurring circumstances, would have deterred his Majesty from unnecessary exposing of his Royal person.

“But the King, notwithstanding their remonstrances, embarked on board a small fishing boat, attended only by two servants, and passing through the midst of the English fleet that lay to intercept him, landed in Scotland; which was certainly showing the greatest contempt for danger, especially when the cruelty of the English Government, actuated by rigid principles, had extended itself so far, as to set one hundred thousand pounds price on his Royal head. I had accordingly, in the year 1716, the honour to be introduced to his Majesty at Avignon. I was struck with a becoming awe when I beheld hereditary right shining in every feature of his countenance, and the politeness of education illustrating the majesty of his person. How



charmed was I! I heard the purity of the English tongue flowing from his Majesty, warmly expressing the sentiments of a true Briton. I was surprised to find him pointing out each particular misfortune that usurpation had introduced into his native country, and thus preventing me, by enumerating the long catalogue of enormities that I had proposed to be the subject of my melancholy story. Throughout his Majesty's whole discourse, he appeared rather like a patriot weeping over the ruins of his country, than an exiled monarch lamenting his private wrongs. His resolution inviolably to preserve the established Church of England; his just sense of the necessity of frequent Parliaments; his generous desire of freeing his subjects from the unnecessary burthen of taxes; his abhorrence of corruption; his detestation of tyranny; and his determined design to hazard his Royal person on every occasion that should offer to rescue his people; has so convinced me, that I hope my loyalty, which shall be my companion to the grave, will be characteristic to distinguish my memory.

"Since that happy interview with the King, I have directed all my thoughts to his Majesty's service; and however the circumstances of affairs rendered it necessary for me, on some occasions, to temporize with the Government, yet then I was labouring to serve the royal cause, which is a truth very well known to some persons. The despotic Government of England yearly furnishes us with fresh scenes of cruelty and tyranny. The wicked South Sea scheme will be remembered by latest posterity. And the King showed such an abhorrence of that destructive and corrupt project, that when the famous Mr. Knight came to Rome, where his Majesty then resided, he was ordered to depart the city in twenty-four hours' time.

"The forging of a plot to destroy the Bishop of Rochester, and the supporting it by bribery and perjury, is a fact that has clearly appeared to the whole world; and the best friends of the usurpation are themselves ashamed of the illegal proceedings against the Reverend prelate. The abolishing of the ancient privilege of the City of London, and the new modelling the Charter by Act of Parliament, is a dangerous blow, struck at the root of the Constitution, and renders every Corporation of England that displeases the Government liable to be disenfranchised by a wicked Ministry, supported by a corrupt majority in Parliament. The King was so sensible of the consequences of this proceeding, that when I had the honour of seeing his Majesty near three years ago, he was graciously pleased to show the utmost concern, to see the undoubted rights of the Common Council sacrificed to the fury of faction and rebellion. He expressed a tenderness for his good citizens of London; he

lamented the decay of Trade, occasioned by the unnecessary disputes in which England was involved with other powers out of German views. He gratefully remembered their loyalty to his royal uncle, and said, whenever it should please God to restore him to the throne of his ancestors, the prosperity of the citizens of London should be his peculiar care. He declared that the restoring of their Charter to its primitive lustre should be the earnest he would give them of his sincere resolution to maintain and protect them. Our present governors, by their foreign negotiations, have rendered Great Britain the scoff of Europe. The measures they have pursued have impoverished the nation by their exorbitant taxes; and instead of holding the balance of power in their hands, they are reduced merely to implore the protection of their neighbours, at the expense of the treasure, trade, honour and interests of England.

“The barbarity and severity the present Ministers illegally exercise to destroy the liberty of the press deserves the attention of every British subject. Conscious of their own guilt, they would willingly screen themselves from the rage of the people, by keeping them in ignorance; and, growing bankrupt in politics, would endeavour to support their sinking credit by pompous speeches from the throne and servile addresses of their parliamentary pensioners.

“They know that should the fatal wounds they have made in the Constitution be probed to the bottom and exposed to public view, the old English spirit would no more bear their ignominious sway. They consider that should the loyalty of the majority of the three kingdoms, the weakness of the Hanover faction, and the present state of the public debts, be set in a proper light and shown to the world, foreign princes would scorn their impotent alliance. To conceal truth, therefore, is become necessary to support them in their German succession; and consequently, according to their usual maxim, those who print anything against their inclination must be persecuted and destroyed. The laws of the land are disregarded, when they afford protection to the channels of truth; and a crew of messengers are made the instruments of their fury to plunder the houses, and arbitrarily imprison the servants of any printer who has incurred their displeasure, as has lately been the case. To enumerate all the acts of tyranny, avarice and cruelty that have distinguished the former reign, and ushered in the present, becomes unnecessary in this letter, for you but too heavily feel the weight of foreign usurpation. I could not be any longer an unfortunate spectator of the miseries of my country, and accordingly I withdrew from it near four years ago. I scorned to keep my seat in Parliament, where bribery had

more weight than truth, and where corruption triumphed over eloquence. I have endeavoured during my travel to serve my King and country to the best of my power, and I flatter myself to his Majesty's satisfaction. The King of Spain most generously offered me his royal protection; and when the siege of Gibraltar was undertaken, I was unwilling to lose an opportunity of learning something in the art of war, that I might draw my sword in defence of the King's undoubted right, and the liberty of Old England, whenever the glorious occasion should offer. It was with this single view that I served the last campaign, and the Government of England have taken it as a pretence to ground an accusation against me. I have laid before you the principal reasons that have determined me to attach myself entirely to his Majesty's service, and that of the Royal family. It is with pleasure I have seen the hopes of the future prosperity of Old England flourishing in their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. These princes are admired by all that approach them; and the King's chief care, in the course of their education, is to instruct them fully in those maxims of government that are necessary to make a monarch happy who reigns over a free and trading nation.

"The present frowns of fortune, in the cruel, ungrateful manner in which I am treated by a set of men whom my father dragged from obscurity, shall never be able to deter me from pursuing the King's interest with steadiness and perseverance. When I consider his Majesty as an undoubted Sovereign, duty enforces my loyalty and claims my obedience. When I call to mind his glorious ancestors, whose bounty raised my family to the dignity of the peerage, gratitude demands my zeal for the prosperity of their royal descendant. And when I reflect on the generous dispositions that adorn the King's mind, his Majesty seems to me to be pointed out by providence to free us from usurpation and tyranny, and to restore our Constitution to its primitive glory.

"How happy are we to see the necessities of all parties uniting to effect the work of restoration. The Tories, according to their ancient principles, are obliged to maintain and support hereditary right; and the Whigs, unless they depart scandalously from the maxims of their predecessors, are bound by their conscience, in whatsoever shape it appears, though coloured with the specious gloss of parliamentary authority, like the tyranny of the Roman emperors, who, to delude the people, preserved the forms of republican government. The Whigs, I say, are bound to draw their swords against these upstart creatures, who have sold our liberty, plundered our properties,

and violated Magna Charta in many flagrant instances. And surely restoration is the only means left them to lay a solid foundation for the future freedom and happiness of England.

“The patriot virtues that shine in the King’s character will render his Majesty’s administration that channel of liberty and plenty. Let us, therefore, with unwearied zeal, labour to support the cause of the King and country, and shake off the ignominious load of foreign fetters.”

## APPENDIX I.

### A VINDICATION OF THE DUKE OF WH—N'S ANSWER TO THE QUAKER'S LETTER.

#### I.

PRAY isn't it queer  
That a wild peer,  
So known for rakish tricks,  
That Wharton shou'd  
At last be good,  
And kiss a crucifix?

#### II.

I needs must call  
It wondrous all,  
That he who spurned the Creed,  
Shou'd grow devout  
And tack about  
At penance in Madrid!

#### III.

What less con'd he  
Than thus agree  
With Chevalier divin-o?  
Who gave him two  
Brave titles new,  
Tho' he couldn't make him dine, oh.

#### IV.

This Duke is then  
Duked o'er again,  
And glorious shines his Garter!  
What honours more  
He's Fate in store,  
Ere Tyburn dabs him martyr.

## V.

Old Thomas, rise,  
And if you've eyes  
    To light you thro' the shades,  
See, see your son  
How he has run  
    From beggary to beads !

## VI.

'Mong jills and lasses  
Of all classes  
    When all was spent and gone,  
Oh ! then he mourned,  
Beseeched, and turned  
    To her of Babylon !

## VII.

And have you not,  
Old gracious "Trot,"  
    One Donna right and bright,  
That might solace  
In such a case  
    The conscience of your knight ?

## VIII.

Our Chevalier  
Is now so bare  
    He hasn't to give alms.  
Then mother take,  
For "Jemmy's" sake,  
    Some care of Wharton's qualms.

## IX.

No sooner sought  
But out was brought  
    An "Abigail" of rank,  
And so he play'd,  
With this same maid,  
    A second silly prank.

## X.

He took the lass  
As he took Mass,  
    All in an errant whim,  
And did dispense  
With marriage-pence  
    As she dis-penced with him.

## XI.

Was nothing given ?  
Th' affair was even—  
    He settled nothing on her ;  
But he's a peer  
Of honour rare,  
    And she's—a dame of honour.

## APPENDIX J.

(From *Mist's Journal*, August 24th, 1728.)

“ Ante retro Simois fluet et fine pondibus Ide,  
Stabit et auxilium promittet Achaia, Trojæ,  
Quam, cessante meo pro vestris pectore rebus,  
Ajacis stolidi Danaïs solertia profit.  
Sis licet infestus sociis, regique, mihique,  
Dare Philoctete ; licet exsecrere, meumque  
Devoreas sine fine caput ; cupiasque dolenti  
Me tibi forte dori, nostrumque haurire cruorem ;  
Te tamen aggrediar.”

OVID, *Metamorph.*, lib. xiii.

“ MR. MIST,—I have long desired an opportunity of corresponding with you, but was prevented from it by the fear I had of disobliging a certain Norfolk steward,<sup>1</sup> who has lately been drowned in a well of his own contriving.

“ This gentleman was married to a near relation of Dr. Burgess, with whom my father was intimately acquainted, and my friends used often to assure me that I should inherit this steward's estate.

“ As I suppose he has made his will, for many phenomena have foretold his death for some time, I am pretty certain I shall be his heir, for it is remarkable that he has been extremely fond of purchasing all the pictures of my ancestors,<sup>2</sup> which plainly shows his desire of being thought related to me.

“ This difficulty, that was the cause of my silence being removed, I can no longer defer the pleasure I have of giving you a perfect relation of the present state of affairs in Persia.

“ I observe you have been often under confinement for having

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<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Walpole.

<sup>2</sup> This relates to the purchase of most of the Vandyck and Lely portraits, sold by the Duke or his trustees to Sir Robert Walpole.



disobliged the present Government, and I must say, that I hope for the future you will avoid all occasion of giving offence to the Ministry—a Ministry equally esteemed for their abilities in domestic, and their great experience in foreign affairs, and whose lenity, of which we have had the strongest proofs, renders their administration as amiable at home as it is formidable abroad.

“I have chosen a subject which will please the curiosity of the public, and, at the same time, prove that you are not ungrateful for the favours you have already received, and endeavour to entertain the world upon harmless subjects. If you will continue to write upon the same footing, I am persuaded that those who have been your enemies, purely to do you service, will become your friends, and be your most constant readers.

“To begin then, I have lived for some years in Persia,<sup>1</sup> and consequently have been witness of all the miseries that usurpation has introduced into that unfortunate empire.

“I have formerly read so many paragraphs in your paper which have given a true character of old Meryweis,<sup>2</sup> that I will not trouble you with needless repetitions.

“Upon his death, Esreff,<sup>3</sup> the present usurper, ascended the throne. This Esreff would fain pass for the son of his predecessor; but those who know the history of Meryweis’s family, which before it ascended the throne was inconsiderable and little regarded, maintain the contrary; and what is certain is, that the old man, some time before his death, left two writings, the one in the hands of the high priest, and the other in the possession of his favourite concubine, declaring the illegitimacy of his pretended<sup>4</sup> But the Chief Scribe,<sup>4</sup> who knew this important secret, imparted it to Esreff, in order to purchase his friendship, and to be screened by Esreff’s authority from the cries of the people, who were groaning under the load of his depredations.

“The priest was soon terrified to betray his trust, and deliver the writing, in order to avoid the pains and penalties that are generally in those barbarous and unchristian countries inflicted on such who dare withstand the torrent of power and usurpation. The Concubine,<sup>5</sup> who had hoarded up heaps of treasure while she was mistress of him who was master of the Persian Empire, and had been the object of Esreff’s hatred.

<sup>1</sup> England is meant.

<sup>2</sup> George I.

<sup>3</sup> George II.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Robert Walpole.

<sup>5</sup> Whom this is intended for is too well known to need repetition here.

wanted no other bribe to induce her to a servile compliance but a security to preserve her vast estate in the unforeseen turn of affairs. Thus the intentions of the old man were frustrated by the treachery of his creatures: a fate but too common to princes!

“As I am thoroughly acquainted with the unfortunate young Sophi,<sup>1</sup> and with the tyrant Esreff, it will not, perhaps, be displeasing to you, to receive from me a personal character of them both.

“The Sophi in his person and deportment resembles his father and his uncle, whose pictures I have seen. He is a prince whose gracious behaviour is sufficient to win, his majesty to awe, and his courage to face the most inveterate of his enemies. His sufferings have added experience and patience to those endearing qualities, in order to complete the greatest character that ever Eastern monarch bore. The misfortunes of his subjects grieve him more than his own; such his public spirit! This prince has no Seraglio, but has taken to his arms one princess, whose Royal virtues are fit to warm the breast where dwells so great a heart.

“God has blessed them with two princes, who promise all the great qualities their infancy will permit them to discover; and as their education is in the hands of their parents, whose examples confirm their instructions, it is most certain that Persia may esteem itself happy, to see the descendants of those monarchs that have swayed their sceptre with lustre and glory maintain their right to the crown by merit as well as descent.

“Esreff’s character is the reverse of the Sophi’s; he is covetous to the extent of avarice; he has everything of ambition but that necessary to sustain it; he is despised by all that approach him for the excessive vanity that swells his mind, and induces him to believe that he is the idol of his people.

“In his Court he has some who would pretend to politeness and wit, which character they would establish by extolling of vice and ridiculing of virtue. They have each of them a set of flatterers in their pay, and they employ these scribblers to chant out their praises to the world in bombast poetry and absurd prose; so that we may say that true learning, which formerly flourished to a great degree in Persia, expires with the other glories that adorned that once powerful Empire. Esreff has many women in his Seraglio, but his first Sultana bears an absolute sway over his weak mind, and disposes of the Empire at her will.

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<sup>1</sup> The Pretender.

"The usurper and his followers have changed the Persian habit, and appear in dresses that are proper decorations to adorn the persons that wear them ; the fashion of them is so singular that the courtiers look like pantomines that strut upon the stage of life to represent Vanity and Folly.

"The Chief Scribe is the great director of public affairs ; his treachery to the memory of Meryweis, in the instance I have already mentioned, was a sufficient merit to recommend him ; but what added to his power was the immense treasure he had bestowed on the favourite Sultana, whose darling passions, vanity and ambition, were gratified when she found herself possessed of part of the plunder of the unhappy Persians, and enjoying a greater revenue than any princess who had filled the arms of the Persian monarch (before the sceptre was wrested by rebellion and treachery from the hands of those whose undoubted right it was to sway it) had ever pretended to desire.

"You will naturally be surprised that a prince so unequal to Imperial dignity, directed in all his councils by a Minister who is as famed for corruption as Sejanus, and for cruelty as Nero, should be able to maintain the possession of the Empire in opposition to a lawful Sophi, whose undoubted right is supported by the affection and duty of the generality of the people, by whom hourly prayers are offered up for his restoration ; but Providence, the great director of all things, has hitherto ordered it otherwise, and the royal heart that dwells in the young monarch's bosom bears his misfortunes with the patience of a hero, and an intrepid resolution worthy of the descendant of his glorious ancestors.

"It was Merryweis that began the destruction of Persia, and, by the artful and corrupt methods he pursued to establish his ill-got power, had rendered it difficult for the young Sophi to strike the blow upon his death, and remount his father's throne ; but well he knew that Esreff would soon lose the few friends that were attached to his pretended father's fortunes, and as he grew despised by his own creatures at home, would consequently become more odious abroad than the knowledge which some Eastern princes had of him had already rendered him. Esreff's Ministers were ignorant of all foreign affairs, and the Aga that he sent as his agent to Constantinople<sup>1</sup> had travelled about Persia to divert the nobility of that country as a buffoon, which character both his person and his parts entitled him to perform.

"The reign of iniquity in that country, according to our last

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<sup>1</sup> Madrid.

advices from thence seems to draw towards a conclusion ; the Grand Seignior appears to slacken in his resolution to support the usurpation, and to listen to the advice of his favourite Mufti, a person of great honour and known humanity. The Mufti, whose chief view is to prevent a war, and consequently the effusion of blood, must see, that so long as the Ottoman Porte shall continue to favour the interests of Esreff there will be friends in Asia ; for the spirit of loyalty that adorns the Persians will never abate. The Grand Mogul<sup>1</sup> and the Czar of Muscovy will certainly support the young Sophi, who has two powerful advocates on his side to engage every honest man in his party, viz. Justice and Constancy, who never fail to triumph over bribery and rebellion.

“ If the Turks should listen at last, as no doubt they will, to the cries of an injured, oppressed, and plundered nation, who implore their protection, then, and then alone, a peace will ensue in the East which will make the halcyon days return, and the temple of Janus may be shut for ever.

“ I am,

“ Your humble servant,

“ AMOS DUDGE.”

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<sup>1</sup> The King of France.

## APPENDIX K.

### WOLFE THE PRINTER TO SIR R. W.<sup>1</sup>

"SIR,—The manner in which I am informed you have inquired after me, since the latter end of August, encourages me to acquaint you with my arrival at Paris, where I intend to reside for some time. I have chosen France for my residence preferably to any other country, because the strict alliance which appears to subsist between the two Courts makes me believe it more natural that I shall give you less offence by remaining here than if I had gone to any other part of Europe.

"I have been persecuted contrary to law or common charity. The cruelty of my persecutors has extended itself to every branch of my family, even to a child sucking at the breast of its mother. The crime against me is the printing a paper which it would really have been high treason in me to have declined, upon any apprehension I could have of offending the Government by the publication of it.

"Can his Majesty, in his great wisdom, forbear seeing the sacrificing of me is of little consequence; and that his right to the Crown is impeached in the strongest and clearest light by the Ministry that advised the imprisoning of me, and by the Council that prosecutes me? The Grand Jury of Westminster, that represented the paper as a traitorous libel, clearly expressed the sense of the City they represent relating to the King's title to the throne, when they declare the Journal<sup>2</sup> to be treason against his Majesty, and are guilty themselves of the crime laid to my charge, when they deciphered the ridiculous character of Esreff to appertain to his Majesty, and to him alone. The gentlemen that composed that jury are undoubtedly perjured unless they agree that the similitude of circumstances related of Esreff in the paper concur in every particular with his

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<sup>1</sup> Robert Walpole.

<sup>2</sup> *Mist's*.

present Majesty's case. With what horror must all Europe see the persons who have the honour of enjoying his Majesty's confidence loudly declaring even by judicial acts that the expressing a detestation of rebellion, usurpation and illegitimacy is sapping the very foundations of the present Government of England!

"I must beg leave, sir, to enter into some few particulars of the paper, and then you will judge of the innocence of my intentions. When Esreff is declared not to be the son of Meryweis, but a known impostor that would impose himself on the Persians as the offspring of that famous usurper, in order to appear entitled to the favour of that rebellious band that were attached to his predecessor; you, by your prosecuting of me, and accusing me of high treason, for printing that paper, construe this to be a parallel case with his present Majesty's situation, which I confess fills me with the most terrible ideas of the venom of your fatal designs against the Protestant succession in the illustrious House of Hanover. Can anybody be supposed to suspect the King, your master's, illegitimacy? Was his late mother, of glorious and virtuous memory, ever suspected to have wronged his Majesty's bed? Has she not given to the last hour of her life the strongest proofs of her piety, by spending the evening of her days in a devout retreat at the Castle of Zell, lamenting the death of a gentleman who was her particular and very intimate acquaintance long before his present Majesty was born? When I mention Meryweis' paper relating to the spurious birth of his successor, of which Mr. Dodge says he left two copies, you declare, by your prosecuting me, that this part of the Journal must relate to King George's will. First, I must observe that the similitude is very different in one respect, for King George left three copies of his last testament, one of which was in the hands of the Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbattelle [sic]; and in the next place, nobody that has seen his late Majesty's will can say that there are the least grounds for comparison, which you and Mr. Dodge generally declared to be just.

"How preposterous is it to imagine that the late King, who so dearly loved his present Majesty that he was never easy but when he had the pleasure of beholding him, and showed such a particular regard for his superior genius that he intrusted him with the administration of his affairs, and consulted him in every act of government! I say, how repugnant to reason is it, that so loving and tender a father should leave such an unnatural mark of hatred behind, and disinherit so dutiful a son!

"The pains you and the rest of my prosecutors take to

publish throughout all Europe by your proceedings against me, that the King, your master, resembles the character given by Mr. Dudge of the usurper Esreff, strikes me with the utmost horror and amazement. Is it possible that any man can accuse the present King of avarice? Has he not, some months ago, given the most generous proofs of liberality that ever monarch before attempted to do, by offering to lend the public £500,000 for six months out of his own private purse, at the easy rate of 3 per cent. interest upon the malt-tax security? And his Majesty most graciously proffered this in order to supply the demands made on the Exchequer for the extraordinary expenses of Pacific fleets and frugal Ministers. It is in order to enable him to illustrate by such public monuments of popularity, that his Majesty observes economy in his household and parsimony in his charity. It is for this great end that he has retrenched the salary of his servants and the candles of his foot men.

“Much less can he be blamed for his vanity. The plainness of his dress, and the unaffected and gracious carriage of his person are sufficient, by the very aspect of his Majesty, to contradict any scandalous report of that kind which, by your proceedings against me, you would insinuate to be the case. I should desire no other defence against any accusation of this nature but his Majesty’s personal appearance in Court, and walking up Westminster Hall in the sight of the Jury; but as that is too great an honour for me to desire, I have already directed a painter of my acquaintance to attend next Twelfth Night at Court, to draw his Majesty’s picture at the hazard table, in the same dress in which he shall honour that day. I hope Mr. Attorney General will either produce the original, or suffer. Nobody, surely, can question his Majesty’s courage. I have myself beheld him reviewing his Guards with an undaunted spirit; and in the midst of their repeated volleys preserve the intrepid resolution of a hero. Such proofs of unparalleled valour his Majesty frequently gives; which is the more extraordinary because you know the common soldiers of the English army are well affected to the Jacobite interest, and will fly to the Pretender or the Duke of Ormonde whenever either of them shall set up a standard in any part of the island, esteeming desertion in such a case the duty of Englishmen.

“By your proceedings against me you declared to the whole world, that when Mr. Dudge describes Esreff’s favourite Sultana he means to cast black and odious colours on the Queen. But, alas! I have the greatest regard imaginable for her sacred Majesty and every branch of her family. Avarice was never her vice, neither did she expect a jointure more than the treasure she brought to the King, her husband, might entitle

her to demand ; which fortune was near £1000 sterling, besides a necklace of some small value. And this shows the villainy of those Jacobite stories, that pretend there's an intention to give larger portions to the royal daughters than their glorious mother enjoyed when she married the present monarch of Britain.

"I had, the other day, a great dispute with one of your messengers, relating to the Queen, your mistress. I was praising her Majesty for the conspicuous affability of her behaviour to all ranks of people that wait upon her ; but, I must confess, I was struck with horror and amazement when I heard his answer. 'It is when she affects popularity,' says the messenger, in a whisper, 'that she shows her private malice ; for her narrow genius is below public mischief, and contracted to distress private families, by repeating the scandalous stories that malice and envy have begot to furnish matter for the folly of her tongue.' Thus popularity, the beautiful companion that adorns the mien of majesty, and ever appeared amiable in the Court of King Charles II. (the just resemblance of the P——r) is now bedecked with snakes and serpents to sting the great families of England. Besides, the messenger advised me to take care of my behaviour at Paris : 'for,' says he, 'should the Queen know it, she will certainly send to your wife to inform her of your irregularities.'

"You may imagine I was much surprised to hear such conversation from a messenger ; but, as my Lord Townshend says, I am a cunning fellow, and soon found out he belonged to the Duke of W——'s office, who, it seems, has not forgot that the King at a certain christening trod upon his toes, and called his Grace rogue and rascal.

"When Mr. Dudge mentions Esreff's chief scribe as guilty of public depredations, and represents him as a public plunderer, your prosecuting of me would insinuate that it is your character he endeavours to strike at in that part of the letter. Surely your whole life is free from imputations that can give any colour to a parallel of that nature. When you were expelled the House of Commons for corruption, the sum charged upon you was but £1000, and consequently was but of little importance to the public or yourself. Besides, your present poverty, and the necessities of all your indigent relations, is an apparent argument of my innocence from any intention of prejudicing your reputation by the Journal in question. I am persuaded, when I consider the condition of your private affairs, and the situation they were known to be in in the year 1714, that when you die it will be the public that pays the expenses of your funeral. You are as free from ambition as



corruption, as evidently appears in the manner by which you decline the peerage, and content yourself with remaining a commoner, adorned with the ensign of knighthood; which is a rare example of Prime Ministerial modesty!

"You declare by your proceedings against me, that Mr. Dudge represented Esreff's Minister at Constantinople in the ridiculous light of a buffoon. But I am certain you know your brother too well to believe there's the least foundation for an insinuation of that nature.

"By your prosecuting me you publish to the world that Mr. Dudge, when he represents Esreff's Ministers as ignorant of foreign affairs, intends to satirize the present Administration of England. But all Europe must see the extravagancy of such an assertion, for the prudent and necessary measures taken by your advice to prevent a war in Europe have at length been crowned with success.

"The vast sums that have been employed to equip fleets and support a standing army can never be regretted by the people, however they may groan under the intolerable load of taxes, since they have purchased the safe, honourable and glorious peace that has been concluded at Soissons; as appears by the return of the plenipotentiaries to their respective Courts. The consequences of this glorious negotiation visibly appear, by the great rise of public credit and the present flourishing condition of our trade.

"I am now, sir, obliged to implore the mercy which is a virtue that has shined in many actions of your administration, to pardon me for the only part of the paper which it seems you have gathered witnesses from most countries in Europe to prove is criminal against the present Government. I mean the paragraph relating to the young Sophi's character. The virtues Mr. Dudge gives to the Sophi you seem to declare must mean the Pretender and his family. I have no defence to this article, such is the number of witnesses to support it. His behaviour at the battle of Malplaquet is, I am informed, proved by the troops he charged, as well as by those he headed. His passing into Scotland with only two servants in a little fishing-boat, and traversing the English fleet lying to intercept him, when he knew that Preston and Dunblane were over before he quitted France, sufficiently justify the parallel of the two characters; and this at a time when one hundred thousand pounds were offered to engage bloody assassins in any desperate attempt upon his person.

"I have therefore no other plea to this part of the charge against me, but that no man can mention a complete character, in any respect of life, but must as properly be applied to the

person who pretends to be the undoubted heir of the Stuart family ; and that while he lives praise, the just reward of virtue, must not only cease amongst us, but virtue itself become treasonable whenever it shines forth so as to bear resemblance to any of those numberless excellences that make him the delight as well as the admiration of every other country and people but his own.

“How precarious then must be the life, liberty and daily bread of every historian, poet, and painter in Great Britain, if panegyric and satire be declared high treason as often as vice happens to prevail and virtue be in distress ! Consider these things, and show pity to thy afflicted servant,

“WOLFE.”

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